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“BETWEEN THE CHORES.”

JOTTINGS BY A RANCHER

The following notes are intended for middle class families who may be considering whether it would be wise to sever their connection with the “Old Country” and emigrate to Canada. For convenience the notes have been placed under several heads, viz—A few remarks personal: the climate of Western Canada: work and domestic life: income and expenditure: concluding remarks.

I. A few personal remarks.—It is just three years since I “broke up house” in Scotland and sailed from Glasgow with a through ticket to Calgary which I had made our *point d'appui*. Three days after we arrived in Calgary I brought my family out here although the only building on the premises was a log-cabin 10 X 10 which had been unused for seven years! It was several months before we were accommodated as comfortably as the accompanying illustration indicates. While the carpenters were busy fixing up our buildings, my wife and I were engaged planning all sorts of improvements and giving suitable names to prominent landmarks. “The Bow River Ranch” did not seem quite appropriate, so we re-christened our property and it is now known as *Strathpine Ranch*. The Pine Creek flows through this interval and empties its limpid waters into the Bow River just beyond the garden. The clump of birch and poplar that shelters the house on the north side is now “The Grove,” and the rivulet formed by the numerous living springs along the banks of the Grove is called “Spring burn.” Other names followed,—“The Meadow,”

"The Bow Ditch," "Beaverdam pasture," "The Watch tower," &c. We now use all these names as freely as if we had bought them with the property.

Our children seem to have inherited the gift of nomenclature. One day while sawing a log I heard "little Alice" exclaim : "Mummie, Aunt Aggie has laid an egg behind the French Governess in the Back Parlour"—which, being interpreted means that a certain hen which the children declare resembles "Aunt Aggie" had laid an egg in a "lean-to" *alias* "the back parlour" behind an old trunk that once belonged to a French Governess !

I have been 17 years in India—half that time as Principal of a College and half as Municipal Secretary in a City of close on a million inhabitants. I mention this to emphasize the fact that my previous training could hardly be said to lead up to ranching in Western Canada. My wife has all her life, both in India and in Scotland, been accustomed to be served and waited upon—certainly not a fit and proper training for domestic life in the Far West. But here we are and here we mean to stay, and we both think it is largely *because of* and not in spite of, our previous training and experience that we are enjoying our new life so very much. I should add however that we have cultivated the art of generating our own activity, and that conduces both to our happiness and our success. To any couple who singly and separately require outside assistance to get up an impetus—whether it be in the form of social gatherings or political organizations or any other of the extraneous excitements of city life, to such I say, *please don't come*. You will not find things as you require them out here. There must be hearty intelligent co-operation : man and wife must be "centred all in self," and then they will carry "*Home*" with them even though they take their family 40 miles from anywhere.

II. The climate.—Coming direct from a 17 years' residence in India I did not feel the summer heat much,—nor the mosquitoes. People accustomed to the damp bleak weather and dull skies of Great Britain may ; but the long hours of sunlight and the exhilarating air, and the cool nights amply compensate for any inconveniences of the summer days in Sunny Alberta. The fall, an "Indian Summer," bring us on to the end of the year in such an alluring way that we are apt to put off making preparations for

the keen frost of the winter months. There might be more snow in Southern Alberta.—Sleighing is so enjoyable and so profitable a means of travelling: but we have some fair sleighing weather and we are compensated for its absence by seeing the cattle grazing contentedly in their winter pasture instead of hanging about the shelter sheds. Our worst months, I think, are February and March: but with good stoves and plenty of fuel (and fuel is abundant here) we can make ourselves very cosy; for a rancher's outdoor work is very limited during the winter, nor is it necessary to expose oneself long at a time.

III. Work and domestic life.—In India an ordinary establishment consists of the following servants:—a cook and cook's assistant a butler; two or three table servants; a plate washer; one or two "bearers" to dust the furniture &c., a sweeper (sometimes two); a gate-keeper; a coachman; a groom for each horse; a washerman; a home tailor; a milkman; besides ayahs and bearers as personal attendants. An official has also peons and chuprassies. That is in India, not Canada. I still remember the peculiar smile that came over the face of the hotel proprietor when I complained in the morning that my boots which I had carefully placed outside my bedroom door, had not been cleaned! A waggish "old-timer" afterwards remarked that I should have been thankful to have found my boots at all,—cleaned or otherwise! No; we have changed all that out here. This is a land where one has to help himself and to be selfreliant. The fact that there are no servants to wait on one may deter some from emigrating. It should not. Once free from the habit of having things done for you, you feel like one who has freed himself from a burden—like dram-drinking or gambling.

Many people toil long hours in a city to earn a salary only or hardly sufficient to meet the constant drain of household expenses. If these toilers could spare a minute to examine the whole matter they would find that there is an element of foolishness in it. They are industrious, honest, intelligent. Their employers respect them and probably lean heavily on them finding them extremely useful in their moneymaking business. They rise, and shave, and bolt their dainty breakfast and hurry off to office. They return in the evening jaded and glad to spend a quiet hour or two before turning in to refresh themselves for next days work.

They don't mind the long hours or the scant leisure. What troubles them is the fact that they cannot make ends meet with ease and that nothing is being laid by for a rainy day. The rent bill and the servant's wages and the taxes and the exorbitant charges for "butter and eggs and a pound of cheese" swallow up the salary as quickly as it is earned. These toilers may smile and look unconcerned when they congregate in the city; but each is carrying his secret burden which is choking the very best qualities of many a breadwinner. The foolishness of the matter lies, I think, in a man spending his whole working hours and years to provide money to feed the ravenous mass of people who, by force of custom, he considers to be essential to his family's existence. It is only when one frees himself from the trammels of this system that he realises how independent he can be of help—paid help—from others. Both in India and in Scotland my wife and I had our cup of coffee and bit of toast brought to our bedroom at an early hour—about six o'clock. In sunny Alberta we have never failed to have this luxury during our three years' residence; it has even been "seeter and completer" because of the delicious cream from our own cows and because I light the fire and prepare "our little breakfast" myself. The family porridge is made ready at the same time as the coffee and when I take up the tray to "Mummie's" room, our 15 year old daughter goes down to the kitchen and gets a more substantial meal ready for the healthy young appetites that have begun to assemble in the warm dining room. During the day I assist in various ways and, as far as a mere "man body" can be of use in woman's domain, I try to be useful. Quill driving is not in it with helping one's wife and daughter to get through with their household work. I get my reward when I take my gun or fishing rod to have an hour's change of recreation when the sun's rays are falling obliquely on the woodland slopes; for my fair companion can and does come with me and shares the sport.

The out-of-door work of a rancher is neither arduous nor unpleasant. The ploughing, haymaking and harvesting requires to be done promptly, and the most economical plan is to engage a reliable young man accustomed to such work. As "Boss" the rancher must be afield betimes and lend a hand, but the brunt of the work will be done by the hired man. Self-help is the inspiring

source of activity out-of-doors, as well as in the house. One has to be ready to put his hand to everything from cleaning out the stables to hitching up a team; from milking a cow to feeding the hand-fed calves and taking the butter to market. My wife and I made our first trip to Calgary in a brand new waggon and were proud of the feat. A waggon is not so comfortable to drive in as a landau, but this is the Far West and we came to "settle."

The vegetable garden should be a special work of the rancher. It will occupy many a hour, but when one has from 14 to 18 hours of sunshine one has lots of time for out-door work. All the odd jobs for indoor work should be carefully gathered up against the season of long evenings and cold days. In the winter one's leisure is as plentiful as is the sunshine in summer.

IV. Income and Expenditure.—This to many will be the crux of the whole question. They might "chance it" as to climate and work, but they have been so long accustomed to a "steady income"—they would like to be "sure" before venturing to knock off their shackles. This is perfectly reasonable. If a man is to capitalise, as it were his wage earning power and invest his assets in this new country he is entitled to satisfy himself before doing so that the investment is a safe one. The most important source of income is the annual sale of surplus stock. A rancher has a certain number of stockers *i. e.*, Calf-bearing cows. He may safely count on 900 of his cows producing calves so that if we assume 150 is the number of stockers (and I should like to make that the number to be aimed at) then every autumn he will have for sale 135 calves which will fetch between 1800 and 2000 dollars.

Poultry, if properly managed, should add considerably to the income, as should also butter-making and the rearing of pigs. But it is safer to consider all these as "by-products," although I know people who make these "by-products" keep the house, setting free for purchase of more land and stock the proceeds of the annual sale of cattle.

Horse breeding is I believe very profitable in this country, but I cannot yet speak from experience.

Sheep I have tried on a small scale and have found them very profitable. Expenditure cannot be tabulated so easily as

income. Each household must bring its own genius for economy and for making the best of things available. There is no rent to pay nor servants' wages. Taxes are as yet nominal. The thousand and one opportunities for spending always present in a town are not to be found here. There is little expense incurred on social entertainment.

The cost of living may be inferred in a general way from the following facts. We live 17 miles from Calgary and 4 miles from a railway station.

For sugar we pay \$5.75 per sack of 100 lbs.

„ flour „ „ \$3.00 „ „ „

„ oatmeal „ \$2.75 „ „ „

„ kerosene oil \$4.00 per case of two tins.

„ coal \$85.00 per carload of 20 tons.

„ beef 6½ cents per lb (wholesale).

Potatoes and all ordinary vegetables are grown at home. Butter, eggs, bacon, poultry and mutton are produced on the premises. Fish and game are caught on our grounds.

Boots for the family cost from one to five dollars a pair. Clothes are made chiefly at home. Fancy articles are expensive whether for eating or wearing.

I wish I could say that no capital would be required, but no sensible business man will be surprised when I say that 500 pounds is the minimum sum any one of the class I am addressing should have to start his new career with. Government gives a settler 160 acres free, and if timber is on the property or near it his buildings will not cost much. His cattle can be grazed on the open range and he can make some headway. But 150 head of cattle require more private property than 160 acres, so that for some time the settler with only 500 pounds must "ca' canny." He must limit his stock to the buying capacity of his capital and let them increase to the much desired 150.

Concluding remarks.—If it were not that I have grown very fond of this country I would not have taken the trouble to write the foregoing, even under the gentle persuasion of our genial Dominion agent Mr Sutherland. It is not of Canada as a potentially great country that I think when I say I like my adopted country: it is of Sunny Alberta with her panorama of terraced mountains and picturesque valleys: it is of the home

possibilities she presents for many who would fain be free of the worry and anxiety of city drudgery, but feel diffident to take the critical step lest failure may be the result. What one must bring with him besides a healthy family, and a wife who will co-operate heartily in the new surroundings, are a stout heart, all the home refinements and culture that a family can carry with them, and a small capital. With these, success and happiness and freedom are secured. I will conclude with an extract (by permission) from my wife's scribbling portfolio.

"I wish you could see it, this bit of the world, is laden through the opal haze of a mid-summer day when the air is laden with the sub perfume of the clove-scented wolf-willow. A sun-lit flower-gemmed valley, where the drowsy cattle stand knee-deep in the lush green grasses, and laughing brooklets quiver through the interlacing boughs of catkin'd willow and silver birch and hurl themselves with musical rush of diamond-feathered foam into the bosom of the majestic river which winds forever onwards like a great sapphire snake. And the gently wooded hills encircle all with their fragrant arms, their grassy slopes crowned with wild roses and honey-suckle, and golden hearted lilies, while through a pine crested coulee one glittering peak of the mighty Rockies stands out against an azure sky like a snow-clad sentinel, pointing upwards and keeping silent watch and ward."

STRATHPINE RANCH, }

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W. R. MACDONALD, M.A.

THE VEDIC VISHNU AND HIS TRIVIKRAMANA.

It is the general opinion of scholars who have studied the subject that during the Vedic period Vishnu did not occupy anything like the position he afterwards held as one of the gods of the Hindu *Triad*. This is true in the sense that the hymns in which Vishnu has been praised in the Rigveda are much fewer in number than those glorifying Indra, Agni, Varuna and some other gods. But the few hymns on Vishnu have a peculiar charm of their own and I shall point out later on how the Religion of Love which from the Pouranic age to our own, held sway in India, had its source in the worship of Vishnu by the Vedic *rishis*. The god, however, around whom, so many incidents were afterwards woven, had, at the time the hymns of the Rigveda were composed, only one important event of his life prominently put forward. This is his *Trivikramana*—taking forward three steps for which he has been repeatedly called उरुगग—*urugaya*—the wide stepper. The word comes from the root ग to go as pointed out by Yaska (Nir. II. 7) and not from ग to sing as Sayana supposed. The root ग itself has nearly been lost in classical Sanskrit but we meet with words derived from it e.g., अगग.

As to who Vishnu was and what was his *vikramana* the Western scholars are unanimous in their belief. Vishnu, according to them, is the sun and his *trivikramana* is the three positions the sun occupies at rising, at the zenith and at the setting. This is not a new explanation. It was first put forward by the Etymologist Aurnavabh as we will presently see. Why the Western scholars so readily adopted this view is not difficult to see. It was the fashion with them at one time to explain every difficulty in the Rigveda mythologically—especially by the sun, dawn and the storm myths. The idea of Vishnu as a sun-god, therefore, was readily accepted by them.

The Indian authorities, however, are not at one as regards their explanation of Vishnu and his *vikramana*. Mention is made of

the god in the *Aitareya Brahmana* of the *Rigveda*, in the *Taittiriya Brahmana* of the *Krishna Yajurveda* and in the *Satapatha Brahmana* of the *Sukla Yajurveda*. The first of these Brahmanas probably took Vishnu to be the sun. Its opening lines run thus

অগ্নিবৈদেবানামবমো বিষ্ণুঃ
পরমন্তদন্তরেণ সর্বহিঅগ্নিদেবতাঃ ।

Agni indeed among the gods is the lowest and Vishnu the highest ; between them are all the other gods.

Here the words “lowest” and “highest” do not indicate rank or dignity but signify only the positions in space occupied by Agni and Vishnu. Agni is the god on earth and has therefore the lowest place ; Vishnu the sun is in heaven and therefore occupies the highest place ; the other gods occupy the intermediate positions. This fact used to be represented in the sacrificial hall (যজ্ঞশালা) by placing the grass-seat of Agni at one end and that of Vishnu at the other end ; the seats of the other gods being placed between them. For these two gods, Agni and Vishnu are the two ends of the sacrifice.

The same Brahmana in VI-15 while explaining the *Rik* 8 *Sukta* 69 of the VI *Mandala* relates the story that after Indra and Vishnu had defeated the *asuras*, Indra proposed to the latter that the world should be divided between the *Devas* and the *Asuras*. The *Asuras* accepted the offer. On this Indra said “all through which Vishnu makes his three strides is ours, the other part is yours.” To this the *Asuras* agreed. Vishnu then stepped through the three worlds, then over the *vedas* and lastly over *vak*. This explanation of the *vikramana* of Vishnu is the foundation of the Pouranic story of his *dwarf incarnation*. The story has been repeated in some of the other Brahmanas including the *Satapatha*.

The *Taittiriya Brahmana* for the first time spoke of Vishnu as sacrifice (“যজ্ঞে বৈ বিষ্ণুঃ”) III. 1. 7. This explanation was obtained by analogy. The word বিষ্ণু was derived from the root বিষ্ to pervade ; বিষ্ণু means all pervading. যজ্ঞঃ with all its members pervades all religious rites. Therefore যজ্ঞঃ is বিষ্ণুঃ । Vishnu is over and over spoken of as sacrifice in the *Satapatha Brahmana*. This Brahmana by following the *Sukla Yajurveda*, also spoke of the three steps of Vishnu as three syllables—বিষ্ণুত্রৈলোক্যং ত্রীলোকাবদজয়ং” S. Y. IX. 31. Vishnu by three syllables won the three worlds.

We next come to the interpretation of Vishnu as given in the Nirukta. Yaska thus explains Rik 17 of the 22nd Sukta of the first mandal quoting the opinions of Sakapuni and Aurnavabha. “ইদং বিষ্ণুর্বিচক্রমে ক্রেধা নিদধে পদং সমুতমাস্ত পাংস্বরে।” যদিৎ কিঞ্চতদ্বিক্রমতে বিষ্ণুঃ ; ত্রিধা নিদধে পদং ক্রেধাভাবায-পৃথিব্যামস্তরিক্ষে দিবীতি শাকপুণিঃ ; সমারোহণে বিষ্ণুপদে গম্মশিরসীতি ঔর্ণবাভঃ ; সমুতমাস্ত পাংস্বরে প্যায়নেহস্তরিক্ষে পদং ন দৃশ্যতেহপি বোপমার্থে স্যাৎ সমুতমাস্ত পাংস্বল ইব পদং ন দৃশ্যতে ইতি ; পাংসবঃ পাদৈঃ স্তয়ন্তে ইতি বা ; পদ্মা শেরতে ইতি বা পিংশনীয়া ভবন্তীতি বা । ১২।২

Vishnu stepped over all this we see around us. নিদধে for নিধন্তে । In three ways he placed his foot *i.e.*, on the earth, in the mid-region and in the sky according to Sakapuni ; at the rising, in the place of Vishnu and on the head of Gaya according to Aurnavabha. His foot is enveloped in the dust ; his foot is not visible in the air or it may be metaphorical ; his foot is not visible as it is enveloped in dust as if ; “Pangsavah ” means dust—that which is trodden by the feet or that which lies down from distress or that which is ground down by the feet.

The commentator Durgacharyya explains “vishnupada” as the meridian sky and gayasirasi’ as in the hill of setting.

Thus we see Sankapuni and Aurnavabha held different opinions as to who Vishnu was and what were his three strides. Sakapuni thought that Vishnu was the god who walked through the universe in three steps which he placed in three different places namely on earth, in the mid-region and in heaven. This may be compared with the vedic idea of Agni existing in three different forms in three places—as fire on earth, as lightning in the mid-region and as the sun in heaven (X. 88. 10). It may be also compared with the classification of the vedic gods as given in the *Nirukta*.

তিস্র এব দেবতা.....সূর্যো হ্যস্থানঃ । ৭।২।

There are only three gods—Agni whose place is the earth ; Vayu or Indra whose place is the mid-region and Surya whose place is the sky or heaven.

This explanation of *trivikramana* of Vishnu is to be found also in the Yajurveda and in all the Brahmanas mentioned above.

It was understood that by his first step Vishnu reached ভূঃ (earth) ; by his second step ভুবঃ (mid-region) and by his third step স্বঃ (sky). If Sayan is right this is the way the *Vikramana* of Vishnu

was understood in some of the hymns of the Rigveda itself. Sakapuni's explanation therefore is far from being original and new.

Aurnavabh on the other hand understood Vishnu to mean the sun and his three steps placed in three different ways the positions of the sun at rising, at the zenith and at setting.

I shall point out later on that neither of these explanations can be fully reconciled with the descriptions of the *vikramana* of Vishnu as given in the Rigveda and that these descriptions themselves are far from being consistent with one another. But before I do so I would place before my readers the most important Riks in which Vishnu has been adored in the Rigveda. Before they can be expected to judge of the correctness of the remarks they must know the facts.

I. 22.

16. May the gods protect us from the place whence Vishnu walked through the seven regions of the earth.

17. Vishnu walked over this (earth). In three ways he placed his feet. In his dusty feet is comprised (all this world).

18. From that place holding sacred rites Vishnu took three steps. He is the unconquerable protector.

19. See the deeds done by Vishnu. With their help the sacrificer is able to perform the religious rites. He is an intimate friend of Indra.

20. The highest abode of Vishnu, the sages always see like a fully opened eye in the sky.

21. The ever wakeful sages, skilled in composing hymns, magnify the highest abode of Vishnu.

Comments.

(1) It is to be noticed that Sayan does not explain what that place is whence Vishnu began to walk. If Vishnu be taken as the sun this place may be taken as the eastern horizon where he first makes his appearance. It will in that case harmonize with the idea entertained by the composers of some of the latest hymns that the gods come from the east. Goddess Usha (dawn) opens the door which itself is a goddess (शारदेवी) through which the gods come to the sacrifice longing for the soma-drink. But this idea contradicts the more general belief of the rishis to be found throughout the Rigveda that the gods live not in any particular direction but in all

regions. The idea of the Krishna Yaju that the gods, men etc occupied different quarters as expressed in the quotation given below, is a recent one. “প্রাচীনবংশকরোতি দেবমহুয়া দিশো ব্যভজন্তু প্রাচীনদেবা দক্ষিণা পিতরঃ প্রতীচীং মহুয়া উদীচীং রুদ্রাঃ ।”

The fact is, in the Rigveda the opening of the door by Usha has been used in a metaphorical sense. She opens the door not only for gods but for men and all living creatures. This means that on the appearance of Usha men and all creatures get up from death-like sleep and it is then also that the gods come to the sacrifice.

What I think to be the true meaning of অতঃ (thence) here will be given afterwards.

(2) I have not followed Sayan in his explanation of the expression পৃথিব্যাঃ সপ্তধামভিঃ। Sayan makes সপ্তধামভিঃ mean “by means of the seven metres—*gayatri* etc.” This not only makes no sense but is opposed even to the traditional meaning as found in the Yaju and the Brahmanas. According to these Vishnu made his *trivikra-mana* not with seven but with three metres.

“On the earth Vishnu strode by means of the *Gayatri* metre. In the air Vishnu strode by means of the *Tristubha* metre. In the sky Vishnu strode by means of the *Jagati* metre. Sukla Yaju II 25 and Sat. Br. I. 9 3. 10.

We obtain the true meaning by taking the word ধাম in its ordinary sense of place, region, abode &c. This is the foundation of the later idea of dividing the earth into seven দ্বীপ or *dwoabs*. Each portion of the earth being counted from one big river to another. The number seven is an ancient sacred number.

(3) It should be noted that Vishnu is here said to have walked over the earth. This is clear both from the words “পৃথিব্যাঃ সপ্তধামভিঃ” and the fact of Vishnu’s feet being covered with dust—“অস্য পাংজুরে ধূলিস্তে পাদস্থানে”। সায়ন। Therefore if Vishnu be taken as the sun পাংজুরে becomes unmeaning and so *rik* 20.

I. 154.

1. I will now declare the heroic deeds of Vishnu who measured the regions of the earth—who the wide-stepper stepped three times and firmly fixed the highest abode as if by pillars.

2. Vishnu is praised for his valour. He stays on mountains and is terrible like a lion prowling in inaccessible places—within his three wide steps are comprised all the worlds.

3. May our strength-giving hymns proceed to Vishnu who lives on mountains—who is the wide-stepper and who grants our prayers. Who unaided, by his three steps measured this long and wide abode.

4. Whose three steps full of honey rejoice unweakened in their own blessedness—who alone holds the earth and the sky with their three-fold elements and all their creatures.

5. I shall magnify that dear place of his, where pious men rejoice. In the highest abode of the wide-stepping Vishnu, is the fountain of honey. He is thus verily our friend.

6. We wish you two (the sacrificer and his wife) to go to that place where long-horned cows roam about. There verily shines in its splendour the highest abode of the wide-stepping Vishnu who fulfils our prayers.

Comments.

(1) The descriptions of the *vikramana* of Vishnu given in this hymn are not quite consistent with one another. The two sentences.

(a) পার্শ্ববানি ব্রজাংসি বিমমে and (b) দীর্ঘং প্রবতং সধস্থং.....বিমমে

Indicate that the stepping of Vishnu took place on this earth. But other descriptions show that if this was the basis of the story it was gradually magnified in such a way as to identify Vishnu not only with the sun or sun-god but with the creator of the world.

(2) Rik 5 identifies Vishnu with Yama. The word যম here evidently means সোম।

I. 155.

DEITIES—INDRA AND VISHNU ; RISHI-DIRGHATAMA.

Sing hymns in praise of the great hero (Indra) who desires your soma libation and of Vishnu. They are invincible and great and stand on the tops of mountains as if on well-behaved horses. 1.

O Indra and Vishnu, the Soma-drinker adores your coming together, O doers of great deeds, illuminating this way (the whole world).

For the sake of mortals you graciously accept the libation from Agni the carrier. 2.

The soma-libation increases the great virility of his. He gives it (virility) to the father and mother (=heaven and earth) for their sexual enjoyment in the most shining place of the sky. The

son is born of the father. He (son) takes the names of the first, second and the third generations. 3.

For long life we glorify the vitality of Vishnu who is lord protector, without enemies, ever young and wide stepper. He by going in three ways only, travelled over all the regions of the earth. 4.

Of this all-seeing Vishnu two steps only men worship for their welfare. His third step none can comprehend, neither the all-pervading wind nor the birds. 5.

He is whirling the fast going (Time) by its four and ninety names like a rolling wheel. He, vast in body, magnified by the composers of hymns, young and mighty, is coming to our sacrifice. 6.

I. 156.

DEITY VISHNU.

Rishi-Dirghatama.

Vishnu, you give us happiness like a friend. You are giver of *ghrita*. You are full of splendour and swift moving. You broadened the earth. For all these things your hymns deserve to be magnified by the singers and your sacrifice is adorable by the offerers of libations. 1.

He who offers libations to Vishnu, who is old as well as ever new, who is the creator of the world but himself self-created—He who sings the great birth of this mighty one, he verily becomes famous and goes to the goal of all creatures. 2.

O Singers, from *your birth* know this old god as the source of law and after having known his name, sing it and please him. O Vishnu may we adore your graciousness, O mighty one. 3.

The great deeds of this god, the lord of the Maruts, King Varuna sings and so do the Asuras. United with his friend (Indra) Vishnu holds the best power that knows seasons and opened the cattle pen. 4.

Vishnu the heavenly one, the better worker, went to the help of Indra the good worker. Vishnu the regulator of every thing—who lives in three abodes, were gracious to the *Aryas*. At the end of the sacrifice he becomes gracious to the *Yajamana*. 5.

Comments—In the last *Rik* Vishnu is represented as त्रिसदहः existing or living in three abodes. If the three abodes be taken as “the rising hill,” the Zenith—“the place of Vishnu” and “the setting

hill " there are only two steps—one in going from the rising hill to the zenith and the other from the Zenith to the setting hill. Sakapuni probably saw this difficulty and took the three steps to be merely the three abodes and remembering the 10th *Rik* of 88 *Sukta* of the tenth *Mandal*, explained the three steps as the three forms in which Agni exists on earth, in heaven and in the mid-region. Aurnavabha saw that if the three steps are to be identified with the three abodes, the three positions of the sun—at the rising, in the zenith and at setting may as well be taken as the three steps and Vishnu may be identified with the sun. This is so but the commentator does not explain why the three abodes should be taken for the three steps. The Hymns nowhere give us any hint that they should be so taken.

A. C. SEN.

THE JAPANESE CHARACTER.

The unprecedented success of the Japanese in the war both on land and sea has opened the eyes of Europe to their real worth and has at last put an end to the Yellow Peril mania. The fact that the German Emperor one of the proudest and the most powerful of the European potentates personally received the Japanese Prince at the railway station with all the pomp and circumstances of royalty, goes clearly to show that far from being slighted or nicknamed as a barbarian or semi-civilised nation, Japan is now regarded as a first class power equal in might, enlightenment, dignity and honor to any European power. Not only in Germany but in France the Prince was received with every demonstration of respect and cordiality. Now what is the secret of Japan's progress in civilisation and power? It is surely her character. The Tokio correspondent of the *Memorial Diplomatique* portrays such character thus:—

The love of country directs the actions of every Japanese. Even the Japanese merchant is actuated as much by the desire of co-operating in the greater extension of the commerce of Japan in the East as by the love of gain. But it is in the Japanese politician that is revealed the thirst for seeing his country rise to the first rank among the nations. It was Japan's national energy which triumphed in the war with China. It is that again which has gained her an uninterrupted series of success in the war with Russia. Japan expected the war. But this does not say that she desired it. As she expected it, she prepared for it, bringing to the study of the material and moral forces of Russia the same industry, the same serious thought that she had given to the study of China. And what excited the animosity of the Japanese against the Russians whose acquisition of territory at last caused the storm to burst? The Japanese had seen themselves obliged long years ago to abandon part of the island of Saghalien to Russia and later

to cede another part in exchange for the Kurile Archipelago. Japan who had discovered Saghalian could not forget the loss of this part of her territory, she remembered but stoically thinking of it always, never speaking of it. Then came the war with China, Japan conquered, but Russia insisted on the restoration of Port Arthur and the Lian Tung Peninsula, which she soon demanded on lease for herself from China, a mere euphemism for cession in the eyes of Japan. Then all Japanese hearts felt at the same moment and with the same agony the new wound which reopened that of the loss of Saghalian; it was realised all over Nippon Archipelago that if Japan desired to live it was necessary to face one day this northern bear whose sole strength in Asia was the weakness of the victims of its continual encroachment. A professor of the faculty of literature at Tokio gave the writer the key of the mystery of Japanese national energy. "It is to our moral education" said he, "that we owe all our national energy. It is the filtered morality of Confucius that teaches us that the most precious thing is honor, that the greatest honor is the sacrifice of fortune and of life to our country, and that the disgrace that strikes on the country strikes equally at all individuals, the children of the country. Developed all down the ages and centuries this country has sunk so deeply into the hearts of the people, and being recognised by the Government which has it taught in the primary and secondary schools as a first principle of absolute truth, it goes its way and does its work in the heart of the youngest Japanese. The Japanese will never regret the sacrifice of their lives, if they adjudge it necessary to the saving of their honor. There is a proverb in Japan which says, I would be born seven times into this world to be able to sacrifice my life to my country. And this text was well illustrated by the brave commandant Hirose who uttered it at the moment he sacrificed his life in order to assist in bottling up Port Arthur. It is such teaching which brings the Japanese, so to speak, naturally to that high degree of patriotism of which he gives so many proofs in every encounter since the beginning of the war. His patriotism reaches the verge of fanaticism. Religion makes people despise death, it is, if one may say so, the worship of the country that brings the Japanese to that state of mind." Patriotism being the central feeling of his heart, the Jap is ready and willing to subordinate personal considerations to those for his country. Meanness is foreign to his nature. He is given to

quiet and steady work for his country's cause without any desire of applause. He is not given to boasting or vain-glory like the Russian and makes no attempt at trumpeting or advertising his achievements. The principal aim of all his works is to elevate his country socially morally and politically; unlike the mercenary Russian soldier the Japanese soldier fights not for lucre but for honor and glory. The whole nation to a man identifies itself with the interest of the country and is prepared to go to the length of any sacrifice for it. Unlike the Russian who is highly dissatisfied with the arbitrary mode of government of his country and who, at heart has no relish for this war, the Jap has reason to be proud of the liberal administration he lives under and is animated with a fiery zeal to promote the successful termination of the war as he feels a righteous indignation for the wanton wrongs of Russia. He has learnt the divine art of obedience resulting in the establishment of perfect discipline and subordination in the military as well as in the civil administration. There is perfect harmony, order and unanimity of feeling in Japan while disorder and immorality reigns supreme in Russia. The Mikado is considered by the Japanese as the Vicegerent of God who by his parental and beneficent rule has so endeared himself to his people that they are prepared to die for him. The Tsar, on the contrary, by his selfish and autocratic rule has alienated himself from the affections of his people who have been maddened and goaded to desperate acts and have risen *enmasse* ready and willing to wrest the sceptre from the tyrant and establish a republican form of government. We have noted the points of difference between the Japanese and the Russian character and between the modes of administration prevailing in the two countries which have gone a great way in moulding the respective national character. The friends of Japan are anxious that she may not lose the advance she has already made by imitating European example of personal aggrandisement. Let her attention be devoted more to domestic reforms than to aggressive schemes of conquest and territorial expansion. And the friends of Russia will be sincerely glad if the existing evil system of government is substituted for one better calculated to promote their real *interests*.

THE SOCIAL FUNCTION OF BIOGRAPHY.

Those who have the time and inclination to keep up with the ephemeral literature of the day must have been interested in the controversy, which raged last summer in one or two of the leading magazines over the respective merits and demerits of Carlyle and his wife, and not a few must have been astonished at the virulent animosity displayed towards Froude by Carlyle's friends and relatives.

Some no doubt adopt the high moral tone which condemns the discussion as a cruel violation of the rights of privacy, yet which of us can deny that, whether we call it legitimate curiosity or vulgar inquisitiveness, we do take a very great interest in the private concerns of others.

And this tendency to gossip and scandal is not so irrational as moralists would lead us to suppose. Not one of us in a hundred can understand general ideas except they be illustrated by forcible examples. A moral maxim is like water on a duck's back to the majority of men unless its truth is brought home to them by practical methods, such as those we are wont to call the 'uses of adversity.' How else pray do all of us learn what course of action is wisest and best in the every day conduct of life unless it be through bitter experience or through the mistakes and misfortunes of our friends? Naturally we prefer to seek wisdom in the latter.

This being so it seems more desirable to discuss whether or no biographers ought to write truthful biographies than to quarrel over the vexed question of Carlyle's temper and his wife's sanity.

The truth or falsehood of biography may appear a trivial matter, but everyone who thinks on social subjects is aware that there is no more all important virtue than unflinching relentless truth, in every matter and under every circumstance that can affect the public at all, even slightly.

That the most advanced nations are found to have a higher

standard of truth than those which are stationary is due neither to religion nor to coincidence. It is not Progress which has made them truthful, but truth which has made them progress. The reason of this is easy to understand if we remember, as we too seldom do, that every social problem, religious or scientific, political or philosophical, originates in and ultimately resolves itself into a question of fact, if the word fact may be defined as 'reality', or 'something which comes within the cognizance of human understanding'. This is a bold saying to which many will demur, but a moment's reflection should convince them of its truth. No matter what our opinions may be on speculative subjects, the origin of all speculation is fact, or supposed fact. It is often difficult, very often impossible to prove whether theories, opinions and beliefs are actually founded on fact or not, but they must claim to be so, or else they would appear to be the ravings of a lunatic. Christianity for instance to an orthodox Churchman depends on the truth of Revelation: Christianity was either directly revealed, as stated in the Bible, or it was not, and thus, its truth depends on a matter of fact. Religion, it may be said, is more a feeling, an emotion than reasoned knowledge, yet no one can maintain that this feeling and emotion arise independent of a belief in the goodness of God, which, if not resting on faith in dogmas, *i.e.*, categorically asserted facts, can only arise from evidence of a Beneficent Power ruling the world—that is from ascertainable facts.

History is one long sad story of the miserable results of deception and error of some small event wrongly asserted, denied or misrepresented. The evil which falsehood works may not show itself for many years and is often quite out of proportion to, and irrespective of, the consciousness or unconsciousness with which it is spread. An example of this may be seen in the effect of the false shame which formerly led people to conceal the existence of of cancer in their families. That men should try to hide the existence of a cruel and hideous complaint in their families seems an innocent and most pardonable perversion of truth, yet this apparently harmless deception to-day redounds on society. We see its consequences in the impossibility of obtaining reliable statistics of the prevalence of cancer till within recent years, which obscures to a great extent our knowledge of the disease and therefore hinders a discovery of its cure.

Now if anything purports to deal with facts it is biography. 'The proper study of mankind is man.' It cannot fail to make some difference to us if the pictures we have of all the most notable men and women, are colourless or actually false. There is something wrong if a conscientious biographer is confronted with the necessity of either laying himself open to censure few honourable men care to incur, charges of treachery and bad faith, or of becoming in effect a superlative liar; yet a would-be biographer now-a-days must hesitate to embark on his work: he hears men described as false friends if they portray their subject with any flaw or blemish: he is told that all that constitutes the real life of any man—his deepest joys and sorrows; his weakness as well as his opinions, above all, his attitude towards the common round, the daily task—the only part of his life which, were he Jones, or Brown, or Robinson, would interest anyone in the least, must be expurgated or justified. Who cares about Jones's religious opinions, if he does not quarrel over them with his relatives; which of us is interested in Brown's principles unless they bring him or someone else to grief; or enquires what views Robinson entertains on free love as long as he refrains from running away with someone else's wife? In biography readers look for the familiar details of a man's life. They are entitled to a complete record omitting nothing, changing nothing. They should be able to trace the influence of parentage, education, circumstance on his character, and the reaction of his character on those around him. They should be told of his trials, difficulties, disappointments, which account for if they do not excuse many a fall, and sometimes surprise us by disclosing courage and self denial as unsuspected, as well concealed, as want of principle, or vice.

No study could be of greater interest and profit than biography did it fulfil these conditions, or more utter waste of time, if it omits the most important incidents in men's lives and gives us portraits quite unlike the characters it is supposed to represent.

So far however are some of us from recognising this that a large portion of the public think no shame of accusing Froude of a want of honour and delicacy in referring to the home life of the Carlyles and of treachery for alluding to the worst side of Car-

lyle's many-sided nature, notwithstanding the fact that it was at Carlyle's own request that his biography was written.

It is one thing to say that biography should be true, another to say that any man has the right to unveil the inner sanctuary of a fellow creature's life, without his express consent, to exhibit in him those faults and failings which shame leads us all to conceal in ourselves, though perhaps some are less particular in regard to their neighbours. No man can establish his right to publish the life of anyone who echoes the poets curse on those who :—

“Proclaim the faults he would not show :
Break lock and seal : betray the trust :
Keep nothing sacred : 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know.”

But Tennyson's rabid denunciation of biographers cannot be applied, as it has been, to Froude. Carlyle's self-styled champions should remember that the Carlyle who authorised his friend to write his life was the author of the phrase. “The Eternal Verities” and that, if he desired to make a present to the ‘many-headed beast,’ it is a pity to denounce the man who carried out his instructions? A slight sacrifice to the monster has been called ‘human,’ ‘heroic,’ and suchlike words, and some find it in their hearts to believe that a good motive inspired the crabbed old sage in bequeathing his life to posterity, and this, not in spite of, but because of the biography. They think of that life—being what it was—and then that poor lonely old Carlyle had the courage and sincerity to place it on record. Only a mean mind can see no grandeur in a shrinking and sensitive soul saying “learn of me.” There is such a thing as generosity in accepting a gift as well as in bestowing it. It is a poor reward to both of those great men, Carlyle and Froude, after all they have done for us, to complain. “This life should never have been revealed.”

Rousseau is blamed, Marie Bashkirsteff is blamed, for their candid admissions of vice or vanity ; yet what value would Rousseau's confessions have for anyone, had he painted himself as a flawless philanthropist? What interest would there be in the ‘Journal’ were it only an account of the outward behaviour of a well brought up young lady?

We accept these gifts with avidity and then reward the donors

with mean, misapprehending censure; just as we accuse biographers of treachery if they write truthfully thereby implying that biographies should be species of tombstones, mere lying epitaphs.

Froude has been bitterly condemned for lowering his friend in the public estimation. Carlyle had been for years in many households, a 'holy prophet, seer blest,' and undoubtedly the biography must have been a painful disillusion to those who imagine that a great author is necessarily a being, blameless as the words he writes; but it is unreasonable to reproach Froude for this. Personal experience teaches us how infinitely harder it is to do noble deeds than 'dream them all day long.' If we fail to learn this lesson, we must either be very good or very stupid, and we ought scarcely to expect that Froude should have trifled with veracity for the sake of leaving a few good or foolish persons a happy illusion.

No man or woman is of much worth till they have gone through the cruelest of all life's disillusiones—worse even than the loss of faith in friends—that is the loss of faith in themselves. This agony of mind, this wrestling with the spirit is the only means by which any of us can attain to the right understanding of the deepest, the tenderest, the most consoling words ever uttered by the lips of man—"Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner." The world is not so full of Charity that we can afford to neglect the fountain of living waters contained in those few words—words which embody all the spiritual significance of Christ's teaching; and faithful biography, if it reveals even in faint degree the tragedy that dwells in every life cannot fail to arouse in us the same feeling of pity, mercy and justice which we have felt so sorely in need of ourselves.

LE CHIEL.

PHILOSOPHY OF THAT MYSTIC VEDIC SYLLABLE,
'AUM.'

CHAPTER IV.

Its other significations.

THE UNIVERSAL TRINITY.

We have all along taken the components of the *Aum* as signifying the three ordinary experiences of our life—waking, dreaming and sleeping consciousness, and have explained its inner and outer imports, its three aspects separately, each of which stands on itself and explains its own importance. Apart from these there is a symbolic meaning of the word which carries a universal import and we shall conclude with a brief explanation of this *universal* symbol.

All our ideas and conceptions rest on symbols, some of which are natural while others are artificial. Almost all the symbols used in mathematics are conventional. The circle is a natural symbol ; "throughout nature this primary figure is repeated without end. It is the highest emblem in the cipher of the world." A symbol is *natural* when it has its own independent meaning and can stand itself, unlike the conventional symbols for equivalence, summation, integration, functions, etc., it contains a condensed and concentrated explanation ; it is a solvent which dissolves facts and phenomena and holds them in solution, a transparent fluid from which the dissolved matters are to be precipitated.

The sacred syllable *Aum* is such a transparent and concentrated solution of the universe. The components of the syllable, A, U, M, are applied effectually to the divine aspects of the Hindu Trinity ; it can be applied with equal facility to the Christian Triune worship, the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost ; to Time, Space and Causality ; to Mind, Matter and

Motion ; to Buddha, Dharma and Sanga of the Bhuddhistic trinity ; to Satva, Raja and Tama, the three primary attributes of all bodies ; to the three kinds of existences of the universal objects,—Grosser (perceptible to the sense organs, Sthula), Finer (conceptual and only conceivable, Sukshma), and Undifferentiated (in the protoplasmic state, so to say, Karana). The symbolic representations of words and syllables may be traced to the very dawn of the history of languages. Emerson says, "it is not words only which are emblematic: it is things which are emblematic. Every natural fact is a symbol of some spiritual fact. Every appearance in nature corresponds to some state of the mind and that state of the mind can only be described by presenting that natural appearance as its picture. * * * * Because of this radical correspondence between visible things and human thoughts, savages, who have only what is necessary, converse in figures. As we go back in history, language becomes more picturesque, until its infancy, when it is all poetry ; or all spiritual facts are represented by natural symbols. The same symbols are found to make the original elements of all languages." We go a step further. Every appearance in *nature* and the corresponding states of the human consciousness corresponds to the one or the other components of the symbol *Aum*. Hence it is taken, by the Indian philosophers as

"The golden key
which opes the palace of eternity."

Such is the unique and transcendental symbol *Aum*, with which began the first religious utterance of the most ancient race practising the most ancient rites in their arctic home (as lately proved by Tilak in his "Arctic Home of the Vedas"). Every sentence or verse in connection with any rite, ritual, ceremony or sacrifice begins with *Aum*. Had no meaning been attributed to such a syllable by the ancient promulgators of those rituals and sacrifices ? Had it always been used as a "nonsensical twaddle," a juggler's chant, and a monotonous prelude to "those shepherd's songs" ? If it had always been used as an unnecessary adjunct of 'yes,' surely the author of the Mandukya Upanishad and Gourapadacharyay a were giant intellects to build such admirable philological and psychological superstructures on

such a combination of three letters of the Sanskrit alphabet ; and what a combination ? The combination itself is unique and the credit instead of falling on the author of the Mandukya Upanishad must be due to those ancient sages. Was the combination a coincidence or the result of life-long contemplation ? Man in his essence was what he now is. Serene meditation can bring out the inner light wherever he dwells. The final truth or the ultimate reality is not circumscribed by space, time and causality. The recognition of that truth and its final consummation does not require the rays of the radium nor the Hertzian waves of invisible electrical disturbance. If vibration is the law of life, organic or inorganic as molecular physics amply proves that in the inner world of matter, the secret of that law can be easily grasped whenever *man* places himself in the region of ethereal *Suddha-buddhi* (শুদ্ধবুদ্ধি) where matter becomes his slave and heavenly bliss to him ephemeral.

We shall briefly comment on the correspondence, recognised also by the ancient sages between *Aum* and the various trinities before alluded to. A question may here arise, why in every case the tertiary aspect is only recognised instead of quaternary and septenary ? That is only for our convenience. A solar spectrum is supposed to consist of seven colours whereas in reality there is an infinite gradation of colours. In general, the manifestation of any phenomenon is decided into three aspects, the two extremes and one mean.

I. *Sattva, Raja and Tama* :—All the manifestations of nature can be classified according to their certain specific *gunas* or qualities, *Sattva*, *raja* and *tama*. These *gunas* or qualities respectively correspond to the normal, super-normal and sub-normal states of a body. We shall explain this from the standpoint of *molecular physics*.

Matter is composed of *molecules*, and these molecules are never at rest. When the motion is increased as by heat, the form of matter is changed from one state to another. Besides this, there is a vibratory motion of each molecule which gives its tone and individuality. There is found some fundamental difference in the actions of a molecule of iron from that of gold and it was all along supposed that that difference lies not only in kind but in degree also. Spectroscopic analysis shows that

the molecule of a certain element, at a very high temperature, vibrates in a certain fixed mode and Crookes in his ingenious speculation has shown that the difference of one element from another is only of degree and not of kind ; that transformation of one element into another is a question of time not beyond the pole of the chemist's laboratory. It has now been bravely suggested that the recently discovered element *Argon* is really a transformation of nitrogen and the emanations of *Radium* which keep up its constant source of energy are nothing but the constant transformations of atoms around that unique and microscopic bit of matter. Therefore it is not too far in advance of the Age to suppose that the vibrational configuration of any assemblage of molecules gives a bit of matter its special name, form, density, colour, and so forth. From the vibrational point of view therefore we can divide all the general attributes of matter into three classes, having normal, super-normal and sub-normal (=abnormally slow) vibrations respectively producing *sattvic* *rajasic* and *tamasic* qualities. From the meanings attributed to those three *gunas* we notice that those factors, which tend to develop in man, or aid in some way or other to develop all those spiritual qualities and aspirations for the attainment of the goal defined in the vedanta philosophy, are called *sattvic*. Those actions, or activities, qualities or effects manifesting a super-abundance of kinetic energy in or upon the agent, are called *rajasic*; and those actions or activities or effects which do manifest the least amount of energy, are called *tamasic*. Taking for our convenience the psychological aspect of the question, we find that, kindness, forbearance, patience, grace, mercy, etc., are all *sattva gunas*; anger, passions, impatience, surprise, etc., are all *raja gunas* and sleep, indolence, etc. are *tama gunas*. The physical state of the body and mind during the predominance of the *sattva guna*, *e. g.*, forbearance, —consists of normal vibrations of every active part, and the normal vibration of a body *preserves* it in its healthy and natural state and promotes its due development; it tends to bring in a state of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "moving equilibrium" (*Data of Ethics*) Super-normal vibration is due to undue activity of the body, it tends to dissipate the stored-up energy. Such vibrations in the human body are the result of passions

and sensual appetites, the love of power and wealth, etc. and entail the struggles necessary for their attainment. The sub-normal vibrations produce inertness and dormancy, the opposite of super-normal: The super-normal and sub-normal states are the abnormal conditions of bodies, both of which are prejudicial to those who seek to rise in the scale of evolution.

As raticionations and the powers of judgment are in full display only in the waking-consciousness, *A* of the syllable *Aum* corresponds to *sattva guna*. In dream the mind is in its full activity; the restraining power of our higher nature becomes null and void; it is the *Rajasic* state and symbolized by *U*. The *Tamasic* state signalized by inertness fully manifested in sleep, the temporary oblivion, is denoted by *U*. *Aum* therefore holds in solution all the various states of conglomerates which compose the universe.

2. *Sthula, Sukshma* and *Karana*: All the existences not excepting the mighty universe even, cannot transcend the Law of Causality; the Reign of Law is predominant everywhere. *Sthula, Sukshma* and *Karana* are nothing but the three aspects of Causality. *Sthula* represents the gross and material manifestation of the *cause*; *Sukshma* represents the stage where the *cause* has not yet been reduced to its grosser aspect; and finally *Karana* represents the ultimate *causality*, where all further *effects* lie in a potential stage undifferentiated and homogeneous. An instructive though very crude example will explain the thing very well. All the stars, sun and planets are the *Sthula* manifestations of the universe; the Nebular state may be taken to be its *Sukshma* state; and the homogeneous undifferentiated elemental matter (out of which, as Prof. Crookes considers, all the chemical elements have arisen) is the *Karana* aspect.

Our waking-consciousness is the consciousness of the grosser and material aspect of the cause, the *sthula*; therefore it is *A*. Our dream deals with the accumulated impressions of the human brain, it transcends the laws which govern the gross matter, therefore it is the *U*. In sleep all impressions lose their individualities and become a mass of undifferentiated homogeneity, therefore it is the *M*. of *Aum*.

The three entities *Sattva, Raja* and *Tama* cannot exist apart from one another but all lie together. It is the predominance

of the one over the other that makes the characteristic of a body Satvic, Rajasic or Tamasic as the case may be. Sleep is Tamasic, for Tama is the predominating characteristic, the *Satva* and *Raja* gunas existing in a potential form.

Similar is the case with the other three entities, *Sthula*, *Sukshma* and *Karana*.

3. *Mind, Motion and Matter* : just as we cannot separate the Gunas, one from the other but must we consider them all together, so we look upon the three entities *Mind, Motion* and *Matter* as inseparable. The very definitions of *Motion* and *Matter*, as given by Lord Kelvin in his *Treatise on Natural Philosophy*, by P. G. Tait in his *Properties of Matter*, and by James Clerk Maxwell in his *Heat*, preclude all possibilities of separating the one from the other. Matter is conceived in terms of motion and again the latter in terms of the former. Such also is the case with the Mind even. But we can form an ideal and abstract conception of these three entities with the help of the conception of the *gunas* explained above. Matter in its ideal and abstract sense is somewhat like an object below 273° C, absolutely devoid of heat and of all motion altogether ; such a state of matter may reasonably be called *Tamasic*. Similarly *Mind* and *Motion* can be compared with *Satva* and *Raja*, respectively.

By parity of reasoning all the various groups of Trinities may be clearly designated by the symbol *Aum* ; and it has been now clear to us how this sacred syllable is considered as a universal symbol.

Before the invention of the Art of Printing, all sciences, so far as they were known were taught and learnt mostly by the aid of memory. Everything was learnt by heart and then it was explained to the student by the teacher. In such a state of civilization, it is no wonder that all ideas concerning a subject should be condensed and be taught in a language which should not only contain no redundant or unnecessary word or syllable but should be such as to convey the entire conception by means of simple and short formula, so that the student can grasp their connotations by means of serene meditation and reasoning. As examples of these we refer the reader, amongst other works to the *Sutras* of Panini and the *Vedanta Sutras* of Vedavyasa. Had there been

no authoritative *Vākyas* or commentaries of the above treatises Prof. Max Muller with other scholars would never have "unearthed the excellencies of Indian civilization" and would not hesitate to throw them away as chaffs. Such is indeed the fate of most of the Sanskrit works containing no such commentaries.*

* Cf. *Satpath Brahman*, introduction, Vol. I *Sacred Books of the East*.

Far more succinct and condensed would be the language of the practical religious philosophy at the time when the word *Aum* was consolidated to denote its vast and all-embracing import; for the word *Aum* is to be found in all the religious works in Sanskrit, not excepting those which are accepted by the Western Scholars as the oldest. In religious philosophy, practically speaking, this shortness has a peculiar significance in as much as it takes away, as far as possible, from the mental region, the last semblance of the distracting factors, words and impressions which become, as it were, part and parcel of our individual life. In all religions the value of the highest stage of concentration has been over and over emphasized upon as the sole path to the redemption of humanity. This native force of the syllable *Aum* in producing concentration along with the additional force, given to it by the peculiar vibrations caused by its pronunciation with proper intonations has an importance to mankind in general which cannot be overestimated,—an importance which cannot be changed or diminished by its distance in time or place or by the difference between Man as he then was and Man as he now is.

We conclude our essay with some important and necessary remarks on the Turiya stage of man's spiritual evolution as on it rests the ultimate and unassailable proof of the absolute reality of the fundamental principle of Vedānta-philosophy: when arguments fail and the critique of pure reason even gropes in the dark, the door of the inner laboratory in the sure test corner of our eternal consciousness opens itself wide, and the actual realization as the only *experimentum crucis* establishes the truth beyond a shade of doubt. On what criterion of reality do you, the sneering critic, base your conviction of the non reality of a hallucination and the falsity of your last night's dreams? On what possible foundation you make your stand to affirm that you are the same man to-day as you were two years before, that the firmaments above and the earth below are as real and permanent as the throne and the king.

dom in your last dream were as unreal and transitory? It is the *a priori* conviction of the reality of your waking-consciousness; no proof, no detailed argumentation, no reasoned dissertations are required to prove that your waking hours are not dreams. The conviction of the falsity of a dream is also *a priori*. In the same way, when man attains the Turiya stage of consciousness, or any higher stage other than the waking-consciousness the reality of the former is proved *a priori* and the latter is classed in the same category as dreams. The reality or non-reality, the permanency or transiency or any phase or stage of consciousness *solely* rests on the comparison between the conditions of consciousness during any two stages. The solidarity of the Turiya stage is further enhanced by the existence of stages other than waking or dreaming (including trances, hallucinations &c.) with every one of which, the consciousness during Turiya can be contrasted and put down as false or more true.

In order to attain the state of final nirvana (*not* annihilation) or the consummation of the Highest Bliss, the End, *Sat, Chit* and *Ananda*, the Jogi or the spiritual aspirant must have to go through seven distinct stages of consciousness—called the *sapta-bhumis*. We shall briefly summarize these *bhumis* or stages in a tabulating form :

The seven stages or *Sapta-bhumis* are :—

- I. The stage of Purification.
- II. The stage of Discrimination.
- III. The stage of of unattached Impersonal-Dhyana.
- IV. The stage of undivided Juana.
- V. The stage of Absolute Identification.
- VI. The stage of Turiya.
- VII. The stage of Videha-mukta.

(*Joga-vashistata-Ramayana-Nirvanaprakarana*.
Part I chaps. 120, 124-126).

Oriental scholars in certain cases have done more harm than good in mishandling some of the vital problems connected with our vedanta philosophy. They make a hopeless jumble between the Buddhistie *nirvana*, which *they* interpret as *annihilation*, an eternal void, and forgetfulness, and Vedantic nirvikalpa-samadhi. Western philosophy is irrevocably confined within hopeless dualism. Its monistic tendency is a theoretical idealism as distinctly con-

trasted with the *realistic monism* of India. Before theoretically discrediting the possibility of the nirvikalpa samadhi "as the subject shut up in itself, conscious of nothing but its own states, and enjoying nothing but its own pleasures," professor Caird should have put its judgments to other practical tests unknown to his colleagues, but elaborately discussed in treatises considered by them as worthless priest-craft jugglery. A proper consideration of the above seven stages alone can help us avoiding from the hopeless whirlpool of western dualism which has a peculiar fascination for the modern students of Indian universities than the sedate and practical metaphysics of our own forefathers. As the spiritual aspirant raises himself from one stage (or *bhūmī*) to another, the real truth gradually dawns itself just as the hallucination of a dream is gradually dispelled when a man is awakened. We shall give below a summary of the distinctive characteristics of the seven stages :

I.—*The stage of Purification* :—By a proper and comprehensive study of the *shastras*, and living in the company of pure minded men his intellect is purified of *desires*,—the seeds of *samsara*—and is expanded to receive the higher wisdom. That he has risen to the first stage is recognised by his considerate avoiding of worldly desires and objects, his forbearance, and kindness and substantial regard to all living beings.

II.—*The stage of Discrimination* : Such an aspirant now under the shelter of a real *Guru* intently contemplates upon the truth of the mahavakyas, and controlling the manas, the sense-organs, &c., he gradually makes himself the master of the fundamental principles of Vedanta ethics. He then attains the next stage.

III. *The stage of unattached (asamsamga) Impersonal - Dhyana* :—He perceives through his widened intellect (not theoretically by means of bookish arguments) two kinds of unattachments. (1) That the real *ego* is *not* the agent and no action is obligatory to him. This *samsara* is correlated with the material body with the sense and the sense-organs. The human intellect (*buddhi*) has no plausible reason to be associated with the seeds of this eternal cancer, but it should be constantly employed to the contemplation of the atman. By such gradual meditation he becomes practically convinced of what he knew to be mere forms of

argument. He next perceives (2) that the real agent is not the *ego* but the Ishvara (the Vedantic God), that what is performed is only through His laws, that there are no actions for the ego, and he therefore without the least vestige of attachment for any object whatsoever rests in the *ever-pure-infinite-being*. This is the first bearing of the fruit of his exertions. The seed sown in the first stage, the crop manifested in the second, the third brings forth the first fruit of his exertions. But the knowledge does not rest here. He rises to the next higher stage.

IV.—*The stage of undivided Juana.*—In the third stage the aspirant rests in the infinite being, but the vedantic monism is not yet *confirmed*. When he lowers himself from that state to the ordinary level he can only comprehend that *that* state was an *ever-present-infinite-purity*, but nothing more. In the fourth stage something is known higher still. He perceives, *actually perceives* without a shade of doubt or ambiguity, that here, there, everywhere within and without, in matter and in life, there is *nothing* but one endless, eternal, *non-dual Juanam*; every phenomenon of change is not a real manifestation of that *nonmenon* but a seeming ephemeral phantasmagoria of our own created desires, the reality lying in and out unattached and blissful. This stage confirms the truth of the nondualistic mahavakya, *so ham*. The state of consciousness of such a yogi, *when* he rests in his *juana*, may be compared to our waking life. He comes himself to his ordinary phenomenal life just as we keep ourselves in dream. Notice and consider the contrast and mark the result. Can such a yogi after actually resting himself in that non-dual-infinite being and consciousness and lowering himself in his ordinary life, predicate the reality of these phenomena? Cannot such a seer of eternal truth but blazon forth with the sure voice of thunder the *truth*, that our ordinary life, our puny endeavours, our mock sermons, and slandering politics are all ever changing aspects of a dream within a dream. A dream is as much a lie when contrasted with our waking life, as this eternal *samsara* a mockery when contrasted with that *eternal reality*, realized to be nothing but the *ego* which has up to the time been recognised as the agent, the lover and the loved. He then rises one step more.

V.—*The stage of absolute undifferentiated Identification.*—The spiritual aspirant who has attained the fourth stage or *blumi*,

can alone realize that the phenomenal actions of nature have nothing to do with the one reality which exists as a witness, so to speak, of all the actions that are ignorantly attributed to *its* agency. But how all these actions, false though they are, are produced? A delusion has its existence only in the mind of the thinker but it has some existence in some form or other, call it mental or non-material as you like, what becomes of its source then? This is only satisfactorily solved in the fifth stage. In this stage the individuality disappears, but it is *not* oblivion; there is no consciousness of the subject and the object, yet it cannot be said to be oblivious unconsciousness. There can never be in that state any functions of the mind, and when the yogi returns back to his lower state he can describe *that* stage only by negative characteristics, *Ne ti, ne ti* (not this, not this). If at all that fifth stage can be described by words, as it is neither a stage nor it is describable, the only characteristics that can be said of it are eternal consciousness, Bliss and Being. The nature of that Pure-self consciousness is variously described by vedantic commentators and need not be explained here.

What becomes of our boasted individuality, the final truth of the immanency of the infinite god of the unitarian philosophers? Resting in that infinite ocean of bliss; and not eternal forgetfulness, where world and individualities melt away into absolute nothingness, for they had *in reality* no existence at all, the yogi even when he performs bodily actions through the medium of natural laws, always rests *inward-souled*, which seems to a superficial observer, to be a half sleep or semi-tranced subject. The next stage is the real *Turiya*.

VI.—*The stage of Turiya*.—In the fifth stage the yogi loses all consciousness of duality but only rests in that *supernal unconsciousness* as contrasted with indolent forgetfulness of sleep. In the stage of *Turiya*, he realizes that, "this ego of mine, generally called *"I,"* is not true, neither it can be untrue; it is not egoistic, neither it can be considered non-egoistic, there is no relation of relativity, if you speak you limit this reality, which is no where else but in *Me* and yet which is everywhere. It cannot be described by words so it is characterised by contradictions: Such a yogi becoming Brahman attains *nirvana* just as a "painted flame on a canvas." He becomes a *Jivanmukta*. The stage of Jivanmukta is attained

even when the yogi has risen to the fourth stage previously described. The last stage, observed to have been attained only in certain cases, is only inferred from the nature of this sixth stage. A yogi who has attained the stage of Turiya can never go down so that when he is seemed to do otherwise he surely attains something higher

VII.—*The stage of Videha-mukta*.—In the last mentioned stage the yogi rests in Brahman and performs natural actions automatically. The yogi does without any consciousness of *his* agency. He speaks, he laughs, he instructs, he eats but all mechanically, or rather with true natural spontaneity, compare *Gita*, Chap. III sl. 27. "actions are wrought all around by the energies—or functional activities=*gunas*—of nature; he whose mind is deluded with *ahamkara* or egotism, thinks, 'I am the doer'). The yogi even then withdraws his mechanical performances from without and lives entirely in Brahman. The body of such a yogi becomes exactly an automaton. Nothing is done of his own accord. He does not laugh, nor speak, nor sees, nor feels anything. Food is mechanically swallowed if forced within. His body does not live long neither such a yogi is seen to be lowered to any lower stage. Mahatma Troilanga Swami attained this stage a few days before his final consummation. This is Videha Mukti.

We can now make some adequate idea of the nature of the unassailable basis on which Vedantic monism stands. European metaphysics first scientifically formulated by Descartes, then moulded and enlivened by Kant is nothing but a series of conflicting theories now propounded by one, then contradicted by another and there is hardly any single argument that does not find its opponent. It is a monstrous product formed of action and reaction, of passing and repassing from one soil to another, and of a heterogeneous struggle among the French, English and German *savants*. Hemmed in this continuous philosophical warfare, the doctrine of the infinite is forced to make a perpetual struggle to force its way out, but modern realism pushes it into misty *indefinitism*. Not so is the case with Indian Philosophy. Here philosophy is one with religion, and is firmly based upon the realization of the aforementioned seven stages. Dualism in its most refined form can be countenanced by men who have attained the third stage but who have not had a firm hold

of the fourth. But once the fourth stage is realized dualism meets its death-stroke. Exotic philosophy teaches us to wage a scientific warfare with the evershifting problems of the age; history, development and ethnology of a religion; we can deliver platform dissertations on the probable existence of the God and the problematic immortality of the soul; we can trace the gradual development of higher pantheism from the fetishism of the ancient barbarians; we can describe evolution of the higher functions of *reason* from the dumb affections of the anthropoid apes; and we can do one thing more, we can create everlasting confusion by attempting to abstract God out of modern science. But of what avail is the innumerable systems of modern scientific arguments if God is not attained? Of what avail is European metaphysics if we are advised to satisfy ourselves with an eternal unknowable *somehow* related to us the whereof of which is 'absolutely "behind the veil. Knowledge (Juana) is something which ten thousand arguments cannot create; it is developed by culture and culture alone (sadhona) culture is religion—it is the scientific culture of the human mind to realize what he *is*.

One of our former and able ministers of Finance Mr. Samua Lang a firm advocate of modern agnosticism suggests that religion is necessary as a "working hypothesis." But what ultimate aim shall it serve as a mere working hypothesis? It is something more than that; it is the proper basis of immortality, the way to realise the infinite essence of *Being*.

R. K. B.

THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS—EASTERN AND WESTERN.

I.

We are now confronted with two civilizations—the Eastern and the Western. Under the Eastern, persons almost in a state of nudity, passing their time underneath trees and living on roots and fruits, but composing works on religion and philosophy of a superb nature, and occupied chiefly in thinking of the higher concerns of life, are not considered uncivilized. Under the Western, civilized beings are those who are well-dressed, sitting on chairs and smoking cigars, and passing their time chiefly in devising means towards the enhancement of material prosperity. In the East, people of a religious turn of mind considering the things of this world to be fleeting, exert themselves very little to enjoy this life, but pass their time in communion with their Maker. In the West, most of the people think very little of religion, but exert themselves so as to pass their time in this world in a comfortable manner. Under the Western civilization, generally speaking, shadow is more valued than substance, and a dazzling outward is more heartily welcomed than an embellished inward. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that the Western civilization has effected much good among us.

Although the Brahmanas of old passed most of their time in communion with their Maker, they prescribed duties for the Kshetryas, the Vysyas and the Shudras which led to the material prosperity of the people. But, the revolutions that India passed through denationalized her to a great extent, and the Western people came in time to lift her up.

When the philanthropists of the West came to India, they saw in the people of that country the germs of all the manly qualities, and they endeavoured to rouse them from their state of torpor. Some disseminated European learning and science among the people, and others, the blessing of what they considered to be a superior religion, *viz.* Christianity. The efforts of these great men led to the establishment of the Hindu college and other seminaries. The alumni of these institutions, who in their early days were scarcely

taught anything beyond the ground-mother's tales, were filled with ecstasy in receiving superb lessons in science and philosophy from European teachers.

But just like a man, blind from his birth, suddenly restored to sight, sees every object good or bad with a charm, the first batch of educated Indians began to see every thing good in the English, and it became their inmost endeavour to imitate them. But the characteristics of the English operated on those educated young men according to the turn of their minds. European philosophy turned some of them into sceptics, Christianity succeeded in taking a few of them under her shelter but the faith of almost all of them in their own religion was shaken. It must, however, be said to the credit of English education that its influence succeeded in making them men of sound morality and imbuing them with a spirit of patriotism. But the blind imitation of everything that was English produced upon them an evil effect which to a certain extent, marred the good that English education produced. The example they set told injuriously on the educated young men of the succeeding generation. Their imitation of European dress and diet, especially the taste of wine, the so-called nectar—in which the Rishi Shukracharja so prudently put a ban—became a set-off against the good which English education placed before them. They took great delight in eating beef and ham, in drinking wine in excess and in wearing European dress. It was the saying of one of them that beef-eaters were never bullied, and, it was therefore necessary that the Hindus should eat beef. In their blindness to imitate the Europeans, they failed to consider that, it was necessary to maintain one's own nationality, that the food that may be congenial to the inhabitants of cold regions, may not be so to those of warm countries, and that, the thick clothing of the Europeans may not suit the people of India basking in the sunshine of the torrid zone. Some went to the length of using spoons and forks without taking into consideration the fact that in the intensity of cold, people of the frigid regions are unable to use their fingers.

Coming in contact with the full blaze of European civilization, the tender plant of Indian progress began to scorch. The transmogrification of a vegetarian into a carnivorous animal and of a teetotaler into a disciple of Bacchus, told seriously upon the constitution of the Hindus, and the boasted reformers of the first generation

began to meet with premature death, one after another. This opened the eyes of the sensible portion of the community, and a reaction followed. The complete ignorance that prevailed at that time about the ancient *Shastras* and learning of the Hindus and the preaching of the Christian Missionaries that described Hinduism as a system of gross idolatry and falsehood, led the first batch of educated Indians to believe that there was nothing good in India, and that, in order to make progress it was necessary to imitate the English in every respect.

The English were the guides, and whatever they uttered, acted upon the Hindus as a charm, the influence of which they could not counteract. Fortunately, two great men appeared at this state of Hindu Society, whose researches into the ancient learning of the Hindus turned the tide of thought into a different channel. We allude to Sir William Jones and Professor Wilson. Their translation of some of the learned works of the sages of old on philosophy and religion with commentaries on the same, produced a highly satisfactory result. These two *savants* were followed by Raja Ram Mohan Ray who, by advocating the cause of the monotheistic worship inculcated by the ancient sages of India turned the attention of the Hindus to the religion of their forefathers. The English-educated Indians came to know, by and by, that there was much among the Hindus that was noble and worthy of retention. Soon after, a great man full of spiritual life and conservative principles, made his appearance. He infused new life into the mission inaugurated by Raja Ram Mohan Ray. He established a society for the promulgation of religious truths, called the *Tattvabodhini Sabha*, founded schools in different parts of Bengal for training young men in morality and religion and started a journal, which in addition to essays on religious subjects of an edifying nature, began to lay before the Bengali community the learning of the ancient sages. And to crown all, the publication of the *Brahma Dharma* in which are embodied the noble lessons of morality and religion as inculcated by the Aryan sages of old, opened the eyes of the educated youths of the time and led them to look back into their nationality from which they had so long estranged themselves. The name of this great man is Devendra Nath Tagore. The new life which Devendra Nath infused into the community began to produce beneficial results. The blessed contagion spread. Bold champions appeared one

after another : and as a necessity of the times, an ardent youth fired with religious zeal appeared in the field. We allude to Keshub Chundra Sen. Devendranath dug the mines of Brahmanical learning and placed the precious metals before the educated youths. Keshub Chundra by discomfiting the Missionaries of Christianity drew them into the Samaj of monotheistic worship.

At the period under notice, eloquence was associated with the charming liquor, and energy with beef and ham. But the fiery eloquence which this indefatigable youth displayed, and the energy, that was manifested in his contests with Christian missionaries, and in the preaching of the truths of the theism in India and in England, thwarting the perils and ills of life that threatened to check his onward course, proved incontestibly, that a vegetarian and a tee-totaler can cut a figure in the world. The example set by Keshub Chundra and his co-adjutors produced a beneficent result. The Brahma Somaj like a reformatory began to reclaim many a disciple of Bacchus and Epicurus. The sensible portion of the educated community began to entertain misgivings about the western civilization. Some of them founded the Brahmo Somaj, leading lives of purity and temperance.

At this time, two religious teachers appeared. One was the far-famed Dayananda Saraswati and the other was Shrikrishna Prosonna Sen. Their teachings led the educated Hindus to hold a research in the *Shastras*, and to revise the Hindu religion, purging off the impurities with which it had been soiled. This has resulted in the establishment of Arya Somajs, and Religious Sobhas throughout India, and the educated Hindus of the present day, it must be admitted, are actuated by noble ideas.

D. N. G.

REVIEW OF BOOKS

The Early History and Growth of Calcutta by Raja Binaya Krishna Deb. Published by Romesh Chandra Ghose, B. A.

This is a most interesting book to the students who are well aware of the importance and utility of the study of history, more especially of a great City like Calcutta. The author has presented the facts in a most telling way and has linked together events with a felicity that is admirable and has kept up the charm by felicity of diction. Many important points are dealt with and the reader will find himself correctly informed on many subjects concerning which he may have been in doubt. The author has taken up his pen after full and mature deliberation and as such writes as one who has seen. We congratulate the author upon the clear thinking and careful work which have made the book not only pleasant to read but a valuable contribution to the historical literature of this city.

The author has placed a mass of tabulated information before his readers but we regret, has refrained from advancing his own views on some of the important topics such as the Tragedy of Black Hole which still remains and will always remain a mystery which the student of history might well exert himself to fathom. He has accepted the story of Holwell by disregarding the argument that Geometry contradicting Arithmetic gave a lie to the story.

In the Chapters dealing with the topography and population of Calcutta, the author has very ably supplied us with the origin and nomenclature of the several localities of Calcutta.

The history of the development of trade and commerce throws light to this important subject and we hope the information conveyed would be as useful as instructive. The history of the Press is as artistically laid out as lucidly related. An amusing chapter peeps into the European society when the metropolis was being formed

and the beauty of the detail has not a little been enlivened by apt anecdotes.

We cannot close the book without thanking the author for the last chapter which betrays the secret misgivings of a heart never too eager to be fascinated by the glare and pomp of the so-called superior civilisation of the West. To foster and cherish our prejudices—for our ancient religion, laws and customs, to take in and welcome reform without haste or rashness—are the trumpet-blasts of the authors for our national salvation and regeneration.

We thank the author for his enterprise and his book, though has not any pretension to be a work of encyclopædic information, yet it would be a book of reference—a most comprehensive and trust-worthy one. We trust that it will have a wide circulation.

*Life of K. S. Macdonald M. A. D. D.—by James. M.
Macphail M. A. D. D.*

Mr. Macphail has supplied a long-felt want to the friends and admirers of the late Doctor whose memory is cherished with all veneration by every one who came in contact with him during his life-time. His name has become a household word. Possessed of a broad and sympathetic heart, Dr. Macdonald during his life-time won that respect which by his natural qualifications he was entitled to. The able biographer has met the demand for a truthful stringing of the incidents of a long and eventful life and has kept up the charm throughout by felicity of diction. His work is a work of "truth" blended with "poetry" but for all that truth has not been sacrificed for poetry. The able pen glides on and draws with it the heart of the reader who is not only charmed with the histories of a life full of strife but with the easy manner by means of which he is able to follow its course.

As a man, the pious and God-fearing Macdonald was far above the ordinary missionaries and he won the heart of his pupils whose views he broadened and made them more submissive to follow the path of duty.

In his death, we have lost one of our staunch supporters and an admirer. He was one of our principal contributors for a long, long period. He worked for the "National Magazine," and the kind treatment we have received could never be equalled. His last

article appeared in the "Magazine" a few days before his death. We deplore his loss and lament over a sad memory and pray for his rest and place in heaven.

He do not want here to relate the life of the late Doctor for which we can safely recommend our readers to peruse the work of Mr. Macphail. While going through the biography we noticed the charm and fascination and from the literary point of view we can say that it is one of the best books of its kind.

To Mr. Macphail is not only due the heart-felt thanks of every right-minded missionary but of every young man whose future lives were chalked out by the late Doctor and of his every friend and admirer.

The occult Review.—Edited by Ralph Shirley.

The April number contains many valuable contributions. Mr. Andrew Long deals with "heemitings" (?) and his explanation of the vague term is quite interesting and throws much light on the subject. He writes that tradition gives rise to "suggestion" and this leads on to hallucination. "The Subliminal mind" strikes us as being at many points extremely clever more especially the writer's comparison of the "subliminal self" or the "immortal ego" with the "manas" or "Karma"—the first, the active and the last, the passive manifestations of the one and the same thing. The contributions of Mrs. Campbell how deserve thoughtful consideration. Mr. Evans' luminous contributions are as interesting as instructive. His authenticated quotations from actual witnesses have done much to establish the truth of a phenomenon which the activity and the trenchant criticism of the practical jokers are endeavouring to falsify. As the writer promises further contributions on this subject we abstain from advancing our own views till the end. The other contributions are suggestive and we invite the attention of every student interested in psychology as applied to practical life and the Psychical researches and we hope that this kind of periodicals would do more good to the thinking mind than the hosts of story-telling magazines.

General Statement of Affairs for the Thirty-eighth Half-year ended 31st December 1904.

[illegible]

THE
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HINDU METAPHYSICS.—IV.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A BRAHMIN AND AN EUROPEAN.

Eur. But may you not be deceived by affirmation ?

Br. May we not also be deceived by perception and induction ? Do not our senses frequently deceive us ? And as for induction, are we not as frequently liable to be deceived by that ? Induction deceives you or me, seeing that it leads us to different conclusions ; were it not for affirmation, how little should we know ! All your very early knowledge comes to you by means of affirmation, which you receive as satisfactory testimony of the existence of things which you cannot learn by perception or induction.

Eur. All that is very true, nor have I any thing to object to it, only methinks you should be very cautious how you receive affirmation, seeing that you may be very easily deceived by it.

Br. Are you quite sure that you receive affirmation cautiously yourself ?

Eur. I think you may have perceived, in my conversation with you, that I am not apt to receive affirmation very hastily or implicitly, seeing that, notwithstanding you affirm to me that it is possible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, together with many other matters, I do not receive them as verities.

Br. In your rejection of those doctrines I do not see that you are cautious in receiving affirmation, but rather the reverse ; because your mind has been preoccupied by the affirmation of others

and you have received their affirmation so implicitly, that it is only by the evidence of that affirmation that you hold your opinions seeing that you cannot corroborate them by induction. What but affirmation tell you that Gulliver was not a philosopher of the Sankhya school? Were you to make true confession, you would readily enough own that affirmation, however you may affect to dispise it as a source of knowledge, exercises a greater power over your mind than any other source whatever. You see that by induction you cannot prove that it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time, nor can you prove it by perception, therefore your proof is only from affirmation, which in this instance exercises a stronger influence than anything else over your mind. Now then you may clearly discern, unless your prejudices absolutely blind you, that you not only receive affirmation as one of your sources of knowledge, but that you use it most copiously, and rely upon it most implicitly.

Eur. But still, generally speaking, we examine by our own understanding and perception, as far as we can, those things of which we are informed by affirmation.

Br. You may fancy that you do so, but your examination is more of form than of force; and if you were to look more closely into your minds, you would find that there no principles of belief that lay a firmer hold upon you than those which you owe to affirmation.

Eur. There may be some truth in this.

Br. I am glad that you are so far enlightened as to acknowledge it. May I not hope in time to bring you to an acquiescence in the doctrine of the Sankhya philosophy?

Eur. Oh, no! You will never bring me to admit doctrines which contain manifest absurdity on the very face of them.

Br. I perceive now, by the very smile upon your face as you speak, that one principal reason why you so positively and pertinaciously reject the Sankhya philosophy is, that in your country affirmation is against it?

Eur. And may I not only say that one reason why you receive the Sankhya philosophy is, that in your country affirmation is in favour of it?

Br. That I can also support it by reasoning, and by reasoning too from the consequences of your own admitted axioms.

Eur. We certainly do admit that knowledge is power and that knowledge may increase, and that, with knowledge, power also may increase; but we cannot possibly admit that either the knowledge or the power of finite beings can increase to an infinite extent and indeed, even on the supposition there was plausibility in theory, and that by any continued effort of the mind, power and knowledge might increase to a vast degree, yet there not be time enough in the short space of human life, for any one to reach to the perfection of which you speak.

Br. Of that fact I am well aware, and I believe that most modern philosophers of the Sankhya School admit that the present life is not sufficient for the purpose of arriving at a transcendental perfection; therefore you perceive that a wider field is opened for the operation of the principle, and therefore you will probably be somewhat more ready, or at least less reluctant, to receive the Sankhya theory.

Eur. Nay, indeed, I must freely and fairly tell you, that I can never be brought to an acquiescence in such extravagancies, which do violence to all feeling and reason.

Br. Exactly so; you acknowledge that your prejudices against the Sankhya philosophy are insuperable even by reasoning, and that therefore of affirmation on which your own philosophy rests is the most convincing proof to you of that which you believe. Now, permit me to ask you, do you not admit that the future state of being is endless in duration?

Eur. I do admit it.

Br. And do you not also admit that improvement in wisdom and power may be continually progressing in that state?

Eur. I see no reason to deny it.

Br. Furthermore, do you regard infinite power and wisdom as stationary or progressive?

Eur. Clearly, it must be admitted that they are stationary, for it would be a contradiction in terms to say that infinity could receive addition or accession.

Br. If then the mind is continually making progress in wisdom and power, must it not be approaching nearer and nearer to infinite wisdom and infinite power, that is, to what you call omniscience and omnipotence?

Eur. The mind may make approaches, and may be susceptible of vast improvements, but still it may fall far short of omniscience and omnipotence ?

Br. But if the mind is making progress towards infinitude of wisdom and power, and yet never reaches or never can reach that point, this inability must arise from some impediment to its progress. You say, that the mind may continue progress in wisdom and power—you say, that, it may make this progress in a state if being which has no end ; now, how can it fail of arriving at infinitude in an infinity of duration, unless some stop be put to its progress ? And what is it that makes the interruption ? And at what period does improvement cease ?

Eur. We cannot speak positively of a future state.

Br. You have spoken so positively as to affirm of it that its duration is infinite, and that it is a state of progressive improvement. I wish you then only to say, what prevents the mind from arriving at omniscience and omnipotence, if it be continually making progress thereunto ?

Eur. If I were to admit that the mind of a created being could ever attain unto infinite power and wisdom, I should make a concession that it was possible for man to become God, and so I shall virtually uphold a system of atheism.

Br. You are not the first that has affirmed that the Sankhya doctrines are essentially atheistic but I can assure you that there are many who hold those doctrines who are very far from atheism ; indeed, I will say that your views of philosophy are far more atheistic than mine ; for though you admit the existence of duty having infinite wisdom and power, yet your notions of infinite wisdom and power seem to be very limited and imperfect.

Eur. My notions on that omniscience and omnipotence belong only to one supreme being, and that they are unattainable by any created being.

Br. But notwithstanding that you deny the attainableness of omniscience and omnipotence, yet acknowledge the existence of those principles on which they are manifestly attainable. There is somewhat in this that is inconsistent, and that is as quite as publishing as the affirmation that it is possible for the something to and not to be at the same time. Either the mind goes on increasing in wisdom and power, or it does not.

If it goes on increasing to all eternity, it must arrive at infinity of power and wisdom; but if it does not arrive at omnipotence and omniscience, how, when, and where, is it its progress interrupted?

Eur. Truly, I must say that to answer in this matter is not in my power, I cannot suppose that the created should ever attain unto power of the uncreated. And now, after all we have said on this topic and on others connected with Sankhya philosophy, I am of opinion that the discussion has not produced any, even the slightest, assimilation of sentiment between us. We leave off nearly at the same point as we began. I must, however be permitted one remark, and that is, that I do not know any one system of philosophy, or, if I may so speak, of old philosophy while may not be pushed into absurdity by an ingenious arrangement of questions. And I think that when we quit sense we talk nonsense.

Br. So do I.

A. J.

THE STORY OF THE SINHALESE PEOPLE.

XI.

[AUTHORITIES—*Mahawansa* and *tika*, *Mahabodhiwansa* and *Dipawansa*]

The long deferred project of bringing over the Sacred Bo-tree and the priestess Sangamittra now engaged the king's attention. The matter was discussed in council during the *was* season at the royal palace at Anuradhapura by Devanampiya Tissa and his ministers in the presence of the Thera Mahinda: and the king's nephew the minister Maha Arishta was summoned from the cloister to be offered the commission of proceeding to India as Envoy to Asoka. Arishta undertook the mission on condition he was permitted to re-enter the order on his return. With letters from Mahinda and the king to the Indian Emperor, Arishta left Anuradhapura on the second day of the increasing moon of the month *Vup* and took ship at Jambukola patuna (Kankasanturai) bound for Pupphapura 'city of flowers' (Patna).

Meanwhile, in a retired palace on the suburbs of Anuradhapura belonging to the minister Malla which the king had placed at her disposal, the princess Anula at the head of five hundred noble maidens and a like number of the ladies of the palace (*antahpura*) devoting herself to the services of religion clad in yellow garments anxiously waited the arrival of the priestess Sanghamittri to be ordained. Maha Arishta crossed over to India and journeying over the Vindhya mountains reached Patna. He presented the letters of Mahinda and spoke the message of Devenipetissa to the Emperor. "Lord of elephants, the consort of thy royal ally's brother looking forward to her ordination is continuously leading a life of piety. For her ordination despatch hither the priestess Sanghamittri, and with her send the southern branch of the Great Bo-tree." Dharmasoka sighed to part with all his children in his old age, but the princess Sanghamittri replied with great firmness and spirit. "Great King," she said, "the injunction of my brother must be obeyed, and those who are to be ordained are many; wherefore it is meet

that I should proceed thither." Anticipating objection from the clergy to the proposal of lopping a portion of the Sacred Bo-tree he concerted means to win them over. On the advice of the minister Mahadeva, the Emperor assembled the monks for a feast and then asked the question if it were lawful to despatch the Bo-tree branch to Ceylon. The high priest Moggaliputtra, overcoming sentiment in the consciousness of the advantage to be gained to the faith, pronounced it lawful and quoted authority that it had been so ordained by the Master. This difficulty being removed, the whole way from Patna to Buddha Gaya a distance of 7 *yoduns* was cleared and decorated by the orders of the Emperor and for the reception of the Bo shoot a magnificent urn of solid gold was constructed "nine cubits in circumference, five cubits deep, three cubits in diameter, eight inches thick and at the rim of the mouth of the thickness of a young elephant's trunk shining like the rising sun." Escorted by a great army of elephants, chariots horsemen and foot-soldiers which is described as having extended for miles and accompanied by the whole monastic community of the empire Dharmasoka in great state conveyed the golden urn to the sacred Bo-tree on which the fanaticism of its votaries had showered all manner of wealth and ornaments. Numerous gems sparkled among its long rustling leaves, rows of flags and streamers gaily waved from its boughs and it was heavily laden with clusters of fragrant blossoms, the offerings of pilgrims, while the sound of every description of music continually played on the spot floated round the tree where the faithful believed Buddha had attained enlightenment.

So lavish had been the Emperor's own offerings of pearls and gems, it is related, that it drew down on the tree the jealousy of the queen-consort, who very nearly destroyed it by having it secretly scalded. Asoka drew up his army round the tree in the form of a great circle; he then screened the Bo-tree from view with a magnificent curtain. Within the enclosure, it is recorded in the old histories, a thousand crowned kings who owned Asoka's overlordship and a thousand hierarchs, the heads of Buddhist fraternities, stood round the Sacred tree and the Emperor. With hands clasped as in meditation, Asoka wistfully gazed on the tree. "Then," says the chronicle "the twigs of its right branch vanished leaving to view only portions of about four cubits and

the stem thereof (adhering to the main trunk)." Struck by the portent, amid all his pomp the pious Emperor offered his kingdom to the mystic tree pouring the water of consecration on the sacred Bodhi, in token that the vast revenues drawn that day from all the provinces of his wide empire were dedicated to the services of religion. Nor did his worship here cease.

He offered flowers and other articles the tangible memorials of his worship. He saluted the tree by walking round it with his right arm towards it, according to ancient Indian custom the homage rendered to a superior, obeisance which Asoka rendered to no mortal man; and as he walked round with folded palms at eight places he bowed down before the tree. He next lifted his gaze aloft towards the right Bo-branch sparkling with gold and gems: unable to reach the bough for its height he mounted a lofty chair on which the golden vessel had been placed and marked round the branch with a golden brush steeped in vermillion the line at which it should be separated from the trunk and prayed, "If this great Bo-tree is fated to go to Lanka, if my faith in the religion of Buddha be steadfast then let this right branch loose itself and descend into this golden vessel." The branch descended into the scented soil of the urn, at that instant led by Asoka the people raised a great shout and the priests mingled their *sadhus* with the cheers of the multitude, while scarfs were waved and the sound of a hundred instruments of music crashed on every side.

From the description in the old histories, it appears that a tolerably large branch ten cubits in length was lopped containing five smaller branches of four cubits long with twigs and fruit. For seven days a continuous feast was kept up with the Emperor himself on the spot, and once again in the excess of devotion the empire was dedicated to the sacred tree, and countless treasures were showered on it. Thereafter another week was passed at Buddha Gaya. A fortnight having thus elapsed on the 15th day being the full moon day of the bright half of the month Vap. Asoka conveyed the Bo-tree in a magnificent chariot and on the sabbath the 24th day of the dark half of Vap arrived at his capital. In the eastern quarter of the city under a spreading Sal tree he ordered the erection of a beautiful hall for the accommodation of the bough. Thither the branch was

chronicles. "The king then laid the Mahabodhi tree in a delightful hall on the shore hard by the resounding ocean and dedicated to it the whole dominion of (Jambudipa) India for a period of seven days. Then he placed a golden chank in the hand of a royal virgin, delivered a silver chank into the hand of a (Setthi) noble virgin, offered a white right-whorled chank to a Brahmin virgin, and out of the three chanks anointed the Bobough with the water of the Lake Anotatta (up in the heights of the Himalayas the sacred water of which was used in the inauguration of kings.)

On the bright half of the month Magasira on the *patipada* day lifting up the great Bo-tree assisted by the members of the 16 noble castes, he placed it on his own head, and descending into the water to his neck, he laid it on the golden chair on the vessel which was excellently decorated. In the same ship he embarked the princess Sanghatheri and her retinue, and in other vessels the members of the different castes. He exhorted the princes Bodhigupta and Sumittra, and addressing the Minister Maha-Arishta delivered the following message to the Lord of Lanka "Child" I have thrice offered the whole of Jambudipa to the Great Bodhi I have descended into the water to my neck to send the Great Bodhi to my ally. May he likewise make offerings unto the Bo-tree." Then as the ship loosed her moorings and glided away into the distance with bowed head and with deep emotion the great Emperor watched the departing vessel from the sea-shore as it bore away his youngest daughter to that unknown island for the conversion of which he had already dedicated his son.

The ships left the Indian coast on the bright half of *Vap* and Buddhist legends tell that on the voyage out to Ceylon "as the vessel conveying the Bo-tree sped along the world of waters" the waves wore still the five varieties of lilies blossomed on the ocean, and music from celestial choirs resounded in the air while the ocean-dwelling monsters watching to devour the relic were charmed away by the terrific shape assumed by the guardian priestess who raised a veil of darkness over the sea, and that Dewas, Nagas and Aryan men maintained a continuous shower of offerings to the tree of perfumes, flowers and jewels, and sandal powder and flower dust were sprinkled

till the vessels arrived at Jambukola Pattana (Kankasanturai) seven days after.

While these things were passing, Dewanampiya Tissa on the advice of the royal novice Sumana Samanera had made elaborate preparations for receiving the sacred Bough. The whole highway from the north gate of Anuradhapura to Jambukola-pattana (Kankasanturai) in Jaffna was finely sanded and 'cleared and decorated by royal command. Setting out early on the first day of the moonlit fortnight of the month Magasirisa at the head of his army, the king advanced to Jaffna and awaited the arrival of the tree. In the language of the old chroniclers who describe the state progress "gaily he departed : the whole way was spread with the five festal flowers, bright-hued banners waved aloft ; at intervals were disposed dishes and pitchers filled with water and rows of plantain trees, at other places at intervals were displayed nosegeys of blossoms of various kinds,"*

On the sea-shore the king built a beautiful hall called Samudrasana Sala 'the sea-side hall' for the accommodation of the tree when it should arrive. As the vessel was sailing in, transported by a frenzy of impatient devotion followed by the Theras and his troops, the king plunged into the waves up to his neck testifying. "This is the tree from the Bo-tree beneath which our Lord received enlightenment." In his joy he lifted the bough and placed it on his own head. Then accompanied by prince Bodhigupta at the head of the 16 noble castes, the monarch bore the sacred bough to land to be deposited in the Samudrasana Sala by the sea-shore. There as Asoka had bidden, Devanampiya Tissa invested the Bo-bough with the kingdom, and divesting himself of his royal state the highest honour that monarch could bestow, clothed the sixteen castes with the royal authority and garb out of reverence for the Bo-tree and himself appeared in the menial guise of a porter at the gate. For three days, a grand festival of offerings to the Bo-tree was held at Jambukola. Thereafter on the 10th day of the Lunar half-month (*dasanuya*) placing the bough in a beautiful chariot it was conveyed amid a brilliant shower of offerings to the site of the Eastern Tissa Vihara, where the monks were entertained at a great feast ; thence the tree was slowly convey-

* *Mahabodhivansa* p. 158.

ed in procession stage by stage halting at the sacred sites which Mahinda declared were hallowed by the Buddha on his former visits to the island. These sites were marked by the pious king with temples and sacred monuments, vestiges of which still lie concealed in the forests of the Wannī between Anuradhapura and Jaffna. At the gate of the village of the Brahmin Tivakka, the car halted and thence stopping at each of the places indicated by Mahinda, the procession reached the suburbs of Anuradhapura on the fourteenth day after the arrival, 'at the hour when shadows are most extended.'

"Entering by the northern gate," records the *Mahabodhivansa** which describes the scene in the city and the ceremonies that followed with a vividness and fulness showing the description to be that of a contemporary or reproduced from a contemporary document, "of the city which had been spread with fruits that resembled pearls and milk-white sand, covered over with a profusion of water-lilies, champak and various other kinds of flowers, and adorned with thousands of pitchers filled with scented liquid and bright with water-lilies with beautiful shops glittering with different wares, with gem-set flags that shaded the heat of the sun's rays, with the air laden with the heavy clouds of aloe incense smoke, he conveyed (the sacred bough) along the great royal street through the middle of the city (amid a scene of intense joy and enthusiasm) where crowds drunk with joy thronged the streets dancing, playing on musical instruments, cheering shouting clapping and waving thousands of scarfs round their heads. Passing out through the Southern Gate Devanampiya Tissa proceeded to the Mahameghavarna royal gardens and planted it at the auspicious hour on the site indicated by Sumana Samanera as the spot consecrated by the holy trees of former Sages. And in what manner was it planted? The sixteen noble castes with their Chief Bodhigupta adorned in all the various royal vestments (which they had obtained in token of the surrender of the royal dominion to the Bo-tree) assumed the royal dignity, and the monarch took on himself the post of warder at the gate. The sixteen nobles lifted the great Bo-tree in order to plant it, then separated themselves and stood apart."

* P. 159 *et. seq.*

The dense crowds that had gathered from all quarters of the island offered perfumes and flowers round the tree and the chronicle records that heavenly beings and the forces of nature contributed to the splendour and awfulness of the scene, and rendered homage to the sacred tree. Lightnings flashed, peals of thunder reverberated and the earth rocked at the moment of planting, while showers of heavenly blossoms descended and celestial music rang in the air. For seven days the tree was enveloped in a sheet of mist consequent on rains which is ascribed to a portent and which probably interrupted the rites. On the seventh day after the ceremony, the Thera Mahinda, his sister Sanghamittiri and the king with their several retinues returned to the spot. Thither also came to do honour to the tree the princes of Kataragama and Chandragama from Rohana, the Brahmin Tivakka from the north and multitudes from every district of the island. In the sight of the assembly, the fruits that dropped from the right branch—we are told that five fruits appeared after it was planted—the Thera eagerly caught up and delivered to the monarch to be planted. Devanampiya Tissa planted the fruit in a golden vessel filled with scented earth and aromatics that had been placed on the raised terrace (round the tree) and laid it on a high altar. Once again the white parasol of sovereignty was offered up in homage and the sacred water of consecration out of the three chanks poured on to the planted seeds, whence legends say eight shoots miraculously sprouted up in the sight of the multitude. Of these one was planted at the port of Jambukola where the Bo-tree was landed, one at the village of the Brahmin Tivakka, others at the Thuparama, Issurimuni Vihara, at the terrace of the Pratama Chaitya, Chetiya Parvata (Mihintale), one at Kataragama in the division of Rohana; another at Sandurugama. So rapidly did the worship of the Sacred tree spread that 32 seedlings produced from four other fruits were planted in the viharas which the king at intervals of a *yodun* (*circa* 6 miles) apart had erected throughout the whole island.

To signalise the establishment of the Sacred tree the king proclaimed a great festival called the Malabodhi which was observed throughout the realm with unparalleled magnificence. "The whole island," in the language of the chroniclers, "being decorated like a festive pavilion. Through the might of the

king and of the gods, Lanka was beautifully decorated as if with a curtain of flowers, was scented as with a vessel of perfumes, was garlanded with rows of coloured streamers, like rows of rainbows and continuously rang with the sound of loud merri-ment like the Assembly Hall of the king of gods."

After the ceremonies in connection with the planting of the tree had terminated the Indian princes were presented at the Sinhalese court by the king's nephew. The king Devanampiya Tissa for the welfare of the inhabitants of Lanka, their children and their children's children planted the Great Bo-tree in the Mahameghavarna (gardens). Prince Arishta took the eight royal princes who bore the Bo-tree along with the members of all the different castes (that crossed over) and approaching the presence of the king presented the letter of king Dharmasoka and declaring the name and lineage of the eight Sakya princes headed by Bodhigupta, made them do homage to the king. The king seeing them enquired, "Is he an uncle of the Thera Mahinda," and pleased thereat he made him sit by his side. Then reflecting, "Is there aught that my friend has not given me; first he has sent his noble son Mahamahinda Tera, afterwards with the monarch of trees has sent his daughter, Sanghamitta Teri, now he has sent his band of illustrious kinsmen whom he dearly loves, without entrusting even to these eight personages, alone how shall I perform the service of the great Bo tree. My ally has charged me with this laborious task." When he had deliberated with his ministers regarding the proper offices to which they should be appointed, he granted to Prince Bodhigupta the excellent habitation of the quadrangular Peacock Palace. For three days thereafter, himself caused all the necessary ceremonial rites to be performed assisted by the great company that escorted the great Bo-tree, and on the day of the festival when he had arrayed himself in ten royal robes and conferred on all festal robes, he assembled the whole of the priesthood at the terrace of the Bo-tree and fetching thither Bodhigupta invested him with the dignity. Bidding Sumittra thrice proclaim, "This Chief War Secretary (*Jaya Maha Lekho*) for Lanka salutes the great Congregation of monks," made Bodhigupta salute the great community. (Then) proceeding to the king's house he caused the great gate to be opened and ordering apartments for the prince

within, took his seat on the Lion-throne attended by the great body of his ministers. He caused Bodhigupta's hands to be taken by Sumittra, making him thrice repeat, "The Chief War Secretary for Lanka salutes the king" made Bodhigupta salute him and beholding him arrayed in all the royal ornaments save the crown, and his head unadorned, he bade the diadem be placed on his head, to be seated on the state elephant and to be lifted on high over him the three royal state canopies called the Andhra (Mahratta), Chola (Mysore) and Sinhala (Sinhalese). He ordered the festal drums to beat, and escorted by the great company of those who came with the Sacred Bo-tree, the chief nobles, and the army with the crash of festal music like the roar of thunder set out from the Peacock Palace, marched in procession round the rejoicing city and arriving at the Vihara made him (Bodhigupta) worship the great Bo-tree. He caused a building to be erected on a site indicated by Mahinda Thera not far from the Mahabodhi tree telling him—"Unbroken in descent from generation to generation watch the Bo-tree," he made him dwell there. Likewise thereafter, for Sumittra, as in the case of the state ceremony for Bodhigupta he caused all the rites to be performed: the great community of the priesthood were caused to be assembled on the terrace of the Bo-tree, Sumittra was conducted thither, and Chandragutta thrice proclaimed "The Chief War Secretary worships the great community of the monks." When Sumittra had bowed to the great community of monks, he was conducted thence to the Royal Palace. The king having seated himself on the Lion-throne made Chandragutta take Sumittra's hands between his own and making him thrice proclaim "The great Secretary for War (*Jaya-Maha-Lekho*) worships the king" caused him to bow down before him. Then causing the head of him that was adorned with all the different ornaments to be decked with the beautiful crown declared, "Thou Sumittra receive charge of the people of all the different castes and jointly with Bodhigupta perform the service of the great Bo-tree." Likewise having caused him to be seated on the state-elephant, he, (the king) ascended the (?) Lion-car and along the great royal street basking in the sunny smiles of thousands of lovely dames he proceeded to the (Maha) Vihara and making him to worship the great Bo-tree in the inner city on the site bespoken by the Thera he caused a house to be built and made him dwell

there. That king having conferred the rite of investiture on Bodhigupta and Sumittra intrusted to them the custody of the great Bo-tree, and thereafter he consecrated the rest. Enjoining, "Let Chandagutta at the Mahabodhi festival beat the golden drum," appointed him to the dignity of "King of the Hill country," Malaya Rija and granted him the district of Virabahu (Vilba janapada, (?) Sat Korale) saying, "Let Devagutta at the Mahabodhi festival place the holy (*pīrit*) water in a golden ewer on the royal tusker, march round the city with its right side towards it and return," appointed him to the office of Lanka Maha Rattika "Chief Governor of Lanka," and gave him Saturassiyabhumi, (? Satara(s) korale, Four Korales.)

Enjoining, "Let Dhammagutta at the Mahabodhi Festival blow the shell-trumpet (conch)" appointed him to the dignity of Moriya Sethi, "Merchant-Prince of the Moriya race" and gave him the country Moriya (? Morawaka).

Saying "Let Suryagutta at the Mahabodhi Festival present holy (*pīrit*) water in a golden ewer" gave him the office of Bhinkara-gahaka, 'Ewer-Bearer.' (*cp.* Diawadana Nilama).

"Let Gotamo bear the state-canopy over the crown of the Bo-tree" gave him the office of Chattra-Gahaka, 'Canopy-bearer.'

"Let Jutindharo at the Mahabodhi Festival keep the watch," give him the office of the service of the guard.

Thus when he had given offices to the eight kinsmen brethren, to the rest too who came over with the Great Bo-tree he caused offices to be given.

Of these, to the chief of the Setthis (Merchant-nobles) the office of Sword-bearer, to the chief of the Brahmins the office of Brahmin-pontiff, to the chief of the Kutimbika, (landlord or proprietor class, the office of Utarapata Nayaka,) 'Chief of the Northern Highway' (*i.e.* the great thoroughfare leading from Kankasanturai to Anuradhapura along which the Bo-tree was conveyed), to the chief of the merchants (*vanija*) the office of "Head of the Guild of Merchants" (Mahavanija Nayaka), to the chief of the bowmen the post of "Custodian of the great Bo-tree," to the chief of the Jewellers (*taraccha-kula*) the post of Principal Jeweller, to the chief of the fowlers (*kulinga-kula*; *sk.* *kulinga*, bird) the post of Chief-fowler, to the chief barber the post of Master-barber, to the chief of the (Balattes) royal attendants

the post of principal royal attendant, to the chief of the weavers the post of Master-weaver, to the head of the potters the post of Master-potter to the chief of the flower-gardeners (*mālākāra-kula*) the post of Head-gardener, to the chief of the perfumers the post of Master-perfumer, to the chief of the tailors (*sibba-kula*) the post of Great Master-tailor, to the chief of the cooks (*Sudaka-kula*; *P. Sudo*, cook) the post 'Chief-keeper of the kitchen,' to the chief of the smiths (*kammara-kula*-blacksmith) the office of Master-smith, to the chief of the workers in brass (*lohakara-kula*) the office of Master brass-founder, to the chief of the goldsmiths the post of Attha-tula-Nayaka Chief of the Eight Scales' (*i.e.* weights), to the chief of the carpenters (*vaddhaki-kula*) the post of 'Master-carpenter of Lanka,' to the chief of the painter the post of Chief painter, to the chief of the band (lit. players on musical instruments) the post of Chief Kettle-drummer, to the chief of the (royal) canopy bearers the post of Chief canopy-bearer, to the chief of the park-keepers, the post of (*Vidhana*) Director of the park-keepers. When he had given such and such like suitable offices (with the injunction), "Abide ye agreeably to the words of Sumittra, perform such offices to the Mahabodhi as are necessary and render service to Bodhigupta also," he favoured them all with excellent villages (The king further said) "Let the four royal virgins take the gold and silver pitchers and sprinkle water on the great Bo-tree" To these (maidens) who were adorned with all the (royal) ornaments, their brows decked with diadems, he gave the office called the Ceremonial water-sprinkling office and received these four ceremonial-sprinklers into the royal house-hold. Nor was this all: what follows shew the anxiety of the king to ensure the perpetuation of the great festival of the Bo-tree which he had inaugurated. "On a certain day, the king visited the Mahameghavana Monastery (*Maha Vihara*) where Mahinda Thera resided" and worshipped the chief Thera. Thereafter having assembled all those who had received offices and villages seated himself by the Thera's side and enquired "Lord, have the two Secretarial families which watch the great Bodhi-tree been established in this island?" On being told "So long as the roots have not been allowed to strike so long the two families could not be said to have been established," he asked, "When, Lord, will the roots of the families strike," and he replied, "When-

ever, O, Great King, these together with their sons and grandsons shall perform the service of the great Bo-tree, then only will the roots of these families have been struck" Pleased (thereat) he asked, "Whence shall I procure noble-women for them." At the reply, "Themselves Great King, know the ladies whose lineage matches their own," he went into his house and having the two Chief Secretaries summoned before him, he said, "Carefully preserve ye (your) race." "There are, Your Majesty, princesses our equals in race who have accompanied our Theri (Priestess). Glad at this reply he caused to be presented to them clothes, ornaments and such like. Thereupon Bodhigutta caused the novice Sumanda, the younger sister of the Theri (nun) Bodhigutta of the Moriya race, who was residing at the Hatthalakarama in company with the Theri Sanghamittri to be clad in white vestments, and adorned with all the different kinds of ornaments. Thence to his own house along the road which had been swept, spanned with plantain-tree. Arches, and beautifully adorned with rows of pitchers filled with water he caused her to be conveyed in a great procession and established her in his own house. Moreover, Sumittra having similarly conveyed the Princess Sumana a kinswoman of his mother and a native of the city of Vedisa (Bhilsa) who was residing in the Hatthalhakarama without having entered into the order, he caused her to be brought and settled in his own house.

In those days there were born to Mahabodhigutta by Sunanda Devi two sons Mahinda and Vidhurinda, and two sons were born to Sumittra by Sumana Davi, Kassapa and Sangha. Thereupon the king having summoned the four brothers, and deliberated with his ministers (saying), "To these high-born royal children of unbroken Sakya descent worthy of the Mahabodhi service I shall give offices." Of these to prince Mahinda he granted the office of Sulu Jaya Maha Lekha, Under-Secretary for War, to Prince Kassapa the office of Parihara Maha Setthi, "Officiating Great Merchant Noble," to Prince Vidhurinda the office of Lanka parisuddha Nuayaka, "Chief Purifier of Lanka" and to Prince Sanghamittra the office of Sulu Setthi, 'Under Merchant-Noble,' and delighted them with fine villages.

Thereafter the king having consulted with Maha Mahinda Thera (saying) "Thus let the Mahabodhi service be conducted," he ordained the ritual that was to be followed. Bidding, "Thus conduct ye

the services, he caused Bodhigutta and Sumittra to accept the same, he convoked yearly the great body of ministerial officers when he caused them to offer the kingdom to the great Bo-tree, and he caused the two Chief Secretaries to anoint the great Bo-tree with the water of consecration."

Thus, the illustrious family of the two secretaries as if in obedience to the king's command, transplanted from the banks of the Ganges unbroken for twenty centuries continued to flourish long after the parent stem the angust line of Asoka had withered in the home of its birth. The royal seed of the great Buddhist Emperor for both Bodhigutta, and Sumittra came of the race of Asoka, rapidly sprouted on the shores of the Mahaveli Ganga and struck their roots deep into the soil until their branches overshadowed the land in a manner never dreamt of by the royal apostle or the saintly monarch. A powerful branch of this race since distinguished as the Sewulu-kula had fixed their seat round Mahiyangana: some centuries later a scion from this stem ascended the Sinhalese throne and till the extinction of the national dynasty, on the long roll of lofty titles that preceded his name the Sinhalese monarch proclaimed himself a 'Child of the royal Sumittra,' (*Sumittra raja putra*).

The story of the origin of this royal race goes back to the days when the Greeks invaded India, and legend carries its beginnings further back to the dim period when Manu first King and Lawgiver recreated and ruled mankind. While the Greek conqueror waited on the banks of the Sutleg before crossing over to India, a rebel hunted by the wrath of Nanda, King of Magadha, appeared before Alexander and found shelter and hospitality in his camp, but such was the pride and arrogance of the haughty exile that he had ere long to flee again for his life before the Macedonian monarch. The exile was Chandragupta. After the retreat of Alexander, Chandragupta gathered round him the hardy mountaineers of the Punjab, hurled the Nandas from their throne and crowned himself king of Magadha (circ. 320-B.C.) His genius united the whole of North India under one sway, wrested many of his conquests from Seleucus Nikator and as the price of peace received the hand of the Greek monarch's daughter. The glory of his reign, the magnificence of his state, the security of life and property in his reign, the justice and equality of his laws, the equipment and organization of his army are described in detail by the Greek ambassador Megasthenes,

who lived at his Court. The dynasty Chandragupta founded was called Maurya from the 'peacock' he bore on his standard in honour of his mother's name of Mura. From his son the Emperor Bindusara descended the two princes Bodhigupta and Sumittra cousins-german of the great Asoka. Such was the stock whence sprang the future sovereigns of Ceylon when the Sakya dynasty founded by Pandukabhaya died in the second century. The Mauryas ascended the throne in 248 A.D., and until the year 1747 when the last Sinhalese Maurya expired with his dynasty in the person of Narendra Sinha, so much did this remarkable family embody the tradition of the race, in the darkest hours of the country's fortunes when national life was almost extinct under foreign domination again and again a hero was found among the Mauryas to rally the people and to win back their freedom. Such it was when Dhatusena in the 5th century after a protracted struggle for independence slew the Tamil usurper Pithriya extripated the invaders who had long been a scourge to the country and restored freedom and the national faith to the Sinhalese. Such the aspiration and such had been the achievement, if fate so willed it, of the young and gallant Vikrama Bahu in the 11th century when disdaining to be crowned king only in name while the Cholian Tamil ruled the kingdom he bided his time against the advice of his more impetuous followers collecting stores and levying and training men, and when at length he saw the time ripe for the enterprise he was struck down with disease on the eve of his struggle with the Choleans. His work survived him. With the forces and stores gathered by his master, the general Kirti undertook the task and after a protracted campaign eventually drove the invaders out of the island. Again, two centuries later when the whole island groaned under the relentless tyranny of the Kalinga invader, the pitiless Magha, it was a Mauryan who saved the country. Making his home in the wild forests of the north safe from the wrath of the tyrant, Wijaya Babu (111) gradually reduced the Vanni to his rule and gathering the native chiefs to his standard he emerged from his fastnesses to lead the Sinhalese to victory. In the 16th century when the kingdom was tottering to its foundations under the repeated blows of the Portuguese and by the treachery and fanaticism of the half Tamil Don Juan Dharmapala, national honour and independence were saved by the patriotism and military genius of Maya Dunne

and his greater son Rija Sinha I of Sitawaka, although some of the fairest provinces, the maritime lowlands were for ever lost to the Sinhalese Crown. It was left again to this illustrious race to vindicate the national honour. When the capture of Kandy whither step by step the native princes had retreated to safeguard on the mountains the freedom they could not save on the plains, laid the whole island bleeding at the feet of Portugal aided by the forces of the apostate Don Juan Dharamapala and his vassal princes, though trained, educated and baptised by the enemy the patriot instincts of his race asserted themselves when Don John Wimala Dharma Suriya charged at the head of his mountaineers cut to pieces the Portuguese army with their unnatural allies in the pass of Balana and averted the impending doom of his country for another two hundred years. The confidence inspired by them as leaders for generations and the magic of the name they bore, animated the people like a trumpet-blast in the greatest crises and when at length Sinhalese independence fell—mainly due to the treachery and ambition of the chiefs—after the extinction of the national dynasty, legend cast a halo round the pious memory of the last sovereign of the Maurya race. Such was the glorious destiny of the illustrious branch that aspired to sovereign power. Another the elder branch under the shadow of the great Bo-tree maintained to within a few years the pious traditions of the house of Sumittra and still some of the oldest families of the Nuwara Kalawiya claim descent from this lofty line and have their claim allowed.

Nor did the propagation of the faith here cease with the termination of the festivities. The great work of establishing the sacred tree and its worship on a permanent basis being accomplished with all the brilliance and pageantry the occasion demanded, it was now left to complete the main purpose of the mission by the admission of ladies into the order. The princess Anula with five hundred of her maidens and five hundred ladies of the palace, according to the records, were robed by Sanghamittri and subsequently attained to the sanctification of sainthood (*rahat*). The royal envoy in the king's permission to retire from the world received the reward of his toilsome mission. With a company of five hundred he sought the cloister: ordained by Mahinda they too soon reached the stage of *rahat*.

A habitation as spacious and splendid as those erected for the

monks was provided for the newly formed sisterhood with separate buildings containing apartments to house the memorials of the voyage and which might commemorate the arrival of the sacred bough. "The convent within the sacred boundary defined by Sanghamittra and her nuns was called the Anula Upasika Vihara. In the house occupied by Anula twelve buildings were erected. She, moreover, having heard the preaching of the doctrine by Mahinda Thera, at the very time she embraced the truth put on yellow vestments and abode in the house of the minister Dola. Afterwards on the arrival of the priestess the king first caused to be erected on that spot three principal quadrangular palaces (*prasadas*) called Sulugana, Mahagana and Siriwardhana. And subsidiary to these he caused nine other palaces to be built (Hence it was described as twelve including the three chief ones.) Of these three chief buildings, in the great house Chulagana the mast of the vessel which conveyed the Bo-tree was deposited. In the great building Mahagana was deposited an oar, in the house called Siriwardhana the rudder was deposited. These structures were each known by these names."* Besides the Anula Upasika Vihara, another nunnery was built at the request of the Theri Sanghamittri in a more secluded situation. The following legend carefully preserved in the chronicle relates the history of the institution. In a retired grove of Kadamba (*narcissus kadamba*) creepers by a cool stream at Anuradhapura the royal elephant (*patlu*) delighted to roam and here a post (*abhaka*) had been planted to secure him at night. Once as the royal tusker persistently refused all food, Mahinda told the monarch that the elephant had set his heart on the sacred work and would not eat until he had his wish, and on the spot the king reared a *dageba* and a building attached to it. To this cool woodland shrine came the Theri Sanghamittri one noon from the crowded nunnery, seeking a quieter retreat for vigil and meditation and 'more adapted to promote a knowledge of the higher life and the spiritual wants of the nuns.' Here, the king, who had gone to worship the priestess at the nunnery, sought the Theri and divining what was in her mind raised a stately convent around the building attached to the *dageba*, which acquired the name of the Hathalaka establishment as it was built in the neighbourhood

* *Mahawansa tika* (printed ed.) p. 291.

of the Hathalaka hall. In the ages that followed when heresy raged in the Church and the violence of faction had driven the monks from the monasteries, the nuns of the Hathalaka, a united sisterhood undisturbed by schism and confined by a high wall from the din of the conflict without, lived their peaceful life in the quiet seclusion of the "Elephant-hall Convent."

All these architectural undertakings did not satisfy the heart of the pious king. The prevailing spirit of the Buddhist age of raising sacred structures of magnificent design and vast proportions had taken entire possession of the mind of Devenipetissa. He taxed all the genius and resources of the country on these religious edifices. He conceived the scheme of covering the whole island with sanctuaries (*viharas*) and requested Mahinda to dispatch Sumana again for relics. Having deliberated with Mahinda who directed the religious policy of the king, Devenipetissa conveyed on an elephant the relics deposited on the Mihintale mountain and interned them, it is stated, in *dagebas* which rose at a distance of a *yodun*, six miles apart throughout the island. He also conveyed from the mountain the sacred relic of Buddha's alms bowl, which Sumana had brought over, and deposited it in a palace within the royal establishment and offerings were daily made to it. He built the Issurimuniya Temple on the ground, it is said, where the 500 *issaras* or sages were ordained by Mahinda. Often destroyed and repeatedly restored the venerable temple stands to this day on the Kurunegala high road about half a mile from Anuradhapura, a lofty quadrangular structure constructed entirely of granite with massive gateway exquisitely sculptured with mythological figures, furnishing one of the finest specimens of antique stone carving in the island.

He also built the Vessagiri Vihara on a lofty crag of the same durable material, which too had survived in all its rugged grandeur and massiveness, deriving its origin the chronicle tells us from the circumstance that 500 Vaisyas took the robe on the spot, though it is more probable that it owes its name to an older divinity Vessamuni, who was worshipped on that rock long prior to the establishment of Buddhism. The chronicle thus enumerates in chronological sequence the long record of the king's religious and public works. How vast the conception and how magnificent the design and execution of these undertakings can only be judged by a survey of the few that yet survive, and from the ruins of others so marvellous and

stupendous even in decay. The catalogue proceeds :—" First the Maha Vihara, second the Sigiri Temple (at Mihintale), third the delightful Thuparama opposite the (Thuparama) Dageba, fourth the establishment of the great Bo-tree, fifth the erection of a memorial stone-pillar on the site of the future Maha Seya (Dageba) and the enshrining of Buddha's collar-bone in a stone dageba, sixth the building of the Issurimuni Vihara, seventh the Tissawewa (tank at Anuradhapura), eighth the Pratama Thupa (*i.e.*, Thuparama), ninth Vessagiri Vihara, finally the two beautiful convents Upasika Vihara and the Hastahalaka Vihara built for the convenience of the nuns. And so that the nuns might assemble at the Hastahalaka Convent, fall in according to their seniority and march along with the monks to take meal at the distribution of alms, he built the Refection hall called the Mahapali, well supplied with all things necessary and with plenty of attendants. Likewise (he inaugurated) a grand annual feast of alms at the termination of the (*vas*) rainy season (*pivarana*) accompanied by a presentation of the eight monastic requisites to a thousand monks. The Jambukola Vihara at Nagadivayina (Nainativoe), the Tissamaha Vihara and the Pacina Vihara at the same port of (Jambukola), all these works the pious, wise and virtuous Lord of Lanka, Devanipetiss wishing the welfare of the people of Lanka caused to be executed. This monarch who delighted in good works performed various acts of piety. His island-realm overflowed with plenty during this king's reign and he governed it for forty years."

EDWARD W. PERERA.

LARK AND LAY.

Wherefore is thy song so gay ?
Wherefore is thy flight so free ?
Singing—soaring—day by day ;
Thou’rt a bird of low degree !
Tirral-la !

Scarcely sheltered from the mould,
We thy humble nest can see ;
Wherefore is thy song so bold ?
Little bird of low degree.
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

Humbly though my dwelling lie,
Next door neighbour to the earth ;
Rank, though lifted ne’er so high,
Cannot soar like humble worth :
Tirral-la !

Shall I silently repine,
When these birds of loftier airs
Say no parent race of mine
Built a nest as high as theirs ?
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

Give me but a summer morn,
Sweet with due and golden light,
And the richest plumage born
Well may envy me my flight !
Tirral-la !

Through the azure halls of day,
Where the path of freedom lies,
Tirral-la ! is still my lay—
Onward, upward to the skies !
Tirral-la ! Tirral-la !

CHARLES SWAIN.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.

A man of the old school,
Honest, godly and cool.

Ramadhan Chatterji was an influential Zemindar in one of the Districts of the Burdwan Division. He was a Hindu gentleman of the old type—kind, affable, always ready to do good to others, acting up to the tenets of his religion and liked and respected by the gentry of the neighbourhood, as well as, by his numerous tenantry. No body had ever heard him using a harsh word or doing aught in malice. His face was always lit up with a smile and he had a kind word for the high and low. Whilst walking about the village of a morning, he would visit every house and hovel, enquire about their occupants and would send them money or catables, quietly and unostentatiously. He was a great patron of learned *adhyapakas*, (professors) who flocked to his mansion, just before the Durga Pujah to get their *bedai*, (money grant) which was substantial in character. Experts in vocal or instrumental music were richly rewarded and his monthly stipends to the poor widow, the distressed and disabled, came up to a high figure. He was the general peace-maker and the rich and poor went up to him to redress their grievances and adjust their differences, without having recourse to the law courts. Such was the gentleman and he had an able helpmate in his wife Ranga Devi—a really pious woman, devoted to her husband. Ranga Devi would look after the household, arrange for the *pujah* of the family gods and goddesses and see for herself that the *athithis*, (unknown guests coming to the house for meals) who daily came to the premises were daily fed and entertained. The blessed couple had a married daughter—Raghumani and a promising, bright boy five years old, upon whom the love of the fond parents centered. He was the apple of their eyes, the

hope of their hearts and the object of their united affection. The boy was named Rajsri and he had really the loveliness and beauty of a prince. Rajsri had a *guru mohasoy* (preceptor) to teach him the rudiments of knowledge, through the medium of his own vernacular and he had, for his companions, several boys of the neighbourhood, who got their education, without paying for it. Raghumani's husband was a *kulin* of the first water and as such, had no education worth the name. He had a special liking for the *setar*, (a sort of stringed instrument) in handling which, he spent a good deal of his time and was always surrounded by a set of lazy youngmen, whose intellectual and moral calibre may be best described by the sobriquet—good for nothing.

CHAPTER II.

He spared no pains to make him a good man,
Tho' evidently *under* Heaven's ban,

Years had rolled away and Rajsri had grown into youthhood. He was a fine youngman of one and twenty, with prepossessing appearance and manners. His father had spared no pains to to give him a liberal education, befitting his status in society, but his efforts were not crowned with success. Rajsri had betimes fallen into evil company and his moral character had become tainted. Wine and women had a special attraction for him and he was always surrounded by sycophants, who gave him evil counsel and led him astray. His fond parents, who literally doted on him, were greatly pained at his laches and back slidings, but they could not make up their minds to remonstrate with him or utter a single word in unkindness. They wept in silence and prayed for his deliverance from sin and sensuality. Rajsri had, in his protection, a widowed Brahmin girl upon whom he lavished money and the devotion of a loving heart. Though a married man, he neglected his chaste, lovely, young wife and, became a veritable slave to his sweet-heart, who was wily enough by a show of seeming fondness, to keep him at her heels, entangled and enmeshed by artful dodges and a lavish display of her attractions. She was a fair girl of eighteen, with a type of beauty, in which intelligence and sensuousness were the leading traits. Her voluptuous smile, keen, penetrating gaze and non-chalant air gave an expression to her face, which attracted

and repelled at the same breath. It was an expression of contraries which soothed and irritated one by turn. She had a fine *soprano* voice, which she could raise to the highest pitch and modulate to give vent to her feelings. She knew Bengali tolerably well and composed pretty songs in that language, but her temper was an unknown quantity, changing like the variable wind. Such was Sakherani—the syren who had entrapped and enslaved Rajsri.

CHAPTER III.

I will do your bidding,
Tho' booked for a beating,

Rajsri had a monthly allowance from his father, for his personal expenses and yet he tried to raise the wind by fair means or foul. He was an adept in the art of paper-kite flying and promissory notes of hand, for divers sums, bearing his signature, were much *enevidence* in the local money market. Rajsri's father had no knowledge of these transactions, which were studiously kept on the back ground. One night, Rajsri had invited a large number of his boon companions to meet him at his sweet heart's. Among the guests, was a young man by the name of Satya. He was a low caste Hindu, whose father, had amassed a fortune by jute speculations. Though uneducated, ill-bred and uncultured, Satya was made much of in society, for his father's wealth. He had a reputation for smartness, which meant, that he hit people hard in language which was as boorish, as it was offensive.

Inflamed by wine, Satya was rude to Rajsri's mistress, who burst out in tears and left the room unceremoniously. Rajsri, with the in-born civility of a gentleman, mildly remonstrated with Satya, for his conduct towards one of the fair and weaker sex. The remonstrance had no effect on the culprit, who forgetting that he was a guest in the house of a friend, waxed warm, grew abusive and openly twitted Rajsri for his debts. The consequence was, that he was ejected from the house, by main force. This wrangled in the heart of the young man and with the vindictive feeling, inherent in his nature, he moved about devising schemes, to injure Rajsri. Buying up, Rajsri's promissory notes of hand, wherever he could get them, he wrote a stiff and

insulting letter to him, demanding payment and threatening to put the matter in Court, if money was withheld. Raj-sri was placed in the horns of a dilemma, he could neither make a clean breast of the matter to his father, nor could he bend his knees to his tormentor—a *parvenu*, whose garment, he would not, high-caste Brahmin, as he was, care to touch. He had not also, the wherewithal to make the necessary payment and he was unfortunately placed in a regular fix. Failing to secure money, he made up, though not after a severe struggle, his mind to rob his father and with that base object he tried his level best, to win over to his side, an old servant, who was, for more than thirty years, in the service of his father. Old Sanatun was faithful to a fault and his fidelity could hardly be tampered with.

He had, however, one foible, which was nothing more or less, than a deep fondness and a staunch love for Raj-sri, who could twist him, round his little finger, with the greatest ease. He sent for Sonatun and shedding crocodile tears in his presence said—"Sona *dada*, I'm undone and unless you make up your mind to save me, I will leave hearth and home and take to *sanyas*." "What is the matter, *Dada Babu*? How can I be of help to you? "I've been rather extravagant and my pecuniary liabilities are heavy. My creditors want to put me in jail. Such a contingency will kill my parents and bring shame and sorrow on our illustrious house" "How can I help you? I will give up my life for your good."

"You need not go so far as that, I want you to help me to secure money. Just listen to me for a moment. You know my father's hordes are in the big iron chest I have secured a duplicate key to open it. Will you help me to take money out of it?" "Kill me, *Dada Babu*, if you like I will gladly lay down my life for you. I cannot be false to my old, kind master." "In that case, I'll either commit suicide or leave my paternal hearth and home for good. "Dada Babu, don't for God's sake, be so cruel. Such a course would kill my master and mistress."

"I can't help it. I do not at all relish the idea of being dragged to jail.

"I am in a fix and do not know what to do Save me, Oh Lord Krishna, from this peril."

The poor fellow, shed a lot of hot tears, wrung his hands and after hemming and hawing for some time said—"I'll be unfaithful to my master to save you. Krishna, have mercy upon my poor soul" With this compact and little arrangement with Sanatun, Rajsri was enabled to secure a large sum of money, with which, he defied Satya and his coadjutors. He grew reckless and was lavish in his expenditure. He spent money like water and his extravagance was the theme of conversation, in and around the village. Gossips were not idle and various stories, were circulated at his expense. The tongue of slander grew up in volume, so much so, that his poor father's heart was touched to the quick and cut to the core. Still the old man did not utter a single word of reproach and say anything in unkindness

CHAPTER IV,

Sonatun for the nonce,
Out with the truth at once,

On account of drought and its attendant evil—scarcity, the tenants of Ramdhone Chatterji, were unable to pay up the just and legitimate demands of their landlord, who was perforce obliged to pay the Government revenue from his own pocket. A few thousand having fallen short, he opened out his big iron chest, in which his surplus stock, was kept in hard cash. Imagine his surprize and chagrin when he found his safe, kept for security in his own sleeping room, tampered with and a major portion of its contents missing. He sent for Sanatun and pointing out the safe said—"somebody had stolen my treasure, do you know the thief?

The contortions in the servitor's face, his uneasy and restless demeanour, unfolded a plot which was easy to decipher. Trembling from head to foot, he fell down at his master's feet and with tears and sobs, made a clean breast of everything. His master did not utter a word, but sat still like an effigy in marble. There were twitchings just below the lips and the expression of his face indicated, that he was passing through an ordeal. At last, he directed the servant to call in Rajsri. The youngman entered the room and stood still at the threshold, when he noticed the open safe, his father's rigid countenance

and the tears of the servant. Ramdhon Chatterji feebly said—"you have had recourse to a crime to obtain money. Why, have you fallen so low and dealt a cruel blow to me. You could have had any amount of money for the mere asking. Whatever I possess is your's and kept for your good. Then why this meanness, which ill suits the scion of a family, who had been conspicuous for generations, for their righteousness? I forgive you, but the pain, you have inflicted, will cause my death."

Rajsri trembled like an aspen leaf and throwing himself at his father's feet said—"Rebuke me, chastize me, father, send me to jail, but I cannot stand your noble, forgiving attitude. I could trifle with your anger, but I cannot withstand your kindness. I am sobbing like a woman. Oh father, have mercy on a miserable sinner, like me. I've seen the error of my ways and would never go wrong. I'll kill myself first, before I succumb to the voice of evil."

"Don't make any promise which you would not be able to keep up, vice dies by inches and is engrained by habit. Try to turn over a new leaf and I will be satisfied. Even if you do not succeed, I will be happy, if you only make an honest attempt to abjure evil and vicious company."

Saying this, the old man did not even shut up the safe but sallied out of the room majestically. He seemed to have risen, at least, two inches in height.

CHAPTER V.

He soothed him to sleep,
With his voice sweet and deep.

Sakhirani and Rajsri were seated together in her *boudoir*. Rajsri seemed to be in a brown study and was evidently ill at ease. The snake of the *Alhollah* which yields inspiration to its devoted admirer, lay idly by. Sakhirani pulled up Rajsri and with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes said—"they say you mean to be a good boy and leave me to my fate. Are you such a cruel man, as to be able to bundle me off, like a piece of old clothing?" Who says, that I'm going to get rid of you? I love you too much to be able to do that." "you overwhelm me with your kindness, but nevertheless you have made a solemn promise to your father. You wish to walk in the path of righteousness

and surely you could not keep the company of a girl, who is not your wedded wife, you cannot blow hot and cold at the same breath."

"Sakhi, dear Sakhi, my position is critical and I badly want your help. I do not wish to hurt my father's feelings. He is too good to be inflicted in any way and I love you too well to be able to cut off connection with you. What am I to do." "The best thing you can do, under the circumstances is to take a hearty meal and then to sleep off the fumes of the wine partaken by you."

I have no appetite for food and am sober enough in all conscience, help me, do help me out of the difficulty, Sakhi dear. You're a good girl and I've loved you fondly." "We will talk about the matter some other time. Just now, my poor, little head is aching and I wish to be lulled to sleep." Call in, the *ostadji* and let him sing your favourite *kedara rag*."

This is the only sensible word you have spoken this hot evening."

The *ostadji* had a sweet voice and he enlivened the company, with his songs, sung to the accompaniment of the violin.

CHAPTER VI.

He entreated to be forgiven,
Tho' he was in a corner driven.

The songs had ceased, the lights had been extinguished, it was past midnight and Rajsri was snoring in bed, in deep sleep. Where was Sakhirani? She was evidently not in bed and in the room. In a room on the ground floor two people were conversing in whispers, in the dim light of a *cherag*, which with its shades on the wall and other places, made the room ghost like. They were too much absorbed in their topic of conversation to be able to distinguish the advent of a third person who was peeping cautiously and intently into the room and listening to the conversation attentively and anxiously. The people carrying on the conversation were Sakhi and Satya and the on-looker was Rajsri himself. Satya said "leave this wretched man. He has been completely squeezed out and has not a rupee, to bless his soul with. Surely, you do not love him and can easily discard him."

I will give you enough to make you wealthy and independent for life."

"I care a fig for your riches and you are the last person on earth, whom I would like to associate with. You are vile and vindictive and have got a low, sneaking temperament, which I always hate. Do not be ruffled or angry for the plain truths I have uttered. I have spoken to you and you can now leave me." "Sakhi, your charms have enslaved me. I won't be able to live without you. I will die. Discard me, if you like, but for God's sake tell me, that you don't love this man."

"With all the emphasis I can command, I say I discard you and if it will soothe your hurt feelings, know, once for all, that I worship and venerate Rajsri, if I do not love him, as I ought to. The intensity in devotion, which characterizes a woman's fondness for the man after her heart, and of her choice, may be to some extent wanting, but the greatness of his soul has endeared Rajsri to me and I am sincerely attached to him. Now, be off. I have talked sufficiently long with you."

With a sneer and vicious, diabolical smile, Satya left the premises and Sakhi went upstairs to her room. Rajsri was already in bed feigning sleep. A streak of moon light had penetrated into the room and lit up the features of Rajsri. There was an expression of sadness in the face and a drop of tear was gathered in the corners of his eyes.

Sakhi looked ardently at him and heaving a deep sigh, kissed away the drop of tears from off his eyes. Rajsri started up in bed and said—"Sakhi, dear, what have you been doing? You are not sleeping and why?"

Sakhi replied—"Somebody was brewing mischief. I've nipped the evil in the bud. I did not love you before. From this moment, I love you warmly, heartily—madly. Do not tease me further. I'm tired and would like to sleep." Rajsri fully understood her and warmly kissing her laid himself down in bed, by her side.

CHAPTER VII.

You are my life and soul
My beacon and true goal.

Rajsri's wife—a young girl in her teens, was surpassingly beautiful. The cast of her countenance was lovely and expressive. The

face is a reflex of the heart and the dominant expression in it was innocence and purity. The girl was not at all aware of the tortuous ways of the world and was as guileless as she was noble. She was seated in her room, buried in deep thought. The course of her reverie ran thus—"I know my husband loves me. My heart tells me so. He has, however another woman in his protection.

Is she beautiful and can she love him as deeply and devotedly, as I do? She must have some sort of attraction or else, why does my husband at all visit her. Perhaps, I lack in the gifts she possesses. What may be these gifts? Perhaps, she can sing and dance. I can also sing. I have a good voice. I cannot dance, but dancing is nothing but an expression of time, through the feet. I have a good ear and I can dance, if I only try. What binds my husband's heart to her? One must make sacrifices to gain a hold over the heart. I can die for him. Oh Lord grant me an occasion, in which I can shew my love by dying for him. I can make any sacrifice for him. I do not hate this girl. Any body liked by my beloved, is dear to me. Somebody is coming—I hear foot steps."

It was the foot steps of her husband that she heard. Rajsri entered the room and said—"what makes my beloved thoughtful?

"Am I really your beloved or are you only complimentary, using the language of formality for a purpose?" "I sincerely and fondly love you, you are the queen of my heart."

"Then what is the other girl to you? Why visit her when your own, your beloved is by your side. Husband dear, for God's sake, explain to me this enigma, which has perplexed me often."

"I will be frank with you. I picked up this girl, when I was an inexperienced youth. Evil company and counsel wrought the mischief. I visit her through habit and not for any love. Her house is a rendezvous for jolly companions to make ourselves merry. It is a sort of liberty hall. Love, purity, magnanimity and all, that make up the true man, are not to be found in her thresh hold. Wantonness and sensuality are the ornaments of the place. It is in one's own hearth and home, with one's wife, that one could hope to walk in the path of righteousness

She is a toy to be dallied, played with and then discarded. You are a divinity to be worshipped with one's whole soul. There I indulge my senses, here, I am in the bower of love, bliss and purity."

"I understand your views, but I do not still like, that you should bear her company. As the adage goes one drop of cow's urine would vitiate a jar of cow's milk"

"Depend upon me, I'll try to get rid of her one way or other."

"Heaven bless and protect you." After this conversation, Rajsri left the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

My wealth is your's my lad,
Use it, do not be sad.

Rajsri then went to his mother. The old lady was quietly seated on the floor, busy with her *japamala* (a garland of beads) The young man fell down at her feet and reverentially taking some dust off her feet, applied it to his head.

After blessing him, she said "what brings my boy here so early in the morning"

"Mother, I seek your advice upon a momentous question, a matter of life and death to me. You know I am heavily indebted and my extravagance is increasing with my indebtedness. I had been raising the ways and means, by having recourse to a dirty scurvy crime. I had been systematically robbing my father. With a duplicate key, which I had secured, I had been taking out bags of money, from my father's safe. My thefts were at last detected and I have solemnly promised my father to turn over a new leaf. But the difficulty is, want of funds. My expenses are large and I see no prospect of getting money.

"My boy, don't be disheartened. So long as your old mother is living, you shall not lack means of enjoyment. I have ornaments to the value of more than a lac. Take them quietly to the Bazar and dispose them off, according to your necessities. The ornaments are mine and I can do whatever I like with them. I have not the least use for them at my age.

"Mother, it would be sinful, not to say, criminal, to deprive you of your ornaments. I can't take them. I have fallen low, but not low enough to do such a cruel and cowardly act as that.

"My son do not talk like that. It would pain me considerably, if you don't carry out my commands."

"Bless me, mother I respect and revere you too much to be able to disobey you. I will do, whatever you wish me to; if I am hard pressed and do not see my way out of a difficulty, I will come and take away your ornaments."

"That is good, God bless you. Can't you my boy send adrift the creature, who is a dead weight to you? In comparison to my dear daughter-in-law, who is an incarnation of Laksmi, she is no where. I wonder, how vileness can attract and enchain you."

My heart bleeds to look at my perverse nature. I am ashamed to shew my face before you. Bless me mother, so that I may regain my manhood.

Again bowing down to the old lady, with the deepest reverence, Rajsri left her.

CHAPTER IX.

Bury the dagger on my breast,
You can then go and do the rest.

When Rajsri's father heard from reliable sources, that his son had been selling his mother's ornaments to secure money for his expenses, he was sadly grieved, so much so, that he sobbed like a veritable school girl. Drying his tears, the tenor of his thoughts ran thus—

"I have been sufficiently punished for my sins. I don't wish to live any longer. Death will be a welcome release. Oh God have mercy on me. Oh Rajsri, you were the apple of my eyes.

I had fondly hoped, that you would be a good and great man and keep up the traditions of the family. You have brought sorrow, where sun shine prevailed. What is the good of blaming you—It is my fate to suffer and I will suffer in silence. Can nothing be done to save the poor boy? I have an idea. I will carry it out. "The *karta* (master of the house) called in his servant and directed him to bring Rajsri in his presence. The servitor left and brought in Rajsri. The young man was in some trepidation and after the usual salutation, quietly stood still. Directing the servant to leave the room, he asked his son to sit down and hear what he had to say. Without any preamble, he went on—

"Rajsri, a lot of money could be had for the mere picking. Would you help me in securing and removing the treasure? One of our ancestors had buried a chest of gold mohurs, at a solitary, secluded place, not far from our village. The deposit of the money and its whereabouts have recently come to my notice quite accidentally. I will go there early to-morrow morning. Bear me company and help me to remove the treasure. It is god-send and would be a boon to you at your pinch. It will save you from the necessity of selling off your mother's ornaments." Rajsri's face was aglow with shame and he sat still, with his head bent down. Next morning, they both went out together. The old man had a loaded pistol in his hand and he said, it was intended for personal safety. A brisk walk of an hour or so, brought them to a vast field, with clusters of trees and rank foliage here and there. No vestige of human habitation was perceptible and it was just the place where Dick Turpin would roam about—and indulge in his precious game. Coming underneath the shade of a big *peepul* tree, Ramdhone Chatterji put off his shirt, bared his breast and handed over the loaded pistol to his son. Addressing the young man in the most solemn tone he said—"my boy, I am tired of life and would like to be at rest. My part has been played out and it is time to shift the scene. You are a good dutiful son. No doubt of that, but the *grahas* (planets) are against you and your deeds have broken my heart. I have no desire for life. I wish to die. You have the loaded pistol and here is my bare breast, fire on and send me out of the world. You will then inherit my property and shall have no cause to raise the wind by soiling your hands by dirty work. You shall be your own master and spend your days with ease and comfort. This is a notorious rendezvous for thieves and dacoits, who commit murder with impunity. People will think I had been robbed and killed by dacoits and you shall have no cause to be frightened. Go on, fire away, we uselessly lose precious time. Rajsri was shaking in every limb and tears rolled down his cheeks, holding his father's feet, he gasped out "Father, excuse me I've seen the error of my ways and will mend. For God's sake, bless me, cheer me with a word or else I'll die. I will blow my brains out." The old man raised his son from the ground and said, sobbing like a woman, "My boy, my own

Rajsri, God bless you, may He be your friend and protector. Let us now return home."

They came back the same way they had gone in silence. Their hearts were full and none felt any inclination to say anything.

CHAPTER X.

The bond cannot be rent,
Tho' you are on it bent,

Rajsri had turned over a new leaf and had peremptorily dismissed his companions and sycophants. He had not visited Sakhirani for three days. At last, a letter came to him from the girl to the following effect—

Rajsri what have I done, that you have cast me off? Excepting yourself, I have no body in this wide world to call my own. What is up? I am dying for you. A line in reply would relieve me considerably.

Ever Yours,
Sakhirani.

On perusing the letter, Rajsri remained for an hour in deep reverie. At last he took pen, ink and paper and dashed off the following lines—

Sakhirani,

Rajsri of old is dead and gone. You will never see him again. The resuscitated Rajsri, looking at your forlorn condition sends you herewith Rs. 20,000. With the money at your disposal, you will be perfectly independent and be able to live with comfort and ease. Go wherever you like and do what you think best. At any rate, leave this place forthwith. Condescend, at times, if so inclined, to heave a sigh for the dead Rajsri. The man with the new life knows you not.

This letter, along with 20 G. C. notes of Rs. 1000 each, reached Sakhirani. She read the letter over and over and sobbed so much, as if her heart would break. Somewhat relieved by her tears, she wrote a reply.

"You know me not. Very well, I will know you, till I have a drop of blood running in my veins. In life and death, I will know you, because you are my own beloved. I belong to a family which in respectability is not inferior to yours. I was

married at seven years and became a widow at eight. I never knew what marriage was and what widowhood meant. I was a volatile, laughing girl and spent my days in singing and dancing. I loved flowers passionately. I culled them from the garden and in their sweet company, I spent hours, no girl of my age mixed with me. They nicknamed me as mad-cap (*pagli kheppi*.) It was at a marriage festival that I first saw you and the flutterings of my poor heart pained me considerably. I could not then understand, why I felt a yearning for you. When I saw you, I was happy. In your absence I felt the tortures of hell. What could I do? I had nobody to ask for advice. I pined away. People thought I was ill. I could not sing or dance and my favourite flowers were severely left alone. At last, on a bright moon light night, I saw you in the garden. You spoke to me. I could not catch the words. Your voice was angelic. I thought no human being could have such a sweet voice. You took hold of my hand. I trembled from head to foot. The blood rushed up in my brains. I could not remember what I had said to you. I could not notice what happened next, till at last I found myself in a *pulki*, carried by lusty bearers. I was brought here and it is only a short time that I have spent with you. You are a god-like being and can do no wrong. It is my fate to suffer and I will suffer in silence, but know once for all, that you are mine and I am yours. I spurn your money and would not touch it. I send it back per bearer. I can work to eke out a living. I will not take on touch anything belonging to you. Naked I have come and naked I shall go. May God bless you.

After perusing the letter, Rajsri felt a strange yearning to see Sakhirani once more. He ran up to her house, but the girl was gone and gone for good. No-body had seen her and none could enlighten him as to her movements. With a sad, heavy heart and tearful eyes, Rajsri returned home.

CHAPTER XI.

A boy an heir—was born,
Music played till next-morn,

A year had passed away, after the incidents related in the last chapter. Rajsri's young wife was in the family way and the joy of his aged parents knew no bounds, on account of the

prospect of having an heir for their princely house. In good time, a son was born to Rajsri and the festivities for the advent of the newcomer were on a grand scale. Clothes and money were freely distributed, a hearty feed given to all and entertainments of sorts were held. The village wore a gala aspect and people from the neighbourhood flocked to join in the merry-making. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. One day we laugh, we weep in the next. In life, we are in the midst of death. The merry-making came to a sudden close, when it transpired, that Rajsri's wife was lying seriously and dangerously ill. She had the puerperal fever and medical aid was promptly procured. The European Civil Surgeon of the District along with many qualified Assistant Surgeons attended the lady and the *kurta* spared no money to bring round the poor sufferer. But man proposes, God disposes. The efforts of all came to naught. The poor girl succumbed to her disease and died. We will drop a veil over the sorrow and sufferings of the hitherto happy family. Rajsuri's heart-strings were torn asunder and he, of all mourners, suffered keenly and severely. He looked like one demented and the consolations offered to him, were of no avail.

(To be continued.)

KHOGENDRANATH ROY.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

Dynamics of Mind—by Raj Kumar Banerji, M. A., Indian Philosophical Series, No. 1.—Published by Mitter Brothers, Bhowanipur 1899.

The *brochure* before us deals with an abstruse but interesting subject, *vis.*, “putting concrete meanings to psychological terminologies, true explanations of the psychical terminologies, true explanations of the psychical actions and bringing the phenomena of Mind within the control of experimentation.” To discover the unity in the domain of both Mind and Matter has been the dream of the modern European scientists, but to men like the author of the present treatise we should look for attempts at harmonising the Laws of Mind and Matter, who as scions of the true Aryan stock, of the *Munis* and *Rishis* and ardent students of Huxley and Weber, Routgen and Herschell, can grapple with the difficult problem. We agree with the author that the first stumbling block in the way to the acceptance of the dynamical theory is the impossibility of discovering any method of measurements of mental phenomena. But it must be freely admitted that it is so delicate as to require a regular course of training, and thorough experience. Brain must reach a degree of acuteness by training so as to detect minute differences. This presupposes culture on which the ancient Hindus laid much stress. We give a cordial reception to the Part 1. of the above series and hope that it will receive encouragement at the hands of our readers which it so amply deserves. The book is priced low and the get-up excellent.

Annual Report on the Police Administration of the town of Calcutta and its suburbs, for the year 1903. By R. A. D'O Bignell Commissioner of Police, Calcutta. Printed at the Bengal Secretariat Press, 1904.

Mr. R. A. D'O Bignell held charge of the office of Commissioner of Police throughout the year. There was no change in the sanctioned strength of the force under his control. Judged by the increase in the number of dismissals from service of officers and men and by the large number of departmental punishments, the discipline of the force during the year was not as good as could be desired. The total number of cognizable cases reported during the year was 38,853 of which a large majority were as usual petty charges under the Calcutta Police Act, the Cruelty to Animals Act, and cases of public and local nuisances. The number of non-cognizable cases instituted before the Magistrates during the year fell to 13,669 as against 14,638 in the preceding year.

Report on Emigration from the port of Calcutta to British and Foreign Colonies, 1903—By C. Banks, Protector of Emigrants, Calcutta. Printed at the Bengal Secretariat Press, 1904.

The most important measure undertaken during the year under review was the framing of rules under Act X of 1902, which make provision for the departure by sea of Natives of India for the purpose of working as artisans, or of any entertainment or exhibition, or of service in any restaurant, tea-house or other place of public resort. The number of Agencies recruiting emigrants was one less than in the previous year. The total number of adult labourers requisitioned and supplied during the year 1903 amounted to 9,893 and 8,794 respectively. The number of emigrants registered was 12,403 as against 13,807 in the year 1902, the decrease being attributed to the general prosperity of the

agricultural classes during the year under review. Of 12,612 emigrants who were received in the sub-depots, 10,787 actually arrived in Calcutta. The percentage of rejections at the depots was 8'01, as against 7'44 in the preceding year. The Protector observes that the increase in percentage is chiefly attributable to stricter medical examination of emigrants in the depots before embarkation, and that it may also point to the fact that the medical examination of emigrants at the sub-depots was not performed with sufficient care. The average of remittances for each immigrant amounted to Rs. 166-12-10. In the Mauritius, Indian emigrants settle themselves permanently with their families, and thus have no occasion to remit money to India.

Report on the Maritime Trade of Bengal for the official year 1903-1904. By B. Foley, M.A., I.C.S., Officiating Collector of Customs, Calcutta. Printed at the Bengal Secretariat Press, 1904.

The aggregate sea-borne trade of Bengal has risen by 11'2 per cent. in value, and represents the highest aggregate total since 1875-76. The foreign trade rose in value by 11'6 per cent. and the coasting trade by 8'8 per cent. In the former both merchandise and treasure have risen in value, with the exception of exports of the precious metal. In the coasting trade imports of foreign merchandise and of *silver* alone declined. Calcutta absorbed 97'3 per cent. of the foreign trade, Chittagong 2'3 per cent. and the remaining ports 3 per cent. Of the aggregate value of the coasting 89'3 per cents. appertained to Calcutta, and 7'2 per cent. to Chittagong. Amalgamating both the foreign and the coasting trade of the Presidency, Calcutta appropriated 96'3 per cent., Chittagong 2'9 per cent., Bolasore '4 per cent., Cuttack '2 per cent., Narayanganj '1 per cent.

Report on the Administration of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands and the Penal settlements of Port Blair and the Nicobars for 1903-1904—Published by the office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, India, Calcutta, 1904.

This interesting report is divided into three parts—1. General Summary. 2. Departmental Chapter. 3. Table of Statistics. The Departmental Chapters are 17 in number, *e.g.*, Police, Criminal Justice, Jails, Civil Justice, Registration, Land Revenue, Finance, Commissariat, Public Works, Agriculture, Education, Military, Marine, Post Office, Medical, Aborigines and Nicobars.

The treatment of each chapter is excellent. The Trepang fishery is retained by the Andamanese. Trade appears to be on the increase in Nicobar Islands, and some concrete form of administration for the Islands will probably be required in the near future.

Thirty-sixth Annual Report of the Sanitary Commissioner for Bengal, 1903—By Major F. C. Clarkson I. M. S. Printed at the Bengal Secretariat Press, 1904.

The Sanitary Commissioner's Report for 1903 deals for the most part with figures only, his remarks under the several headings consisting mainly of comparisons of the statistics of the year under review with those of the preceding year, and of speculations regarding the causes for these variations. Information as to local conditions, the special causes and prevalence of disease, and the progress of sanitation during the year, is somewhat scanty. There was a decrease in the number of births registered from 2,987,800 in 1901 to 2,903,191 in 1903. The reduction is attributed by the Sanitary Commissioner to the general unhealthiness of the former year. The year being a comparatively dry one, there was a decrease of 67,000 in deaths from fever. The statistics furnished regarding the deaths in towns is interesting. Tuberculosis is shown by the jail returns and the common experience of hospitals

to be far more prevalent than supposed, but we are glad to find that efforts are being made to educate the people as to the danger of infection. In the case of cholera, the quin-quennial tables shew that in the late period the average death-rate throughout the province as a whole was lower than by no less than one-fifth. The fact of the gravest import brought into prominence by the statistics is the great and widespread increase in the mortality from small-pox. We agree with Sir Andrew Fraser that the Department as at present organised is unable to cope with the disease. Plague followed its usual course, rising in the beginning of the year till it reached a maximum in the month of March, and then again rapidly declining till September. The areas affected were the Metropolitan districts of Hooghly, Howrah and the 24-Parganas, and eight districts of Bihar. Elsewhere the cases were only sporadic. A study of the report will amply repay perusal.

Periodical Literature. The Bengal Review.—Edited by Sumbhoo Chundra Dey, B. L.

This tiny review has secured its own place by its own merits. The "stray notes" indicate master hands. "The Lay Lord's Homily" is a refutation of Lord Curzon's Convocation speech. The caustic humour that pervades is the outcome of indignation felt at the wrong done to national honour by the wanton remarks from the lips of the representative of our beloved king. The life of Maharshi Debendra Nath Tagore is a fine short biography both interesting and instructive. "The Royal pilgrim" is a sweet piece of metric composition. We earnestly pray for the longevity of this review.

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NO. 3.—MARCH, 1905.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT.—II.

CHAPTER XII.

Give me the cup to drink,
Hold, me, dear one, I sink.

The premature death of his young, beautiful wife, was a sad and cruel blow to Rajsii, who mourned her truly and pined away at the irreparable loss. His parents and friends tried to divert his attention to other channels, but failed to gain their object. He would sit quietly for hours together, heave sighs, shed tears and neglect to take his customary meals. The result was, that he fell sick and the disease developed itself into a sort of low remittent fever which prostrated him so much, that he had to take to bed. The disease took a bad turn and culminated in a crisis. Physicians gravely shook their heads and said, "We are doing our best, but life and death are in the hands of God." One night, whilst the crisis was at its height, the watchers beside the sick bed, worn out with fatigue, were sleeping soundly in the sick chamber. The patient was tossing to and fro in bed and ejaculating something in an inaudible voice. It was a miserable and sorry sight to see the once hale and hearty and plump figure, reduced almost to a skeleton. A dim light was burning and it seemed that shadowy spectres were circumnavigating the scene. It was past two in the morning and scarcely had the gong ceased beating, a female, muffled up in white, cautiously crept into the room and sitting beside the sufferer, took out from underneath her vest a small phial, a portion of the contents of

which, she poured out in a measure glass and held it up to the patient's lips. The potion was gulped down with avidity, considering the intensity of the thirst. Five minutes had not elapsed before the patient, who was in a low condition, verging on collapse, revived, opened out his eyes and said, "Oh, I feel better. My strength is returning, whom have we here? I cannot recall names. I have it though. You are *Sakhirani* and your medicine has cured me. Don't, for God's sake, leave me." Rajsri got exhausted, Sakhirani gave him another dose and slowly said in whisper "go to sleep. Tomorrow you will be all right. You are out of danger. "A sort of drowsiness came over Rajsri and he slept. It was Sakhirani indeed, who had come and quietly disappeared. Nobody had seen her coming or going away. On examining the patient, the doctors were elated with joy by witnessing the marvellous effect of their nostrums. They pronounced Rajsri out of danger and pocketing their heavy fees, went away, pleased with themselves and with others. The members of the family were elated with joy and offered up prayers to Heaven, for the mercy vouchsafed to them. The whole village was *enfete* on account of Rajsri's recovery and *pujas* were sent to the deities in the local temples.

CHAPTER XIII.

Two flowers in a stem,
They form a rare rich gem,
When one goes off and dies,
The other fades and flies.

When Rajsri had fully recovered, the mysterious appearance of Sakhirani in his sick chamber naturally came to his recollection.

He remembered to have seen and partaken of a potion offered by—her. He set enquiries on foot, but could obtain no information on the facts, which perplexed and puzzled him. His agents quietly ransacked the village and its neighbourhood, but no trace of the young woman, could be obtained. Foiled in his attempts to raise the dark veil which enshrouded her, he was at last disposed to think about the matter, as a freak of his imagination. Five years happily rolled away. He had not, despite the earnest entreaties of his aged parents, married for the second time. His son was now a lusty young fellow of five, bearing a strong and striking resemblance to his deceased mother.

One July evening, Rajsri's mother had an attack of fever, which soon developed serious symptoms and culminated in typhoid. The old woman breathed her last in the arms of her husband and son, chanting the sweet-name of "Hari" to the last. Her *shrad* ceremony was performed with great *eclat*, but the shock of her demise visibly told upon the health of her life-companion and husband. The aged couple had for years together, scarcely spent a day apart from each other and the absence of the wife was keenly felt by the husband, who without anything apparent troubling him, began losing weight and appetite, in such a marked degree, that he was almost reduced to a skeleton. On his express wishes, Rajsri carried him to Benaras, where after staying a couple of months or so, he was gathered to his fathers, on the sacred banks of the Ganges. Mourning over, Rajsri performed the last rites of his father in the holy city of Benaras. A month had passed away and yet Rajsri was at Benaras looking over the different sites of the city.

One evening, as Rajsri was returning to his temporary home in the Sikrole, he was accosted in the streets by an old woman, who with tears in her eyes, unfolded a tale of woe, which was heart-rending. She said, she was a Brahmin widow, whose only daughter—the prop. of her declining life was gulled and brought away by a miscreant, who after destroying her chastity and squandering the little she possessed by way of cash and ornaments, had at last, discarded and spurned her with impunity. She had hardly a rag to put on, a morsel to eat, a hovel to hide her shame and a pice to spend for her ailments, which gaining ascendancy through sheer neglect, had brought her to the brink of the grave. She had not a penny to bless her soul with and was, therefore, under the necessity of begging for alms to save her daughter's life and to eke out for themselves a miserable living.

On hearing this tale of woe, Rajsri was much moved.

He had a large, and kind heart, which could feel for others. So, he told the woman to take him to her abode and he shall see, what could be done, for them.

CHAPTER XIV.

With tears in her old eyes,
She teased him with her cries.

The old woman took Rajsri through a labyrinth of dark narrow lanes to a quarter, which was as dirty as it was out of the way, as dark as it was dangerous. The dregs of the population lived there and all sorts of crimes were nightly perpetrated, within its precincts. A neighbouring clock tower proclaimed the hour of ten, when Rajsri, along with the woman, groped their way to a dilapidated, tumbled down building which had a suspicious look about it. On entering the threshold, the old woman bawled out "Junaru." Immediately a tall man, with a villainous countenance came to the spot, with a lantern in his hand. The light in the lamp was burning dimly and Rajsri had not the opportunity of scrutinizing the face of the man, which had such a dreadful cast and expression, as to make one uneasy, if he had chanced to look at him. His voice was equally harsh and unpleasant, although he could modulate it to the lowest pitch. *Salaming* lowly, he took them inside the house to a room on the ground floor, in which stood a dirty, rickety bench and a broken table with three legs. Again respectfully *salaming* Rajsri, he placed the lantern on the table and said "Hozoor," I've sent the old woman away to see whether we could see her daughter to-night. The young woman, Sir, is doomed to die. The sands of her life are fast ebbing away. God bless a noble heart like yours. You are the salt of the earth. Sympathy for the poor, upraises a man, as the *shastras* say, to the status of the "*Deotas*." Rajsri did not pay any heed to what the man was saying. He was looking at his surroundings and thinking how such dirty, dingy desolate places serve the purpose of human habitations.

Presently, four young women gaily dressed and jauntily decked in ornaments, entered the room and forming a semi-circle in front of Rajsri, bowed to him. Rajsri was taken aback by the advent of the women and asked the man "What is all this? Why this tom foolery? I've come to see and succour a sick woman. Where is she? It seems, I've been brought to a house of ill fame by means of trickery, which I could not see through. Make way, I'll be gone."

One of the women caught hold of Rajsri's right hand and

another his left, whilst all went in for a song, the burden of which was—"we all love thee, we dote on you. Don't plunge us in grief by forsaking us. Don't be so cruel, Oh, don't, for all that is holy." They then danced around him and used such loving abbreviations as "my soul, my love, my darling. Rajsri was at his wit's end and was longing to extricate himself, when half a dozen men, armed with *talwars* (swords), knives, rushed into the room, fell upon him and hustled him most outrageously. They cried out "kill him" "stab him" he shall not leave the place alive." These angry expressions were given vent to, when the man Jumru tried to pour oil over troubled water and said "Friends, don't be too hard. The young will be young. We too, in our time, were the slaves of the fair sex. If the "Hozoor" would sit down and write out a cheque for Rs. 500, we will not molest him. The words of the arch traitor enkindled the wrath of Rajsri, to a white heat. He boldly and vigorously said, "I'll die, before I give a penny to idle cut-throats like you. Do your worst."

The reply startled the ruffians and they sat in solemn conclave to decide the means to be adopted to coerce Rajsri, when foot steps were heard outside "presently a detective Inspector with a posse of Policemen came pell mell into the room. With loaded pistols held in both hands, the Inspector said. "Don't budge an inch or try to escape, I've a lot of men outside to take care of you, even if you should be so misguided as to leave this room. We are prepared for you. See all of us have loaded barkers. So like jolly good boys, don't kick up a row, but quietly wear your bracelets" Saying this he quietly and in a most jocose way, handcuffed the men and women and was about leading them away, when his eyes fell upon Tumru and he said "Aha, my man you here. I am really so glad to meet an old friend. I've been looking for you every where. You are a jolly old chap and shall have to answer for two murders. My haul to-night is really heavy and precious" Turning towards Rajsri he said "I know how you have been hoodwinked and wheedled in here" you shall not have to appear as complainant. I won't book your case. These old birds are booked for other game. You are free sir and can go where-ever you like, but you should thank the good lady who gave information to me and brought me here. Where is the lady? Hallo, she too is gone. We are in for a lot of puzzles

to-night. Rajsri, however, saw a young lady leaving the place hurriedly. He had only a glimpse of her face and the face recalled the features of Sakhirani.

CHAPTER XV.

Like a phantom she came,
Vanished after her game,

The mysterious appearance and departure of a woman, who looked like Sakhirani puzzled and agitated Rajsri. He set in motion a vigorous enquiry at Benaras to unravel the mystery, but no trace of Sakhirani could be found out. He sought for her high and low but failed to obtain any clue as to her whereabouts. It appeared to Rajsri, that Sakhirani if she was at all the woman he had twice seen, was watching over him, like a ministering angel and had twice appeared before him, whilst he was in sore straits. At one time he was on the point of death and at another, on the point of being fleeced by miscreants and Sakhirani, at least one who resembled her very much, had always come to his rescue in the nick of time. Was Sakhi living? If she was, then why this play of hide and seek, if she was dead, then who it was that dared play her part. Was the part played for a purpose? What could be the motive of the real and unreal Simon Pure? With all his efforts, Rajsri could not arrive at a satisfactory conclusion on the perplexing points which naturally rose in his mind. At one time, he was half disposed to take into his confidence, the chief Detective Inspector at Benares, but not wishing to place family secrets at the disposal of a policeman, he left Kasi for Brindabun. The sight of the holy river Jumna enthralled him and he gazed at it with rapture. Holy Brindabun—the scene of the early life of Sri Krishna, had, for every devout Hindu, a charm, which was irresistible. Every tree, every foliage, every flower, surrounding hillocks, in fact, the very dust of the streets, were sacred to the memory of Sri Krishna, who, as every Vaisnab believes was the only true incarnation of God. Rajsri was in a spiritualistic ecstasy, whilst roving about the streets up the town. He did not take the least notice of his surroundings, when a man with a low, cunning face and a peculiar halting voice, accosted him in the following words—

"Babuji, it seems you are a new comer. The sites and scenes of Brindabun have stirred up your feelings and like a true *bhakta*, you are enjoying spiritual bliss. May Krishna bless you."

Rajsri answered—"I thank you for your compliments and good wish. Could you kindly tell me, where I can have a good lodging?"

"I own, the man said, a fine house on the banks of the Jumna. It is a two-storied house, having all necessary accessories and has always been let out to well to-do people like your good self. I live close by and the neighbours are all respectable. All the sites are at a convenient distance from it and the rental is only Rs. 30 per mensem."

Rajsri answered "I would like to look at it, if you would be good enough to shew it to me.

"Come on then, Babuji—the man said and they both went away.

CHAPTER XVI.

Bhagut set his daughter,
To enmesh and conquer.

Rajsri was fairly lodged and settled at Brindabun. He had rented the house on the banks of the Jumna and the sight of the different scenes, created a rapture in his soul, which was enchanting and enthralling. He seriously desired to settle in the place and pass his days in cultivating his spirituality, which was latent in him and lying dormant in his heart.

A band of Vaisnab singers had come from Bengal and their Kirtan of Krishna's life and doings, as immortalized by Vaishnab poets like Bidyapati, Chandi Das, Gyan Das and others, thrilled and struck the chords in his heart. He had not the inclination to look to his household business, which was entrusted to his landlord—Bhagat—the man with the cunning countenance and depraved heart. Bhagut had found the opportunity he sought for. He fleeced Rajsri right and left. Not satisfied with his gains, which were not of a substantial kind, he schemed to put Rajsri into hot water and thereby to wring out from him something, which would enable him to pass the rest of his days in peace and comfort.

He had no family, excepting a young, beautiful, widowed daughter of eighteen and he tried to entangle her with Rajsri. With this wicked intention in his heart, he one evening, called on Rajsri and with tears in his eyes, begged him to save his daughter. Shedding crocodile tears, he, in a husky shaky, voice in which the nasal twang predominated, said—"Oh Babuji, save my daughter. She is the prop of my old age—the light of my eyes, if she dies, I'll commit suicide and follow her to the other world. She is motherless and a good girl. Come to my house. See what is the matter with her and advise me to do the needful. Rajsri, honest and large hearted as he was, could not see through the miserable old man's hypocrisy. He at once went with the old man to his house and entered a room, in which the young woman was lying in a couch, covered up from head to foot, with a white sheet. The old man addressed her and said "Daughter dear, here is the Babuji come. Tell him what your complaints are and he will advise me to do, what is necessary. You don't answer, Sumari, don't be ashamed in matters of life and death, this false delicacy is culpable. Take off the sheet, from your face and state "what ails you."

The girl, admonished shewed her face and with her large, lustrous eyes looked at Rajsri. The glance was soft and sweet, though penetrating. It sent a thrill to Rajsri's heart. Their eyes met and the effect on both was embarrassing. The sly old wretch of a father, noticed all this and with a vicious leer said "Babuji, you are my patron. I can safely entrust my honor to you. Please sit down on the chair beside her bed and carry on a conversation which will enable you to understand what had gone wrong with her. I am going outside and will return in a minute."

Before Rajsri had any time to reply, the old man was gone.

Rajsri felt extreme embarrassment, fidgetted in his chair, cleared his throat and said "how are you feeling now?

What is the matter with you? Unless I am fully informed, I would not be in a position to advise your father." Again the young woman looked straight at Rajsri and their eyes again met. A smile wreathed up her lips and she said in a voice which was as sweet as it was snorous.

"Do I look like a sick woman? Do you find such fresh color in the face of one, who is diseased?

At once, the woman brushed aside the sheet which had hitherto covered her up, she sat up in bed. Her heart was palpitating and the heaving breast, dishevelled hair the rich coloring of the cheek and her pose, told a tale which set Rajsri's brains in a whirl. He was trembling all over and breathing hard. After a few short minutes, Sumari in an agitated voice said—

"My father wanted me to captivate and capture you, with a view to get money out of you. I have never been a bad woman and yet my father wanted me to sacrifice my honor for the sake of lucre. Finding that any attempt to move his vicious heart would be useless, I made up my mind to throw myself upon your high sense of honor to save me. By such a course I knew I would court the displeasure of my father and that this place would be too hot for me to stay any longer. But on looking at your face, my virtuous resolutions is gone and I have made up my mind to worship you. Through good and evil, sunshine and rain, I would serve you and follow you, sacrificing my life if it is necessary. You answer my beau-ideal of a true man. Would you condescend to take me and make me your hand maiden. I would be true to you as any woman could be true to the other sex. Saying this in an excited tone, Sumari pulled down her veil and began sobbing."

Rajsri was in a terrible fix. The dictates of the flesh was strong, but his moral nature revolted at his weakness. He was undulating like a pendulum, internally praying God to help him. To the sincere seeker, help comes from the most High and Rajsri was saved, at least for the time being. He never answered to the passionate outburst of the woman and was looking out for means of escape, when he saw a muffled up female figure beckoning him to follow her. Not wishing to fall from the frying pan to the fire, he was wavering and hesitating, when he had a glimpse of her face—the serene, sad face of Sakhirani. Without bestowing a glance upon the woman in the room he ran after the muffled figure but could not come up to her. She shewed the way, but always stood at a reasonable distance. When they came out on the street, she was gone, had vanished away like a phantom.

CHAPTER. XVII.

Baffled and in anger,
He set one to find her,

Rajsri retraced his steps to his house and was enraged to be so often baffled by a woman, although that woman had appeared during the most critical periods of his life. Rajsri thought—"if she is alive and well, as she appears to be, how is it, that she does not come before me, in the light of the day? What is her reason to keep herself on the back ground? The woman undoubtedly loves me still, but what makes her to keep her incognito. Whatever the consequences may be, I am determined to trace her out. I will have a talk about her with the local detective" Making up his mind to requisition the services of the detective he sent for his bearer, gave him certain directions and told him to go at once to Sri Sing the *Burra* Inspector of Police of the place.

A couple of hours had scarcely elapsed, when Sri Sing appeared in person and after respectfully *saluting* Rajsri said "Babuji, here I am at your service. What shall I have to do? Let us have the facts. I know it is a private case, but I can enquire into private cases with the consent of my superiors."

Sri Sing had, beyond two glittering eyes and penetrating gaze, nothing uncommon in his appearance. He was middle aged, but was still a big, burly figure of great strength and endurance. When talking to any body, he had the peculiarity of washing his hands with invisible soap. When annoyed or baulked, his voice turned into a deep bass. The man had a perfect knack of disguising himself and the character he assumed, was played to perfection. Even his own selected men, who were always in his company, could not find him out. He had a perfect wardrobe accessories to suit the parts he played. Rajsri explained to him the facts fully and clearly and asked him to trace out the woman. He noted down something in his pocket book and said "you will have my report within a week. Without wasting further time by idle talk, he rose *salamed*, and then quietly departed. It was past one o'clock and still Rajsri had not had his breakfast. The servant came twice and reminded him of the fact and still Rajsri was in a reverie. He was thinking whether he had done the right thing to set a detective to dog the steps of Sakhi. She

had done him no wrong. On the contrary, she had helped him to tide over difficulties of a grave character and cast. Would he send for the detective and ask him not to move in the matter.

Gratitude and decency forbade him to molest, much less to injure her. He has made a false step. Such thoughts were distracting his mind, when a Hindustani gentleman came up to him and accosted him in the following words—

“Babuji, the woman, whom you are searching after, is extremely pained to find that you have set a detective to dog her heels. She is following you, like a shade, only to protect you.

She has no other sinister purpose. In thought, word or deed, she has not injured you. You are the idol of her heart, whom she fondly cherishes at a distance. If you wish to come near her, come at once, I am directed to take you to her side. Rajsri heard all this, as if in a dream. Wishing the gentleman to be seated, he went out to take a hasty meal. Finishing it in no time, he came back and told the stranger that he was ready to go with him. Without further talk, they both rose and departed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

He met Sakhi at last,
Thoughts crowded on him fast.

Rajsri was taken to a lonely house on the banks of the Jumna. The stranger first entered the premises and on coming back soon after, invited Rajsri to come in. In a room on the ground floor, sat Sakhirani, who on meeting Rajsri, fell down at his feet and said—“you are my *devata* and I have always followed you at a distance watching over your interests, night and day with diligence and fidelity. As a weak woman, I have never been able to act as I wished, still I have been of some service to you. I always kept myself on the back ground, because I never wished to intrude upon you. If I had known that you wanted to see me, I would have come at once, but I was always apprehensive of incurring your displeasure. I have always lived apart from you, since the day you proposed a separation.

I would not have appeared before you, but knowing that you were anxious to see me I thought it best not to thwart your wishes. Moreover, I did not like to be shadowed by the Police.

Now you have seen me, I am prepared to carry out your command, if any."

Rajsri scrutinized the face of Sukhirani. He found a remarkable change in her. In place of the forward, volatile girl, who was laughing in season and out of season, he saw a steady woman, with a stern face, the expression of which, was the result of an initiation in the school of adversity. The sweetness of expression was still perceptible but a peculiar, subdued sadness, pervaded the features from which all frivolity had disappeared.

Sukhirani of old repelled and attracted one by turn. Now it was all attraction and a person on looking at her, would be induced to approach her and sympathize with her. Some such feeling agitated Rajsri, a series of reminiscences arose in his heart and tears gushed down his eyes. In a broken voice he said "Sakhi, I have not treated you as you deserved and caused intense suffering to you. You are not my married wife and yet you have been devotedly attached to me. I have not seen you for a long time and yet you have been following my heels like a dog. Such devotion must have its reward and I am determined to make amends for my neglect. Remain, where you are. I will come back to you again. I am so much agitated, that I cannot speak more. Saying this, Rajsri abruptly left the place and came back to his lodgings. He had no peace even here. His landlord was there and in a whining voice, he addressed him thus—

"Babuji, I am a bad man—a rapacious beast. I wished to fleece you, with the aid of my daughter.

I gave instructions to her to that effect, I am a rascal and neither the honor of my daughter nor the idea of committing a sin had the least effect on me. On returning home, I found my daughter in tears. She would neither take any food, nor be consoled in any way. She says, she loves you truly and dearly and if you would not make her your maid-servant as she says, she is determined to commit suicide. "Babuji, save me and my poor daughter. I know, you are a good and great man, have pity on us."

Here was another hard nut for Rajsri to crack. Instead of committing himself in any way, he simply said—"you have

taken me unawares, give me a little time for reflection and you will have my answer."

Blessing Rajsri, his landlord left the place.

CHAPTER XIX.

Glowing language he used,
He was chastened and moved,

Rajsri was on the horns of a dilemma and could not make up his mind one way or the other. He was evolving the issues in his mind and could not find a satisfactory way out of the difficulty. He sat in deep thought. He had closed the door of his room from inside, for fear of intrusion and fervently prayed to God to give him light.

All of a sudden, somebody knocked at his door. He rose and opened the door when to his surprize, he saw an aged *Vaisnab Sadhu*, wishing him life, light and peace. Returning his greetings he asked the *Sadhu* to be seated and at his ease. The *Sadhu* said—"Baba, something troubles you sorely, you are at a loss to find out the true path, but to the earnest enquirer mercy is vouchsafed and he gets all that he desires, you think, a couple of *Prakritis* (women) are madly in love with you and you desire to reward them for their fidelity to you. For that purpose, you want to marry them both and begin life anew. Don't do such a thing.

It is *Maya* (delusion) that is after you and trying to enmesh you in her silken bond.

Don't hear her enchanting voice, but gird up your loins and be a true man. *Kamini* and *Kanchan* (women and wealth) are the two rocks ahead and your tiny boat would be shattered to pieces, if you come across them. If you want to traverse the path of bliss—the course which leads you to the godhead, shun these two obstacles which syren-like enthralls one's senses—sacrifice—sacrifice of self, doating upon the sweet name of Hari, kindness to all creation, animate or inanimate and altruism are the essentials to take you to *Sachidanand* (godhead). Relying upon the efficacy of his name, pray to Him, ask for His help and *Banchakalpataru* (gratifier of all desires) as He is, He will hold your hand and as blind men are led, give you an asylum in His lotus feet. Take my word of advice and act according to it,

if you really want to be blessed." Rajsri answered—"Father, I'll do what you say, but how to dispose off these women?"

"That is a moot question" replied the Sadhu "and I'll answer you to the best of my light. In India, there is no asylum for widowed women or for women, who wish to relinquish the world. You are rich enough to establish and endow an asylum for that purpose and these women, if they are rightly and sincerely inclined, will live there, along with other women of their type and try to go the ways of the Lord by *Bhajan* and *Sadhun*. If they are not sensually inclined, they will bless you for this haven."

"Father, I'll abide by your instructions and send your message to the women. You have been kind to me, remain in my poor house for a couple of days, to save me and these erring females."

"I will, I need hardly say, be only too glad to be of any service to you, God bless you my son."

CHAPTER XX.

See us, dear soul, once more,
God bless you for ever more,

The message of the *Sadhu* was sent to the females and after an exhortation from him, they agreed to live the line of life chalked out by him. An asylum, on the lines indicated by the Sadhu was established and richly endowed by Rajsri. It was named—after the name of Rajsri's deceased wife. Several respectable trustees were appointed and the Collector of the District had the supreme voice in its management. Business was conducted in perfect Hindu style and the cardinal teachings of the Hindus were held up before the eyes of the inmates by *Sadhus*, who gladly made it a work of love. Rajsri remained for some time to see the institution in thorough working trim and at last made up his mind to leave the place for good. He was making the necessary arrangements for his departure, when the Durwan of the *Asram* handed over a letter to him. It was written by Sumari and ran as follows:—

"Adored and adorable being—the pivot of my life and existence, I venture to approach you once more to bid you farewell. May God protect and shower down upon you. His choicest blessings. You are going away and I may not see you on this earth again, but where ever you are, I'll always be with you,

though not in my corporeal body. I have lived to know the holy spirit and I have learnt to know its power over matter and space. you are my *devata* and I am devoted to you. Whilst I try to see the image of Sri Krishna in my heart, I see you and I fall into an ecstasy. All longing for life is over and I am always engrossed with your beloved face and features. I had, the greatest jealousy for Sakhirani she is now my friend and companion and hardly a day passes in which hours are not spent, in conversation about you and your divine character. Don't think it is the language of hyperbole or exaggeration. You are our only *devata* and we worship you according to our light. Before you leave us for ever, see us once more.

The inspiration of this visit will last till death

In life and death,

Your loving and devoted

SUMARI.

P. S.—Sakhirani joins me in asking you to see us once more.

The right chord in Rajsri's heart had been struck. He was so much moved, that tears trickled down his cheeks and he at once wrote the following reply.

SUMARI,

God bless and protect you. I'll once more see you and Sakhirani, although the visit would be a source of the greatest trial to you and me. It is against the rules of the institution, that any male should enter the precincts of the zenana. I may see you in the room, allotted for the purpose in the institution, but the best place would be my own lodging. I will ask the superintendent, as a personal favor to me, to allow you to come to me.

Your sincere well-wisher,

RAJSRI.

CHAPTER XXI.

Bless you my heart and soul,
May you reach your own goal,

In the upper room, in Rajsri's lodging, were seated two females, holding each other by the hand. They were intently looking at the door for the advent of somebody. It was a rare

study to scan their face and features. They were both young in years, but old in experience. Their expressive eyes, though lit up with the light of spirituality, wore a sad, pensive expression. The least noise startled them and they were evidently ill at ease. They wore a resolute, determined air, but their under-lips twitched and trembled.

A sort of tremor constantly passed their bodies and they tried to show a bold front, with the greatest effort. Rajsri entered the room just then and they rose up and fell down close to his feet. Their breasts were heaving, involuntary sighs escaped them and their faces were mounted with a coloring of deep red. Nobody spoke, when Rajsri, evidently with great effort to look calm and composed, asked them to be seated. They looked at him with an intensity, which was as thorough as it was penetrating. They were scanning his features, prototypes of which, were being engraved in their hearts. The stillness was embarrassing, when Rajsri broke the ice and said—

“I have acted up to your wishes and granted you a farewell interview. The sooner we finish it, the better for us all. I'll always remember you and pray to God for your welfare. We may meet in another sphere and under more favorable circumstances. On this earth, we are doomed to suffer.”

The woman, whom we have called Sumari spoke and her words were scarcely distinguishable and came out like a shriek. She was trembling all over and in disjointed sentences said—

“My own—dear—I shall—not have—the opportunity—of seeing—you—again, I will not—restrain—or—disguise my feelings. I have—seen—you—never touched you. Allow me—to hold your—feet. Suiting her words to action, she grasped Rajsri's feet and would not let go her hold. Rajsri on his part, was sitting rigidly, like a figure in marble. At once he caught hold of her and imprinted a kiss on her brow. This was too much for the poor woman and she fell down in a swoon.

Quietly, laying her down on the floor, he did not take any steps to revive her, but turning towards Sakhirani said “it is now your turn” and in the self same way kissed her. She did not fall down, but said “God bless you.”

Rajsri rose and said it is high time, that I should depart. When your companion would come to her senses, take her with

you to your home and try to forget me. I think it is a hideous dream."

These words must have reached Sumari's ears. She got up and sat with dishevelled hair and disordered dress. Her eyes were still rolling and she said, as if talking to herself "hideous dream, the most pleasant, delightful event of my life God bless you for your godness. I am satisfied. My brow is still burning. As long as I will live, today's reminiscences would endure and enable me to live upon them, till I am dead. Pangs of separation, sorrow would be obliterated. The touch of your lips, like a talisman of old, has breathed a new life in me.

Saying this, she arranged her hair and dress and without even glancing at Rajsri quietly left the room, like a veritable Sultana, as she was, in beauty and deportment. Sakhirani quickly followed her, although she turned her head and intently looked at Rajsri more than once.

CHAPTER XXII.

The man in *gairuk* dressed,
Went past, halted and blessed,

Rajsri left Brindaban in the evening. He meant to go to his native village, from which he had been absent a considerable time. Without any mishap, he reached home—the sweet hearth and home of himself and a long line of his ancestors. The people gave him a rousing welcome and even women and children flocked round him to greet him, with a sincerity which was unquestionable. His only son and heir Lachmisri—a true chip of the old block, came out running to get up in his father's knees. He resembled his poor dead mother so strikingly that Rajsri, on first casting his eyes on him, was visibly moved and agitated. He kissed him over and over again and promised him a beautiful, white pony to ride upon.

The young, lusty fellow was vastly pleased and ran to the woman, who had brought him up—his foster-mother and said in great glee—"Mashi, a pony to ride upon, a real pony, not a wooden one, oh how amusing. Won't you too get up on its back?"

Amidst such joyous scenes and surroundings, Rajsri lived for some time. Making over his rich and extensive estates to

the Court of Ward, for the benefit of his only son, he left his birth place and settled himself at Puri. He erected a neat, tidy Bungalow on the Sea-shore and lived the life of a hermit, on an allowance of Rs. 100 per month. The main portion of the money was spent in charity. He passed his days in devotion and the grand figure of a man in *gairick*, wending his way to the temple of Juggernath, was a familiar sight to every body at Puri, he was respected by all, who had the privilege of his acquaintance and he lent himself heart and soul to all works of public utility. Here he was not known as Rajsri, but as "Garib Baba" whose blessing was coveted by every one—rich or poor. Mothers stood at street corners to have their sick children touched by him and it was a strange phenomenon, that the little ones, whom he had touched and blessed, were cured, without the aid of physic and physician. Just see, Garib Baba standing near the Sing Durwaja of Juggernathji and distributing a lot of pice to the little crowd which had collected round him.

KHAGENDRA NATH ROY.

LEATHER COINAGE.

Whenever there was not sufficient money to meet the demands of the public, Governments from the crude old times up to a comparatively modern period were in the habit of issuing adulterated coins from their mints, considering that that was the best method of tiding over the financial difficulty. Of course political economy has successfully proved that this is the most erroneous course which always makes the nation lose its confidence in the Government. Two noteworthy examples of this error were Sweden in the early years of the 18th century and France in the last decade of the same period. But illustrations are not wanting in other nations of how this deceitful method was adopted in other countries also. A curious story is current in India of how Nanda, the grandfather of Sandracotus or Chandragupta resorted to this mode, and in his case it was leather coinage, in the second century B. C.

Sarvāthasiddhi, the father of Nanda was a very careful and prudent monarch and, as the rule sometimes is, a prudent father gets a spendthrift son and Sarvāthasiddhi had nine such spendthrift sons called the Nandas or the Nava-Nandas which means the nine Nandas. In this old monarch's time there was a clever weaver who was an expert in manufacturing from his hand-loom the best *Sadis* or cloths for woman's wear. There was not a second weaver in the whole realm equal to him in this trade. He wanted to show his skill to the court and therefore resolved to turn out the best female cloth out of the choicest silks and laces. His deep devotion to his art and his sincerity to show his handicraft to the sovereign mingled together in giving him the best of the *Sadis* ever manufactured and he took it to the Court and showed the same to the monarch. Sarvāthasiddhi was very pleased at everything and ordered the weaver to state the price of the cloth. At the lowest estimate put down for the materials, labour and profit the *Sadi* came to something about 3000 *dīndras* and when the weaver pressed upon the monarch to purchase

the stuff, Sarvâthasiddhi thought with himself. "Now if I buy this single cloth, it would not meet the demand of my royal household. The old lady, my queen, can wear it. But I have nine daughters-in-law and grand-daughters without number and I must buy a *Sadi* of this kind for each and every one of them under the rules of etiquette and that will be only exhausting my treasury upon a single luxury. So I must send this man away."

Thus resolving the monarch ordered the weaver to take away his cloth and keep it in his house, if he had no other offer, till he sent for the same. The old king had already made up his mind never to send again for this cloth; and it was only to console the trader that he gave him that hope, before sending him away. The queen was absent then, bathing in the river which was to the south of the city. The monarch who knew this already specially asked the weaver not to go by the southern gate but to depart by the northern entrance of the palace. The weaver who was equally shrewd took the southern route on purpose imagining that the king had with some motive commanded him specially not to return by that way; and before he had proceeded a few yards he met the queen returning from the river. A personage of our hero's reputation was already a well-known person to everyone and as such he was known also to the queen.

"Is that a new cloth which you are carrying rolled up in your hand?" asked she. "Yes, your Majesty," replied our hero and the queen commanded him to show her the contents of the bundle, and as soon as she saw the cloth, she resolved upon purchasing it and asked the weaver to follow her: but our hero replied "Your ladyship, I have already shown this cloth to His Majesty and he commanded me to take it home and keep it till called for and so I am carrying it back. Under such circumstance I do not know whether it is wise on my part to return again to the palace." When the queen heard this, she said nothing but heaving up a deep sigh muttered in a desponding tone "So it is! I am not fortunate" and proceeded to her palace. The merchant also began to continue his journey towards his village and as he was emerging from the city he met the eldest of the nine princes, Nanda, coming opposite to him. "Hollo, master-weaver, what is all the news? Anything special? I know that you will never stir out unless you have something new. You are always the cleverest rogue. Any thing

now in the bundle? Let me see." Thus spoke the prince and how could our hero resist? He unpacked and again showed the cloth to Nanda, relating his adventures with his father and his mother. "I see how it is" said the prince, "My old father will never open his purse for such good things. He is always a strict economist: and, if I may be excused the words, a worst miser; he will never enjoy even when God has given him liberally and made him a monarch. He asked you to keep the cloth with you, till he called for the same, which in his code means that he will never send for you or pay you a single cowrie. Let me see. My mother, my wife, and sisters-in-law and other ladies in the household number nearly three hundred. If I do not assert myself now on this occasion I shall never. You had better give now this cloth to me and bring within a month or two, as soon as you can get them ready, a batch of three hundred such cloths and I shall pay for all of them. If the Court will not buy such *Sadis* who else in the realm would buy and how will the expert be recognized and rewarded? So we have settled it between ourselves. If my mother says that she is not fortunate to wear this cloth, what is the use of me her son to pocket the remark coolly and not try my best to fulfil her desires? So I shall give this *Sadi* to-day to my mother and she will wear it."

After having spoken thus, Nanda took possession of the *Sadi* and returned to the palace: and our hero returned to his abode and selling away all his property and borrowing a large amount in addition at a very high rate of interest set his looms in motion to supply the royal palace, with the consignment of three hundred *Sadis*.

Nanda approached his mother with a smiling face and handed her the new cloth. She pointed out to him that his father was the first person to see the *Sadi* and send away the weaver. But the son persisted in her wearing it at once and appearing in that dress before his father; and women are women after all! She deemed herself happy. She admired her son and as requested by him she stood before her lord shining with all the glitter of lace and silk from head to foot.

Sarvâthasiddhi was stunned at first to see her so. Then he smiled and said "Who bought you this cloth my lady?" and in reply she said "Your eldest son, Nanda, mylord."

"Ah" sighed the monarch, "if he had thus resolved to purchase this cloth for your use, conclude then that the ruin of this family has already set in. You wear this *Sādi* to-day, this *Sādi* worth 3000 *dindras*, and surely you cannot at all feel yourself as happy as with a *Sādi* worth only 3 *dindras*. All this is nothing but waste, pomp and ruin. If you wear this to-day, your daughter must wear a similar one tomorrow and your daughter-in-law a third one the day after. So this waste, this pomp and this ruin will go on without ever ending. I foresee all this, this very minute. But I am too old to prevent it. May the Heavens guard my progeny from the impending ruin."

Thus uttering this curse, as it were, the old monarch resumed silence: but a shock was working in him. He fell a prey to an excruciating disease and died from the effects of it in two months. Let us leave the mourning to the court and resume the thread of the story.

The Nandas then ascended the throne. The eldest Nanda who purchased the *Sādi* for his mother became the monarch. And the weaver deemed it as his special fortune, for it concided with the time allotted to him to bring in the consignment of the 300 *Sādīs*; and so he stood at the palace gate with a big waggon loaded with these costly stuffs.

Prince Nanda was no doubt a worst prodigal: but the monarch Nanda was entirely a different person. This sudden appearance of the weaver with a greedy look to hoard up the money, of course duly promised once to him, pricked Nanda to the utmost and he was a diamond to cut a diamond. He welcomed the weaver with a smiling face, received the *Sādīs* duly, despatched them to the royal store, had their value calculated and issued an order to the weaver that he should be paid to the very last farthing from the treasury the next day. The weaver returned home with an elated mind relieved of the load and carrying with him the royal order which was all so much valuable money the next day. Soon after his departure Nanda sent for his financial minister and ordered him to seal and store up as uncurrent coin all the gold and silver coins in the royal treasury and to issue in their stead leather-coins in lakhs and crores and also sent a general order that these shall be the currency of the country thence forward.

As ordered, the weaver made his appearance on the succeeding day and on demanding the money was paid his dues in leather coins, which had become the currency already. Leather money *was* then the currency and he had no other course but to accept. It need not be said here that he was completely ruined. Even so were many families from whom Nanda had drawn largely when he was a prince ; disaffection, discord and disorder became rampant throughout the realm and the Nandas were all massacred and Chandragupta ascended the throne. Thus the prophesy of the old monarch was fulfilled.

A MADRASEE.

A FRENCH VIEW OF INDIA.

National pride as well as a desire to uphold the administration of India by Englishmen may prejudice an English writer in his estimate of the condition of the people and of the government of India but the same cannot be said of the disinterested observations of a foreigner who after a sojourn of a year and half in different parts of India embodied his experience in a well considered report. This French tourist in India is Mr. Charly Bert. In the first place Mr. Bert emphasises his impression of the condition of the Indians by saying, "The vision of Taj may fade from my memory, but not the poverty of the three hundred millions of toilers who drag on a cheerless existence in India." India is no longer the land of fabulous wealth, the veritable *El Dorado* but the poorest country in the world. It is generally admitted that the aggregate income of the United Kingdom is 1200 to 1250 million pounds at £35 per head; but the best authorities on India state that her income cannot be put at more than £2 per head or 400 million sterling for the 200 millions of people that inhabit British territory. Sir E. Baring, now Lord Cromer one of the best Anglo Indian financiers, estimated the income of an Indian at Rs. 27 per head, while Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji one of the best Indian statistes puts the income at only Rs. 20 per head. Compare this with even the poverty of Ireland, where the income according to Mr. Mulhall is £16 per head or with Russia where it is £9-10s. per head. It has been asserted by a high authority that about 40 millions of people pass their lives in India from day to day without knowing what a full meal is. Famines, the high prices of food, the extinction of the aristocracy and of various industries, have in our time produced great misery. Many sources of income now open to the English were to Akbar sealed. He had no revenue from stamps, no monopoly in opium and salt. "It would have been well," Says Dr. Sambhu Chundra Mukhirji, "if the Anglo-Indian statesmen could profit

by the precedent of their Mohammedan predecessors. But instead of taking advantage of the experience of centuries they have pursued a policy of their own whose mischief of irritating the people is not counterbalanced by even the paltry recommendation of cheapness. Every Governor-General from Lord Teigumonth to Vis-count Canning has declared himself for what has been termed the patriarchal system, and has tried to shape the Government accordingly. What is insisted on as the chief merit of this system, namely, it enables the ruling body to watch over every minute proceeding of the people, is, we submit, its chief defect. Under the patriarchal theory, the Government and its subjects stand in the relation of parent and children. It is, we believe, open to the feeblest intellect to perceive that a system which pretends to give the people a sort of earthly providence in their rulers should be necessarily very vexatious and very expensive." According to the Ayeen Akbari the total revenue of the Mogul Emperors was 42 millions sterling including all the petty taxes. With this sum they managed a kingdom like India and a standing army of 3 lakhs of men without any further taxation. They also built such magnificent buildings as the Tajmahal, the Jumma Masjid and others which cost them an immense sum of money.

Now a days Indian weavers, oilmen, paper-makers, blacksmiths and many others are starving and fast disappearing. Mr. Bert points out four chief defects in the administration of British India. First of all he finds fault with the system of education in that it looks to the interests of the aristocratic classes rather than to those of the masses. The policy under the existing *regime* seems to be to put down high education and to officialise the University. The next defect is the faulty organisation of the Police. The Government Resolution on the report of the Police Commission is not calculated to mend matters much. Indians possessing greater experience of the ways and doings of the people than Europeans or Eurasians are decidedly better experts in the detection and investigation of crime but unaccountably the door to their entrance to the highest ranks in the Police service has been practically shut even through the medium of competitive examination similar to that provided for the Indian Civil Service. Thirdly litigation has been characterised as too much expensive

and a complicated costly alien administration engrafted upon the simple institutions of the country cannot be too highly deprecated. The Panchayet system did well in ancient times in settling most of the disputes of the people by means of cheap arbitration. Sir Andrew Fraser with a commendable solicitude for the interests of the people has been trying to revive the system or one similar to it and we will watch with interest the progress of the steps that are being taken. Of course alteration in the condition of the people from their primitive habits of simplicity and aloofness to one of extensive commercial and other business transactions necessitates the establishment of regular courts of justice presided over by eminent lawyers and the enactment of various laws but attention should be chiefly directed to employ a larger Indian element in the administration of justice so as to combine efficiency and cheapness and to simplify and codify the laws so as to make them more intelligible to the people and meet their actual requirements. Lastly Mr. Bert remarks that the great mass of official India is far too much given to routine and the general system of administration is old fashioned and much behind the requirements of the times. That the writer is an impartial critic is evident from the fact that he does not pass a wholesale condemnation of British Indian rule but mentions its good points also.

K. C. KANJILAL.

HOME TRUTHS.

I.

The poet Burns notched a score on the recording staff of social ethics when he laid out all that appertains to conceit, ostentation, affectation, and any action or habit clumsily or too finely assumed to to produce effect, and disposed of them tersely but comprehensively with the gibe that, to "see ourselves as others see us, would from many a blunder free us." Unfortunately however the majority of those upon whom this gibe might have a salutary effect, are enveloped in such a thick crust of self-complacency that no words are fraught with a sting long enough to touch them.

Moralizing thus, we are induced to question whether satire, which is sometimes called the Devil's language, is an effective means of promoting human insight. We are inclined to think that, to try and see ourselves as others see us, is to keep up the fiction that our self-importance is much greater than it is, and that if we really do desire introspection we should carefully exclude consideration of every one else but our own little individual selves.

In venturing to place a few salutary Home Truths before our readers we adopt the method of holding up a mirror before ourselves and inviting others to follow our example. But as we may not be present when others hold up their mirrors we propose to borrow them and see what they reflect.

We do not ascribe any precedence to the order in which we may read the various mirrors, but we think it will be consistent with the method of individual introspection, which forms the basis of this and following portraitures, if we commence with ourselves, who in a leading financial weekly in Bengal may be taken to be those classes who are comprised in the Bengal Chamber of Commerce.

THE BANKER'S MIRRORS.

Herein, as in each successive mirror, we see reflected numerous individual specimens of the class, varying considerably in age and

aspect, but among them having characteristics which are more or less convergent towards definable points. Age varies from 21 to over 60, height from 5 feet nothing to over 6 feet, chest measurements from 31 in. to 44 in. weights from 8 to 18 stone, and so on. We find the Bank Manager to be a man of about 40 years on the average at which age he may have had a few years' experience in a senior position. The first thing you notice about him (in his office) is an evidently acquired reticence of manner and solemnity of countenance. While customers, brokers and junior officials and clerks bob in their heads from various doors, each in his turn is impressed that brevity is the soul of business. It is seldom that the Bank Manager shows to others that he is ruffled or put out, but when he does give expression to annoyance or harassment his words are usually few and forcible and sometimes unpleasantly direct. He is not immune from that sensitive nerve which in his, as in most cases is being constantly touched. I allude to that nerve, which I think runs somewhere round the back of the ear and over the eye-brows and vibrates many times a day to the excited haste of a peon or domestic servant who informs one that a coolie is waiting for an answer to a chit. "Truly," gasps the Bank Manager "the urgency of a coolie with a chit is greater than that of 999 visitors seeking an interview."

But these are merely superficial characteristics. Beneath these we see the appreciation of a responsibility which weighs the more heavily because it embraces possibilities, and is therefore never absent. In most other callings responsibility is an excitement, an ambition, an enterprise, a means to an end. With a Bank Manager responsibility is for the most part a negative factor. For him the only compensation is avoidance of loss. There is seldom anything to be gained and even if there is some gain, it is usually at the expense of principle. Like justice he must sit blindfold, with the scales of credit in his hand, and do nothing, especially private speculation, which may influence his impartiality. At the age of 40 he has probably assured himself that he is a Banker of experience, but the longer he continues to be a Bank Manager the more he will become convinced that at that age he was comparatively a novice. Banking is essentially a non-speculative business, but our mirror discloses a want of mutual recognition among Bankers of this negation. Some of them will have it that Banking must be conducted on competitive principles just as other commercial con-

cerns. As a fact, competition between Banks is repugnant to Banking principles, just as private speculation by a Bank Manager is inconsistent with the duties and responsibilities of his office.

A Bank does not make profit in the ordinary sense of the word. It earns a commission for receiving and distributing credit, and the greater the volume of the latter, the larger is the commission. The Bank Manager has no prospect of becoming a wealthy man. He may at the end of a sufficiently long service accumulate enough from well invested savings to procure him a few last years of *otium cum dignitate*. Otherwise his chief reward is the respect which is generally accorded to him and such reputation of a man of the world, of impartial fair dealing, and of strict principle, as he may have acquired in the intelligent exercise of his duties.

II.

THE WESTERN MERCHANT'S MIRROR.

This mirror reflects groups rather than individuals and at first it seems rather difficult to trace the lines of convergence, whilst to do otherwise would be invidious. But taking our stand at the Chamber of Commerce as the final point of convergence, we can sketch a fairly accurate portrait of the class now under review. It might be thought that in a community made up of British, German, Greek, American, French and other nationalities, characteristics would be so diverse as to render one description inapplicable. But the test of the mirror convinces us that the cosmopolitanism of trade is so dominant a factor in a free country that whatever difference there may be in minor details the broad characteristics are the same. We often dub ourselves a nation of boasters, possibly because we receive that compliment from other nations, but we may perhaps reasonably claim originality and longsightedness in keeping the door open to admit cosmopolitanism of trade, for this, far and beyond all the clever but dangerous and subtle efforts of diplomacy, is the only sure and solid barricade against the settlement of national disputes by the clumsy, expensive, and murderous arbitrament of war.

The Western merchant is a man of boundless vision. What he can see with the naked eye within the limits of his horizon is a mere fraction of what his mental vision sees beyond it. His

practical use in the world is to bring the producer and consumer together, to stimulate production when the demand is large, to stimulate consumption when supplies are superabundant; to seek out and assist the production of new articles of consumption; to economise the production, manufactures and transport of articles of consumption; to economise the production, manufacture and transport of articles in present use. To be an ideal merchant, a man must have some knowledge of engineering, mechanics, chemistry, geology agriculture and law. He must have a perfect knowledge of accounts and a good head for figures and finance. Finally, he must have capital and more than ordinary power to organise.

The average Western merchant in Bengal, and probably in other Presidencies, does not approximate to this ideal; in the first place, because his lot is cast in a one-sided market which is chiefly productive, and secondly, because he is not, in comparison with those of the foreign markets he deals with, a wealthy man; even in the cases of the few who are backed by moderate financial resources, the capitalist is generally an absentee and is represented by salaried partners or managers whose sphere of action and enterprise is strictly limited and controlled.

This latter disadvantage is brought out into strong relief by the comparatively greater success of those who have acquired capital and run their own business independently. As merchants these few have generally led the van in commerce, while the firms dependent on foreign capital and foreign control, though it may be highly successful, are, with few exceptions, engaged in trade merely as agents of running concerns, and as such are strictly limited in their interests and enterprise.

Considering how sectional and restricted our Western merchants are, great credit is due to them for having founded such an excellent institution as the Chamber of Commerce, and for so distributing its work and influence as not only to render valuable assistance to all classes of trade but to weld them all into a homogeneous whole.

The weakness of the Western Merchant's position taken as a whole is the absenteeism of the capitalist; just as the independence of our High Court is enfeebled by a foreign Court of Appeal and the Viceroy's Government, clothed in all its gallantry

of scarlet and gold, has little more respect or power reflecting upon or pertaining to it than Æsop's Jackdaw. Capitalists have a propensity to congregate where money is and apparently India is not yet recognised as a financial market. Not many centuries ago there were probably more capitalists in Asia than in Europe. We shall probably get some explanation of the change when we glance into the Eastern merchants' mirror. Dealing here with the features of the Western merchant we find that with few exceptions capital and authority are delegated factors, and we conceive that unless they are independent factors enterprise must be restricted. The exceptions seem to us to prove the rule that when the capitalist and his direct authority are jointly present and operative the measure of enterprise and success is enhanced to a remarkable degree.

The few firms of Western merchants in India who are possessed of, or have the call of capital evidently have their hands full. The evidence of this is that any new discovery of mineral deposit, of oil, vegetable and mineral, of fibre yielding plants, of nitrate deposits, of the utilisation of copper and iron ore fragments by chemical solution, of quadrupling the yield of the soil by manures and labour saving machinery, of extending the growth of sugar cane, ramie and aloes and the manufacture of refined sugar, etc., etc., begins and ends with a short article in a newspaper, or is referred through four-anna syndicates to London promoters with the finality which is vulgarly designated as smoke. This intangible and unsatisfactory result appears to arise from want of evidence. The information supplied may be ample, but it is too often not backed by expert testimony. Capitalists naturally ignore the confirmation of experts unknown to themselves, and therefore before any Indian enterprise can attract financial support in London, experts have to be engaged from England at great expense and delay, and being unacquainted with the language and habits of the Indians among whom they prosecute their researches, they are seldom able to do full justice to the work for which they are engaged. The Western merchant, in order to approximate to our ideal and exploit the vast untouched resources of India, should have both capital and expert knowledge within his direct control. He should have a prospecting department in his office manned by experts who have acquired some experience

of India. Then there might be some chance of new enterprise being opened up, and old ones extended. At present delegated capital and authority do not enable enterprise to keep pace with that of other countries, and at best India submits to be bled for every new enterprise that is set on foot. Probably we have nothing to regret in the fact that trade in India does not create millionaires, but we are certainly of opinion that it should create more general opulence and independent financial resource. There are, we think, hopeful signs that native merchants and capitalists are beginning to cast off their inertia, and the more they do so, the more it behoves the Western merchant to realise that the salaried manager without capital or power of initiative cannot keep pace with keen traders who have both these tributes to wealth-making at command.

III.

THE EASTERN MERCHANT'S MIRROR.

Here we have a most interesting study and we have to glance into mirrors which reflect ancient history, present fact, and imagination. Ancient history records the Eastern Merchant as the most adventuresome man in the Commercial world. Present fact limits his enterprise to circumscribed local areas. Imagination ascribes to him a remarkable subtlety in the science of barter, an expansive knowledge of market, and an inherited faculty of calculating chances. His adaptability to the numerous changes in the nature and method of commerce has kept well up to date and in Western India at least he has shown himself well to the fore in every way. The point of convergence in modern times however is unfortunately in his case, with some few exceptions, his disability to accept cosmopolitanism and broaden the horizon of his enterprise beyond those limits which formerly comprising the most active markets of the commercial world, now barely touch its fringe. The exceptions we refer to prove the rule, as they include the Parsis, Armenians and Eastern Jews who as settlers in India from foreign parts are free from the disabilities which strangle enterprise and have prospered accordingly. The Mohamedan traders have also a more extended enterprise than the majority of their fellow countrymen, but it is insignificant

in comparison with the enterprise of their co-religionists a few hundred years ago.

Success in trade and the financial operations connected therewith or with profit making industries or with works involving large expenditure for public purposes, depends upon four definite factors, which are vulgarly and erroneously expressed as "luck" and otherwise overlooked or not admitted except by the successful ones themselves. These factors are (1) accurate knowledge of market (2) accurate knowledge of available finance (3) accurate calculation of visible chances (4) accurate measure of the tide of fluctuation. It is the accuracy, inherited as a gift or acquired as a science, that combines these factors into an unfailing element of success. By intuition, or imitation, by study or inherited faculty the Eastern merchant combines these factors, on the average, to a high degree, and yet as an opulent or enterprising merchant he never rises beyond mediocrity.

The prime obstacle is of course the obstinate and unreasonable application of religious rules of a by-gone age to modern circumstances. Under conditions which have long ceased to exist these rules usually comprised under the appellation of caste, were an effective and extremely inexpensive form of priestly government. The world no longer admits any approach to that form of Government, and the rules prescribed by Indian religions can only be regarded as frivolous, except so far as they encourage clean and wholesome habits of living. The extraordinary effect of caste is that generations of strong, active and intelligent men, who exhibit keen political insight and are ever alert to defend their local privileges against every aggression of ruling power, can continue in these days to submit to rules which hold them in much greater thralldom than any imposed by their rulers. It is an intellectual puzzle how men, whose ability and mental force are distinctly of a high standard, can willfully limit their powers of enterprise and travel in order to adhere to absurd prejudices, which every one of them, who has and desire independence of thought, confesses to be exploded. It is certainly a marvellous instance of priestly government, the hypnotism of an autocratic ruling class. Western nations, with the exception of the unfortunate subjects of Russia, long ago refused to recognise laws framed at the imaginary instigation of deities, because they

found, by too frequent experience, that those laws whoever may have instigated them, invariably favoured the ruling class at the expense of the governed. The government of the priestly class in India has outlasted those in the West because it was never a military power. The inferior intelligence of the Central Asian hordes who ravaged India seldom produced permanent Government, but on the contrary brought forward the men of intelligence in the country who were the priestly class. The influence of this class gave protection to their subjects, and the latter had good reason, in the unsettled times of the past, to be thankful for that protection. But the rules which thus governed, were, as they invariably have been with other nations, such as robbed the individual of independence. While it was the choice between the slavery of caste, and that of unclean barbarian cut throats, the former was infinitely preferable. Now that the ruling power is a nation of free men of advanced civilization and resource, more Indians every year are casting off the light but long clinging fetters of caste. Independence is bound to re-assert itself.

The lopped tree in time will grow again

Chance comes by turns, and changes come by course.
From bad to good, from better hap to worse.

The other obstacle to progress is one which probably originated with the growth of caste,—the method of investment. We have remarked that the Western merchant sees much more beyond his visible horizon than he sees within it. The Eastern merchant on the contrary never allows himself to see beyond his visual ken, and even then delights in describing circles for his investment within the radius of a stone throw.

The same reasons which have caused him to adopt caste for protection against tyranny, have urged him to narrow his views of security, and in proportion as his advancement in the social and religious scale was severely demarcated by the rules of caste, so did his mind conform to similar restriction in the matters of investments. His example has in some measure influenced, by the force of imitation, those classes who should be exempt from similar prejudice: and we therefore see much capital lying fallow in such investments as jewellery, decayed houses, uncultivated lands, or in hoarded coin. The effect of these investments is in

a very great many, perhaps in a majority of instances, to raise the rate of usury and to encourage those who have the wisdom to seek a profitable use for their money to reserve their capital for usurious purposes. The borrowers, being as a rule thriftless persons, squander the money thus obtained, so that its circulation achieves no useful purpose, and when the lenders seek to recover they frequently have to expend much of their interest in legal expenses and perhaps lose a portion of their capital in deficient realisation. It is habit or custom alone which prompts capitalists to restrict investment so largely to methods which are repugnant to the dictates of commonsense and self-esteem.

REG. MURRAY.

*THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS—EASTERN AND
WESTERN.*

II.

Although the Western civilization brought some evils in its train, it must be admitted that it has been the instrument of India's regeneration. Like the Ganges, it fertilizes the land over which it passes although it leaves behind some rushes and weeds. But, it is *our* fault if we do not reap the blessings that the holy river unfolds before us and content ourselves with the scum that is left behind. In order to ascertain fully the beneficial results that have emanated from the influence of European civilization, it is necessary to take a review of the condition of India when the East India Company became our Rulers.

How greatly may we now boast of the glory of ancient India, our European brethren saw us in a state of barbarism. With a priestcraft tyrannizing over the people in a manner not a bit less than the papacy of Europe, with customs and practices of an injurious nature eating the vitality of the nation, and with immorality and corruption sweeping away even the vestige of humanity, the people of this country seemed to be scarcely better than savages. What can a civilized nation think of a people who consider the worship of the Brahmanas as the only means of securing the blessings of Heaven? To what greater degradation can a people sink when affectionate mothers endeavour to attain beatitude in the next life by throwing their darling infants into the sea? What can be more cruel on the part of men than to permit their widowed females to burn with the bodies of their deceased husbands? What can be more irrational than the practice of the Kulins of Bengal to marry a number of girls and to allow their wretched daughters to pass their lives as virgins throughout their career in this world? What can be more inhuman than the murder of infant daughters, as in the case of the Rajputs, to

maintain their so-called family-prestige? What can be more horrible than the sacrifice of human beings to propitiate the angry Gods?

Apart from the injurious customs and practices, the people of India had at the period under comment a very low notion of morality. At that time, bribery was not considered to be a sin. The offices and Courts of justice were then filled with men who vied with each other in earning money by any means, fair or foul. In fact, there was no such thing as illicit gain in the vocabulary of Indian life. The community considered a man worthless who could not earn any thing beyond his legitimate income. Perjury and forgery were also in the rampant. They were not considered to be heinous, and persons could be seen practising the same in broad day-light. Licentiousness was very prevalent at that time. Several well-to-do men had mistresses in addition to their lawful wives: and in the case of Rajas and Zemindars, such women were reckoned among their paraphernalia.

Such was the condition of Indian Society when our brethren of the West came in contact with us. It hurt them to the quick to see the degradation of a very large section of the human race, and they began to work in right earnest to elevate them. The missionaries of Christianity first appeared in the field as labourers to sow the seed of Indian reformation. Although their main object was to convert the people of India into Christianity, it cannot be denied that they were the pioneers of Indian advancement. They were the first to establish printing presses in India, to organise a system of English education for the people of India, and to pave the way towards the translation into English of the philosophical and religious works of the ancient sages of India. In the midst of their multifarious duties, they did not lose sight of the material welfare of the country.

In the year 1823-A.D. they established the Agricultural and Horticultural Society in Calcutta. One of them started a periodical called the "Quarterly Friend" to advocate the cause of India's improvement. Among other subjects, it continued to point out the necessity of putting a stop to some of the injurious customs, such as, *Sati*-rite (female-immolation): and the constant ventilation of such questions tended no doubt to the abolition of some

of them. It must be said to the glory of the Christian Missionaries that, they carried on their work of love in the midst of persecutions of no ordinary nature. Even the Government snubbed them and thwarted their efforts from time to time on the score of the same being directed against the religion of the people. Besides the Missionaries, India was not in want of friends among the laity of Great Britain: and fore-most among them was the great philanthropist David Hare, justly called the "Father of Native Education and the Apostle of native progress."

Under the fostering care of the Great British Nation, we are making rapid strides in the field of progress. This enlightened people have done much towards our elevation. Through their instrumentality, some of the injurious customs of our Community have been abolished, and the superb lessons of morality that they have taught us, through the English literature, have expanded our minds. The striking traits of character which have placed them in the van of the civilized nations of the world, have also begun to exert their influence over us. Now, let us see what agencies are at work to raise us to the rank of a civilized nation.

Before the arrival of the English in India, our aspirations were restricted to a narrow groove. Centuries of misrule paralyzed the energy of the people. Fear of plunder by marauders and *banditti* forced the people to remain in their houses. This contracted their minds to a very great extent. They were deprived of that breadth of view which can alone expand the mind. The good Government under which we now live has ensured peace and safety to the people. Travels to different places are not now attended with dangers and difficulties. The introduction of railways has facilitated travelling to a very great extent. The spread of English education, moreover, has enabled the inhabitants of one Province to hold friendly intercourse with those of another: and this has served not a little to enlarge their minds. At one time, it was considered a wonderful feat to travel 500 miles, and pilgrims who used to go to the sacred city of Benares, had to make a will of their property before they started in their journey. But now, travels are made not only in different parts of India but in different parts of the world, by the sons of India.

The examples set by our great masters, the Europeans, backed by a liberal education, have given an impetus to the educated

Indians to go to Europe and America for subserving different purposes. It cannot be denied that a spirit of enterprise has been instilled in the minds of the hitherto inert people of Hindusthan.

The sojourn of the Indians in a foreign soil under great difficulties and inconveniences, has brought their patience into full play. Keeping in view the difficulties they have undergone, and the unpleasant result that would follow in case of failure in their endeavour to pass the prescribed examinations, the students carry on their studies with unflagging zeal and perseverance, and the good results that have followed are highly creditable to them. Our young men have achieved the wished-for success in their various avocations, and some of them have defeated in open competition the intelligent sons of Britain. The training they receive in England fill their minds with liberal ideas. Moreover, the sight of the grand workshops, where implements and machines are manufactured, the mills where fabrics are woven and the stupendous undertakings comprising the construction of steam-engines and steam-vessels of wonderful structure, cannot fail to impress on their minds the great application, intelligence and resources of the British nation and to convince them of the insignificance of the people of India. The sight of these may create in their minds a desire of obtaining practical knowledge of the mechanical and engineering skill that is displayed in the carrying out of these works. The sojourn of Indian youths in England is no doubt destined to confer great benefits on India, and beneficial results arising from the same are already manifest. Some are usefully employed as Commissioners, Judges and Magistrates, some as Barristers, some as Doctors of medicine, and others as professors of Science and Literature. But, something more than this is needed. It is highly incumbent on the rich men of India to repair to that land of intelligence in order to obtain an insight into the working of the different schools of art and manufacture, so that they may profitably utilise the knowledge and experience thus gained, on their return to India. The wealthy men should make a proper use of the vast riches they possess. Factories on a large scale should be erected and mills established under the auspices of the wealthy Indians in different provinces of India. Although something has been done in this respect, notably in the Bombay Presidency, much more remains to be accomplished.

The unpleasant sight of the egress of a large quantity of cotton from India and of the ingress of the same in the shape of fabrics should no longer present itself, and the importation of iron works, such as Locomotive Engines and girders should no longer point out to us our want of intelligence and resources. Let the fabrics required to clothe the people be woven in India, and let the machines required for the various works in progress be constructed in the country. There is hope however, for the future. The encouragement which the Government is giving to Indian industry and manufacture is destined to produce beneficial results, and it is hoped that our millionaires would avail themselves of the facilities thus placed before them. They should not allow their wealth to lie in heaps unused or to be kept with Government or banks for trifling interest. Let them forthwith open shops and assist the Indian artizans with funds sufficient to carry on their avocations.

D. N. G.

SIDE VIEW OF THE HINDU PANTHEON.

Diseases that seize a large number of men at ascertained period of the year, beginning sporadically, but eventually surrounding cities, villages, provinces and countries, are epidemics. Malaria. Poxes and Cholera visit Bengal from olden days, while Plague appeared only the other day, which has cast its predecessors in the shade. It has been of late assuming both endemic and epidemic types.

A few godlings like Sitala, Oilatacoorani, Panchanunda and Duurma are invoked in Bengal to assuage the virulence of one or the other pestilence; plague has not yet found an exclusive presiding deity of its own. Mahomedans, Christians, Jews and Jains join with their Hindu brethren to worship these godlings from fear or faith. It is said that plague had visited the mountain vallages of India at long intervals. There also the people believe that *rats* but not *bats* carry infection to men and other animals. They fear it as much as the European sanitary authorities do. These mountancers generally migrate from a village where rats dance and die. They burn the former village into ashes to avoid the spread of further infection through lower animals. But Egyptians, I fear, do not give credence to such a theory.

Some physicians try to explain the etiology and pathogeny of plague by suppression of poxes, and they say the fever caused by effort of nature, often assumes a typhoid type. Plague they say is a novel phase of a certain local malady. Plague does not necessarily visit congested areas, but is often met in clean solitary houses or localities. It may also be said contrary to the ordinary laws of sanitation that the riparian tractsof a city are very much open to its attack, but curiously enough East Bengal is rather free from its ravages.

In bubonic cases lancet does relieve many if the surgeon can successfully sepparate the wound until the lungs are attacked, when the patient should be placed under a physician with some

surgical skill. If you fear knife you court death. The crows as scavengers are useful in the economy of Nature, for they rarely catch any infection.

But to return to the Godlings, it is strange that they are generally worshipped by priests from the pariahs of Hindus, rarely by the degraded sect of Brahmins. Presumptively a good Brahmin would not enter a guild that practise black art, and distribute medicines. For a Vyad comes from a mixed sect, though a few of them obtained erudition in the Indian classics and in medicine, until the spread of the Western education, was looked down by the priesthood. How could the pariahs get hold of the godlings is difficult to discover;—they generally come from the domans and chandal classes, the former is a crossbreed between Teor and Boili (low cultivator). In the upper provinces they are condemned as Jhatakhai, fed in refuse dishes. The chandals are also a crossbreed, who call themselves nomasudias, while in Behar they go as doshads, they again serve as sweepers, day labourers, pykes or other menial servants. In Bengal the domans that serve as undertakers at the cremation call themselves *gangaputras*. However both of these sects are treated as helots of the land.

In connexion with the worship of Dhurmaraj specially, Mr. Gait suggested Buddhist theory. The Brahmins not having been induced to take up Budha worship, lower castemen were elected priests in such temples, but as Buddhist influence was lost, the godlings were accepted in Hindu Pantheon of Bengal. The hypotheses got its support from the fact the followers of Dhurma observe fast on the full moon day of Bysack the birth day Budha Dev. In Bengal the ceremony is called *phuldhole*, in Orrissa it is *chandanjatra*. Mr. Sastie adds that in a Orrissa temple Dhurma is found in the posture of Budha. He must have found an image in *yogashun* which he mistook for Dhurma or Budha. It is said that a member of the Jain temple is also called by Dhurmoraj. But why should Budha worship find more favour in Bengal instead of Behar, is not explained. In Bengal the Bhudhist had at most very small hold; therefore Buddhist origin of the godlings may be highly ingenious and speculative, but not the less ridiculous. Juggernath of Purie is said to be of Buddhist origin, for within the temple the distinction of case is not observed. But when the same God of the Universe is translated to Bengal, the sanctify of *propesau* vanishes. The

mohaprosad of *Juggernath* in a Bengal temple is not respected as particularly holy and pure than that of Kali or Siva. Chytanya indeed preached non-distinction of caste among vakats (devotees) but not among the common herd.

Again a sect of domans offer pigs and cup of blood to certain Godlings, which fact alone is fatal to a Budhistic theory. Budha inculcated asceticism, and vegetarianism. Some of these Godlings preside over the welfare of females and children, and the priests of temple distribute medicines for sterility and diseases of children. Panchanunda and Baba Taccoor are as it were specialists in such diseases, as Setala is of poxes and eruptive fevers. The malady caused by the suppression of poxes must be appeased by Her grace. The image of Sitala rides upon an ass, whose milk is said to be prophalactic against poxes, why not try it in plague? The full moon day of Bysack is observed by the Hindoos as a sacred day, not for the birth of their ninth Avatar, but as the day when Krishna was adorned by the sweet scented flowers of springs. So the hypothesis built upon such quicksands, is hardly reliable. To assimilate the doctrines of Budha and Krishna, we must rise to higher platform than the worship of the Bengal godlings.

Mr. Risley says the pariahs that usurp the priesthood of Dhurmaraj are also worshippers of Vishnu, Kali, Durga, and Narayan, how to account for the image formed in Jagashan in the southern temple, it is known that in the mountain regions of northern India known as the classic *mohaprosthan*, people worship Bishnu in a Yogis posture, and not with a flute. It may not be improbable that some devotee imported the image in Orissa which Mr. Sastri took for Budha image. By parity of reason the Sreepadpudma of Gya temple may be called a Buddhist emblem. It is curious that the Hindoos or the Budhists believed that the ninth Avatar of the Sastras was preaching against Veda. He preached against the ritualistic portion only, but revered *Juana* in veda as much as Sankara himself,—the two champions are not at discord in respect of *Juana Yoga*. On the otherhand we have Dhurmahungoli recording the origin of Dhurma worship. This Dhurmaraj of Bengal is generally represented by a round stone covered by veronillion looking like tortoise with fish tail. It may be that the image represents the first two avatars of the Hindoos. The second avatar taking the body and the first representing the

tail In some cases the form of a man takes up that of the tortoise in order to attribute better intelligence to the godling. It is said that robbers worship Him before they start for their nefarious expedition. They perhaps worship him as the Vyrub of the Sakti or Kali who it is said protect them from danger. They take the name of Vobani the favourite consort of Siva. Punchinunda and Bibatacoor puranically come nown from Siva through Koochanis of the North East of Bengal. Rocks and stones are generally the emblems of gods and goddesses of Hindoos. The saligram, the lingum, not to mention the minor figures of the pantheon, are represented by peculiar shaped rock or stone. To hazard new opinion is not always safe. Burke says most wisely that "when ancient opinions and rules of life are taken away, the loss cannot possibly be estimated. From that moment we have no compass to govern us, nor can we know distinctly to what port to steer." Now to conclude, why not look at things straight. The belief of a Hindoo in the spiritual origin of all material objects, thus filtrated itself all over India from the time of vedantic phylosophy. We have titular deities of good or evil in the universe. Accordingly there are three hundred millions of gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon. The conception of a ruling deity of different bascelli originating various kinds of maladies upon men and animal, forced itself upon the Hindoos of Bengal. They even went the length of accepting *Munick Peer* as the veteranarian physician of their fold. This idea among Indians is the true source of the godlings of Bengal.

A. K. GHOSE.

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CONSTANCY OF THE HINDOO WIFE—SITA DEBI.

I.

In the province of Mithila modern Trihut, there once reigned a pious king, Janak by name, who was more of an anchorite than a territorial sovereign, fully indifferent to worldly enjoyment and pleasure. He had performed both his secular and religious obligations, as works of the supreme Ruler of the Universe, quite indifferent to their results. But Maharaja Janak was still childless. He was, however, advised to propitiate the gods for the birth of a child. This was done, and a nice girl was born unto him. The child was named Sita Debi, who grew to be an exquisitely beautiful girl. The good father engaged tutors to give her a good training both in reading, writing, casting accounts and in fine arts. Sita's natural smartness, intelligence and power of application, soon carried her to the highest top of the respective branches. She was recognised to be the finest specimen of Indian womanhood. Her fame spread far and wide, as the most talented maid. By this time, Sita Debi had grown to pretty marriageable age, and it was a matter of great concern to her parents how to marry her to the most suitable husband. As a child that was vouchsafed by the gods to a man below, Sita was also an object of attention to the denizens of heaven; and Siva the great god, suspecting that Janak might give her away to one, who was not her peer sent to Maharaja Janak a tremendous bow, named Hara-Dhanu, and exhorted him not to give his daughter in marriage to any one who failed in wielding the bow. But this was almost

an impossible feat for a man to perform. However lots of princes came and went away unsuccessful. And Janak was thinking, would not the great Siva send one who might obtain Sita Debi to be his bride?

II.

But before Sita Debi was born, there had been born four sons to Maharaja Dusrath of Oudh—one of the principal Kingdoms on the north, during the period of Ramayan. Maharaja Dasarath also obtained the boon of the birth of sons from the Gods, to cheer up his life that was most hapless, on account of the want of children. However the three chief Queens of the Maharaja bore him four sons, to the great delight of the royal house and the people. Ram Chander the eldest of the four, and Bharat, Laksman, and Satrugna were respectively born of Maharanees Kaisalya, Kaikaye and Sumitra. The last of the Queens gave birth to twin boys—Laksman and Satrugna. The Maharaja who was favoured, almost in the evening of his life, with four lovely princes, loved his boys more than his own life. But his love did not blind him, like a doting father, as to their future. No sooner did the princes reach to proper age, they were sent to tutors, who taught them what might be required for the princes to learn. Soon they grew to be good scholars both in secular and religious literature and science. This finished, they were placed under tutors to acquire proficiency in wielding arms, which in those days was highly valued for a son of a khsatriya. Within a short period the four princes specially Ram and Laksman, grew to be valiant heroes, and the Maharaja was highly gratified to see that the fruits of his old age, which the kind Gods in heaven had favoured him with, were real blessings to him. In the meantime, one day, Biswamitra one of the most turbulent amongst sages, came to Maharaja Dasarath, and asked him for Ram and Laksman to accompany him to the sacred and lovely resort of the sages and anchorites, far away off human habitation, to relieve them from the vexation of the Rakshasas (cannibals) that were constantly interrupting them in their religious pursuits. The Maharaja, although loth to part with his darling boys, could not disoblige a sage like Biswamitra. The two princes went with the sage, and lived at the sacred places of the sages for a few days, and was successful

in extirpating cannibals. The sages were very glad, and sincerely wished well of the princes.

The feat of arms exhibited by the tender princes amazed the peaceful sages of the wood ; and Biswamitra, in his exuberance of feelings, took them to Mithila, to try with the *Hara Dhanu*. Ram and Laksman, as innocent boys, followed Biswamitra, who straight went to the capital of the Maharaja Janak, and saw the pious Maharaja there, and wanted to see the bow, to have it tried by Ram and Laksman. The sage was enthusiastically received, and the Maharaja immediately repaired to the bow, and showed it to the sage and his youthful companions. With Maharaja Janak it was an ordinary affair to have numbers of territorial magnets almost daily ; who came, examined the bow, and stealthily fled away unsuccessful. In the case of these two boys who scarcely had exceeded their teens even, it was but puerile affair to have ventured to examine the bow. The Maharaja as if assured of the result, went to his own duties as usual : and his daughter the spitefully Sita Debi, who had heard from her own apartment, that two nice youths—the princes of Ayodhya, had come to break the bow, hurriedly ascended to the terrace of an adjoining house to have a look at the two young aspirants. Oh how exquisitely formed they were ! The manly figures, the complexion, the extended eyes, the drawn brow, the expanded chest, the long arms, the general cut of the face, and every other details of the older one, how captivatingly formed ! Were they the denizens of heaven ? Oh, how happy would she have been, if Ram Chander were hers. What a cruel vow had her father taken about the bow ! Princess Sita grew deeply enamoured, and offered up a silent prayer to Heaven to grant Ram sufficient strength to break the divine bow. The gods above heard the innocent prayer of the princess. They granted her prayer ; and Ram Chander, made an attempt, and the sage saw with amazement, that the boy wielded the bow as a child did with his doll. Suddenly there was an uproarious sound that shook Mithila to its very foundation. The Maharaja hastened to where the bow was located, and saw with extreme wonder and delight, that the bow was broken in twain, and Ram was quite indifferently standing there. He enquired of the sage who the boys were, and how did the older one succeed in the attempt, that baffled the dexterity of many an expert warrior ? Biswamitra with face

beaming with pride and joy replied that the boys were half brothers—Ram and Lakshman, sons of the great Maharaja Dasrath of Oudh; and that it was but an ordinary affair for Ram to perform such exploits. Janak was beside himself with joy, and imprinted many a kiss on the cheek of the two brothers, and asked the sage to permit him to bestow his daughter Sita to Ram Chander, as by him his vow had been fulfilled.

The sage consulted Ram, who declined to marry without the consent and approval of the Maharaja, his father. It was now decided to send an emissary post-haste to the court at Oudh to apprise the Maharaja of the chivalrous deed performed by Ram Chander, and the prayer of the Maharaja Janak to marry his daughter to Ram. Dusrath who had not the remotest idea of his boys having acquired such proficiency in wielding arms leaped in joy to hear what Ram had achieved. He did not know how to jubilate the happy occasion. He hurriedly left the Court room, and went straight to his inner apartment to convey the good tidings to his spouse—the mother of Ram Chander, and share the joy of the day equally with her. There both the husband and wife shed joyous tears and offered up prayers to their gods to shower blessings upon their lads. Both the Maharaja and Maharanee were glad to marry Ram Chander to the daughter of the Mithila Maharaj. Dusrath with his two other sons—Bharat and Satrugna, started on a chariot for Mithila, with due pomp and grandeur. There they were received with every consideration worthy of their royal position; and both the Maharajas embraced each other and exchanged cordial greetings. Now while Maharaja Janak and his younger brother saw the youthful brothers, they resolved to marry all the four daughters they had to the four sons of Maharaja Dasrath. With every solemnity the weddings of Sita with Ram, and the three daughters of her uncle with Bharat, Lakshman and Satrugna were performed. Both the brides and their husbands seemed to have been happy at their union that the good god had arranged for them. After exchanging cordial good feelings, both the Maharajas parted; and Dasrath with great joy started back for home with sons and their brides, fully laden with gifts presented to his sons by their fathers-in-law. In their way, their carriages were attacked by a ferocious she-cannibal, and Ram was driven to fight. In the course of which

the cannibals was worsted. However, in due course, the party reached home and the joys of the Maharanees knew no bounds. They reckoned themselves happy ones, and the festivities that went the year round made the people of Oudh forget that they were the people of this wicked world full of pains and anxieties. Now there were happiness and joy all around the hearth and home of the good old Maharaja; and Sita Debi as the specimen of Indian womanhood, grew devotedly attached to her husband.

III.

As age was daily creeping over the old Maharaja he failed to attend to the details of Government, as he liked. Now he intended for the installation of his eldest boy who had grown to be most wise, pious and capable of governing a kingdom. The Maharaja announced his intention to his chief Queen, the mother of Ram Chander, and directed his ministers to arrange for the celebration of the ceremony at an early date. Within a short time all Oudh was *en fete*. The streets were gaily decorated, triumphal arches were raised almost at every gate-way. Flags and streamers lay gaily floating from the pinnacle of every temple and the terrace of every house. Plantain trees in rows were planted on both the sides of the streets with earthen pitchers full of water with mango-twigs upon them. Nahabat played at intervals during the twenty-four hours of the day with sanais piping happy tunes; and the artillery vomitted fire in honour of the auspicious occasion. To speak the truth all Oudh went into hysterics over the matter, as the people were devotedly attached to the old Maharaja for his many virtues. The relation between the ruler and the ruled was most cordial, because the Government was not unsympathetic and alien. One day the Maharaja called his eldest boy aside, and asked him to fast that day, as he would be installed the next morning. In the meantime, Kausalya the chief Queen, mother of Ram Chander, was offering many a pooja, testifying to her gratitude to the gods for the joyous occasion. Ram after tendering his obeisance to his father, took his leave, entered the apartment of his wife and told her, with love-beaming eyes and sweet smile the happy news of their approaching succession; and both the husband and wife jointly expressed their thankfulness to their Gods, and, their congratulations to each other.

IV.

Inscrutable are the ways of the great God. Although Ram Chunder and Sita Debi were both God and Goddess incarnate, they had yet to suffer, as tinny men. The step-mother of Ram Chander, Kaikaye, heard of the festivities that were going on in the capital city, and learnt that Ram Chander was going to be installed Raja in place of his father, the next day. She conceived jealousy. Years before this the Maharaja was awfully wounded in a fight and was, seriously ill. The second Queen, Kaikaye, diligently nursed the Maharaja, and he was speedily cured. In his grateful pleasure, the Maharaja promised her a couple of boons, which she deferred acceptance till a suitable moment arrived. Now the cruel, jealous and malignant Queen whose heart was being lacerated at the grand demonstration that was going on in Oudh conceived the present to be just the time to seek for the promised boons. She went into her own bed room, and there, as if, under inordinate umbrage scattered her ornaments here and there, and lay on the floor extremely dejected. But the Maharaja in highest of spirits entered the apartment of his most dear of consorts, to convey the good news to her, that Ram was going to be installed the next morning. He entered the apartment of his happiness and pleasure, but to his utter regret, found the light and consolation of his old age, given up to unusual sorrowing. Oh, who was there that could dare thrust his nose to provoke the displeasure and ire of the mighty king, in offering insult to his beloved Queen? Did he not care a bit for his own life? He rushed to the feet of his Queen,—the most powerful monarch, and father of the four most accomplished princes, like an impetuous and raw youth, began cajoling the wily Queen, only to say, what was the matter with her. He promised to give whatever she liked only to leave off her sorrows. If she wanted the whole of the world, it was hers; if she liked the possession of heaven, she might get it. If there was any who had insulted her, his life was at her hands. Who or what was there that could render the dearest Queen of the great and powerful monarch, so disconsolate and aggrieved? Kaikaye now found that the Maharaja had drank deep of the venom, as nectar, she struggled so hard to minister, and that it had done its work. She said, "Maharaja, what's the need of such a life that has not had its pleasures and

joys! Go and join in the festivities of your dear son's installation, and let me drink deep of the cup of sorrows, that the Almighty Father has apportioned to me." The old Maharaja, was now almost beside himself in grief, and exhorted his Queen to relieve him of his anxiety in telling him what was the reason of her so sudden a change. He assured her to render any help she might require for her joys and pleasures. Now emboldened, the cruel Queen said. "Do you remember, Maharaja, that you were pleased to confer on me boons, being pleased with my nursing after your recovery from the effects of the wounds, that you had received in the great war with the Asurs—Demons? Pray, confer on me the boons now. By the one, I ask your favour to place my boy Bharat to your throne, and by the other to send Ram Chander to the forest of Dandak for fourteen years, and there he will have to live upon fruits of the forest, and put on bark of trees." The Maharaja fell down senseless, before Kaikaye could finish. However the Maharaja soon regained his consciousness, and addressed his once best beloved in the following way:—"Do you, crafty woman, intend to kill me? Do you not know that I love Ram more than my life? Do you think I shall survive Ram's exile? Do you think Bharat will be happy to hear of it? He will either die himself or will shower loads of dishonour on you." Saying this the Maharaja, fell at the feet of the Queen. But nothing could soften the stony heart of Kaikaye. Woman although the very best specimen of God's creature sometime may assume the character of a fiend. Now the night grew into dawn, and the dawn into morning, yet there was no Maharaja to receive the invited sages, Brahmins and others that had assembled to witness the ceremony. The artillery that were vomiting fire in announcing the dawn of the most joyous day for the people of Oudh, and the sweet Roushan chawki playing from almost all the important centres of the vast city, in piping ravishing tunes, indicated that the demon of destruction that was, with open jaws, staring at the face of the people, and had already engulfed the good Maharaja, had not yet transpired. However everything was ready, but the Maharaja his son Ram with his wife Sita Debi—the centres of attention, and the to be observed of all observers, were still absent! What was the matter? Has anything untoward happen-

ed to their Royal Highnesses? Srimanta the good and faithful charioteer was sent to enquire the matter about, who forth with entered the apartment of Kaikaye, and found the venerable old Maharaja lying on the floor, profusely shedding tears, and occasionally heaving deep sighs. The faithful charioteer in mood of wonderment asked very reverently of the Maharaja as to what had become of him, that he was lying so? Had he been taken suddenly ill? He informed the Maharaja that a large concourse of men, both Brahmins and dignitaries of the state had already assembled there to witness the ceremony of installation of Ram Chander, and who without him (Maharaja) had grown suspicious about the ceremony. In reply the Maharaja very sorrowfully told the whole affair, and asked Sumantra to get Ram there without delay. Sumantra, hurried to the apartment of the prince, and informed him that the Maharaja had wished his immediate presence at Maharanee Kaikaye's apartment. This was not an ordinary affair for the Maharaja to call any body in at the apartment of Kaikaye. Ram took hurried leave of his good wife and briefly told of his suspicion, that something must have gone wrong with his father. However both he and Lakshman his half brother accompanied, Sumantra in the chariot, and reached the apartment of the Kaikaye. Ram Chander found the Maharaja lying flat on the floor there, in a mood of utter dejection, and his step mother sitting indifferently near, as if nothing serious had happened. Ram made his obeisance, and asked the reason that had made his royal father lie in an abject position like that. He asked—had any body insulted his father? Or, had he taken seriously ill, and was unable to speak? In reply the wily Kaikaye surcharged his heart in the following way, "Child during his serious illness resulting from the severe wounds the Maharaja had received in fighting the Asur, (Demons) he was highly pleased with me at my constant and effecting nursing, and promised me two boons, out of which, I have just prayed for the installation of Bharat, instead of you, and have desired your banishment for fourteen short years, in the forest of Dandak. It is for you now, dear child, to redeem your father from the solemn obligation, he lay under me." The good Ram Chander only smiled and said, "It is very regrettable, mother, that for an insignificant matter like this you have rendered my father so wretched. I may go to

the forest with great alacrity, if you wish it. I assure you, it will be my earnest endeavour to immediately repair to the forest. But pray, get Bharat here without any delay. Bharat is exceedingly loveable young man. I am highly pleased, that you are going to make him succeed to the throne of my father." The Queen replied, "No, Bharat, won't come unless you first go to the forest. Be not angry over the King, your father, my child, but only hasten to the forest." The good prince assured his step mother again, as to his readiness to repair to the forest immediately, and only asked her to grant him a little time, till he had laid the charge of his wife with his mother. The old King, half conscious, heard of what passed between his son and Kaikaye, as if it were in a dream. Ram made his obeisance both to his father and step mother and withdrew. The Maharaja's position was really very pitiable then; and when he perceived that Ram Chander had withdrawn, he swooned away. Now Ram joined his brother Lakhsman and in their way to the apartment of Kausalya, told him all. Kausalya, full of hope and joy was offering poojas to her gods, in token of her gratefulness to them all. Ram and Lakhsman entered, and Kausalya blessed them, and wished them both long and prosperous lives. But in his agony of heart, Ram asked his mother, "what are these joys for, mother? There is nothing to be happy. It had been ordained by the Almighty Providence, that we should suffer, for our lives. I have been ordered by my step-mother—Kaikaye, to go immediately to exile, to make room for brother Bharat to the throne of Oudh." No sooner had Ram Chander uttered this, the chief Queen, with a shriek fell down senseless. Both Ram and Lakhsman nursed the Queen very carefully, and when she regained her consciousness, she asked Ram, what was the matter that had rendered so imbecile of a virtuous and loving father like his. Ram in reply, spoke in some detail, how his step-mother, had rendered the Maharaja helpless in the matter. In concluding Ram said, 'But mother, what fault, has my step-mother in all these? It is the all-powerful fate, that had decreed so. However every attempts were made to persuade Ram to continue at home, and take possession of the throne that rightfully belonged to him. But all were useless. Nothing could make him reconcile to stop. He said, "nothing can untie one's obligation to the world,

except by undergoing sufferings here below. Happiness and miseries are but pre-ordained by God and man has no control over them." But whatever attempts Ram made to convince his hearers, about the futility of every worldly thing, were in vain and nothing could give comfort to Lakhsman. He grew beside himself in surging rage, and was vomiting fire. It was with difficulty that he was pacified, and Ram sought leave of his mother, to depart. With tears in her eyes, Kausalya wished him well and prayed to the gods to protect Ram Chander from every possible danger of the forest, and as helpless, granted her permission for a work that lay most obligatory on a son. After taking leave of his mother, Ram Chander went to the apartment of his wife and related to her the sudden change their luck had taken; and expressed his readiness to depart at once to the forest, wishing her, during his absence, to patiently serve his mother, who would need her service and company then the most. But Sita Debi in reply said that there was nothing for her to enjoy life at home, but to accompany him to the forest. She further said, "My love, you are my God and my life. Wherever you are there I am. A wife is but a shadow of her husband, and can have no other aim and object of life, than those of her husband. A wife lives in her husband's life, and dies in his death; and why then will you go to the forest alone? Let me accompany you. In my company you will forget the sufferings of your forest life. As for me you need not think about; I shall remain content and happy if I am permitted only to serve you. As for my own sufferings, thank God, He has granted them to my lot. Sufferings alone, chasten a life. They are pleasures. A life without its trials is no life at all." But Ram Chander, persistently tried his best to dissuade his wife from her resolution, and depicted the sufferings and trials of forest life in a most persuasive language. But Sita Debi felt herself grossly wronged at the persistency of her husband, and with warmth said that it was but a pity that Providence had granted to her such an effeminate husband, who dared not protect his own wife. It was only an irony of fate that such a coward and imbecile one should have been born in the dynasty of the mighty Raghu, and with whom her lot had been cast. Ram only smiled, and gave permission to accompany him with pleasure. Sita Debi, immediately threw off her garments

and ornaments, and put on bark of trees (*Balkal*). Both the husband and wife, freely distributed as much of their wealth and kine, as they could, and were ready to depart. Laksman too resolutely took the company of his brother; and the three got out of their apartments, and went to take final leave of their royal father. There amidst the lamentations of the old Maharaja, the royal pair and prince Laksman, attired in the dress befitting forest life, left the palace; and the citizen of Ayodhya mustered strong to follow their dear prince Ram to the forest to turn Oudh to a deserted city, for Bharat and his wicked mother to lord it over, and to denounce the ignoble tactics of the old and henpecked Maharaja of pleasing his beloved Queen.

However they were persuaded by Ram to return to their homes, and to patiently wait till he came back. They did so, for there was nothing that the people of Oudh could not perform for their good prince. Now the good-natured Ram made a hasty retreat from amongst his own people, and crossed the Jumna and took their temporary quarters at a distance of three days journey from Oudh.

V.

But at Ayodhya the old Maharaja who was naturally very fondly attached to Ram Chander, suddenly died of broken heart; and the throne of the Empire fell vacant. In the mean time Bharat and Satrugna, who had been away from Oudh, reached the capital and learnt what a revolution had been wrought in their absence. They grew awfully disconsolate at the death of their father, and at the banishment of their pious brother. However they soon performed the obsequies of the old Maharaja. Bharat who was quite unlike his mother, heaped loads of dishonour upon Kaikaye. Being pious and loyal to the laws of the country, he thought it prudent and obligatory on him to personally see Ram Chander, and prevail over him to return to Oudh as the throne rightly belonged to him only by the law of primogeniture. He did accordingly. And while there, Bharat told Ram the lamentable death of their father; and the three brothers gave way to sincere grief. Ram performed the last rite to his deceased father, and tenderly charged Bharat with the Government of Oudh. But Bharat proved obdurate, and said that the throne belonged

only to Ram Chander, and not to him. They began to press each other in their own way : but Ram was above persuasion. At last it was resolved that Bharat would govern the state for Ram ; and that a pair of wooden shoe, worn by Ram, would be placed at the throne till Ram returned to Oudh, and took over the reins of the empire himself. This done, Bharat and others of his party returned to Oudh ; and Ram removed his temporary abode to the Panchavati forest (in Southern India) in fear lest Bharat might at any time in future, come back to get him to Oudh. At their new home, Ram, Sita and Lakhsman were happily spending their days in religious devotion and in studying the mysteries of the open nature.

VI.

Now it so happened that Ravan the cannibal king of Lanka, a most barbarous, frivolous, amorous and turbulent monarch, hearing of the exquisite beauty of Sita Debi, came to Panchavati. And while both Ram and Lakhsman were away from their cottage, on hunting excursions, abducted Sita Debi. At Lanka, Sita Debi, was consigned in the pleasure garden of Ravan. Here the vicious King occasionally came and tried to persuade Sita Debi, to cast per lot with his own, and be sole mistress of his rich kingdom. But Hindoo wives are instinctively most pious, and very seldom go astray from the right path assigned to them by their creator, and especially because it was destined that Sita Debi should chalk out a distinct path of purity for the Indian wives to follow, that nothing availed of the persuasions the stupid and voluptuous sovereign could offer. In the meantime Ram and Lakhsman returned to their cottage from their hunting excursions, and found it unoccupied, and Sita Debi no where. Ram grew terribly afflicted, and almost beside himself. And why not? Was not Sita Debi the only beacon light of his life of sufferings to enable him to proceed to its onward journey? Diligent search was made, but no where was Sita Debi found. In their terrible affliction, they learnt that Ravan of Lanka, had abducted Sita Debi, and had sped away to his own kingdom beyond the sea. Oh, why did the cannibal king inflict such grave wrongs upon the innocent, pious and harmless prince then merged in the sea of troubles? Was there not God to hurl His wrath on the head of the vicious, for the vindi-

cation of righteousness? But such is the way of the world. The mighty oppresses the poor and very seldom does it occur to him that ere long, before the tribunal of the Highest, he shall have to pay heavy penalty for his commission. Now the brothers, formed alliance with many of the chiefs of the aboriginal tribes around, and with the collected force, under valiant general proceeded towards the coast of Cape Comorin. A stupendous bridge was raised over the strait that separate India from Lanka, and which still bears the name of *Rameswar Shetu*; and Ram with his half brother, and the mighty generals reached Lanka, and pitched their tent on the outskirts of the capital. In the meantime one of the mighty generals, managed occasionally to procure detailed information about Sita Debi. The two armies now advanced to meet each other; and a great war broke out, which continued for months. During the course of the war the younger brother of the cannibal king—a pious prince, having failed to persuade his royal brother to restore the lawfully wedded wife of Ram to her husband, and having been sincerely pained at the degradation to which the Government and the King of Lanka, had stooped, indignantly took the side of Ram. History never records of success of any belligerent army that sought to overpower the enemy through subterfuge, dishonesty and numerical strength, and whose cause never recommended to morality or reason. From beginning to end, it was found that fortune was on the side of Ram Chander, whose cause was righteous. All the great generals, and at last the cannibal-king himself and his sons, fell in war, and Ram came out victorious. The younger brother of the cannibal-king, in recognition of the service he had rendered, was installed to the throne of Lanka, and Sita Debi was triumphantly carried in a litter out of his confinement to the presence of her lord. But Ram Chander would not accept her, unless she should prove her innocence, as she had been abducted by the vicious cannibal. Sita Debi, was quite unprepared for this. She was as pure as the morning air, and she was cut to the quick. But when self-honour of a woman is touched, she naturally resents, and adopts the nature of an injured snake that tries to hit anything to assert its strength. The case was the same with Sita Debi. With wounded pride, but with alacrity too, she underwent the process of the trial by fire. She came

out glorified—the mighty element could not even singe one single hair of her head. She looked at her husband, and he returned his own with a smile testifying to his joy. It was now time for the conquering hero to return to his native country, as fourteen years of his banishment had already passed; and Ram with his vast army, his brother, wife and friends crossed the sea, and after undergoing hardest of trials came back to his capital, and was duly installed to the throne of Oudh.

VII.

Ram Chander, reigned a few years in peace and happiness, when one day all Oudh was pleased to hear that their most beloved Queen, was in delicate condition. The news that the Queen of the most popular Maharaja gave promise of a new generation, was hailed with joy and pride. The people of Oudh made it a matter of popular rejoicings; and Sita Debi grew to be an idol of her relations and friends, who spared no pains to make her as comfortable and happy as they could. Ram Chander too, began to spend most of his spare moments in her company, cheering up her naturally drooping spirits; and whenever Sita Debi, wished for a thing, it was the duty of the good Maharaja to grant it. But providence had not preordained happiness for Sita Debi. The secret agents, employed by the Maharaja to report the actual condition of his subjects—their wants, aspirations and demands, travelling all over the country, incognito, once with tears in their eyes reported that certain mean fellows, in darkness of night, were talking together of the extraordinary conduct of their Maharaja in accepting his Queen who had been abducted by the vicious king of Lanka, and detained there for a long time. The agents concluded in saying that they had moralized in saying that henceforth if one of their own wives might go erring they would not be able to mete out due punishment to her, as she would tell flat at their face that even the Queen had been long at the house of a vicious king. How then would the world fare? Ram was greatly pained. He thought, was it his reward for life-long devotion to the weal of his kingdom? But the second thought suggested to him that his people were ignorant that the Queen had undergone the hardest trial known—the process through fire. He could not help. His subjects were his children; and their satisfaction was the aim

and object of his life. They must be made happy and contented. What was there most enviable and desirable for a monarch than to win the good will of his subjects? He forthwith called a meeting of his councillors, and had along consultation with the members, as to what might be done under the circumstances. But they could not agree with him—Ram took his own resolution—that the Queen should at once be sent to exile to please his people. This most delicate and truly heart-rending affair was entrusted to Lakhsman. However opportunity soon presented itself for the completion of the cruel undertaking. Sita Debi, one day asked her royal husband to permit her for a few days to go to see the captivating sceneries that fell to her gaze, during the days of their exile. Soon every thing was arranged, and Sita Debi and Lakhsman started in a chariot. The Queen was in her highest of spirits, and was ignorant of the thunder that was in readiness to fall upon her head. In helping the Queen to the chariot, Ram Chander could, with extreme efforts suppress his emotions. But a king should live not for his own pleasure and happiness, but for the good of his own subjects, for whose good he owes a debt to his maker. Ram thought it his duty to efface his own self, for the good of his subjects. With bleeding heartfully convinced in the purity and innocence of his wife—apparently coated with a smiling face, Ram wished Sita Debi godspeed, and consigned her to the chariot and four that rolled away amidst thick cloud of dust, with innocence and purity in its bosom, to a cruel doom, never to return with the treasure of the Maharaja with which it left. Oh, how did it cost Ram Chander? What a position did the sovereigns in the Epic Age held? Oh, how poor, now helpless were they? A very few men will realize the position of Ram while returning home. One who has had to consign his best beloved to the jaws of the mighty eternity, only knows, what it is to lose the heart of hearts—that was so long his joy, his pride, his animation and every thing. What could be equal on earth, to the partner of one's life? Love is god-send. Of all the passions the flesh and blood are heir to, love is the most sacred. It is a treasure, that ought to be given and obtained to be happy. Without it, life is no life, it is but a blank. A man who is not capable of loving and being loved, is but a cannibal. One seated in the lap of affluence, minus the object of his love, that might

otherwise prove to be a healing balm to the wounds one is sure to receive in the constant wear and tear of life, is the most pitiable and unfortunate of men; and has to carry a life-long pyre within him. My sincere sympathy with him. He lives but without life. This prospective wretchedness—this constant winter of life, this, life without aim and object, alone prompted the sincere and most tender Hindoo wives to embrace the pyre of their dear love. Ram returned—but no, his ghost only returned, and consigned himself to his own chamber, and shed a fountain of tears. He grew mad—he completely lost the balance of his mind. The chairs, the sofas, the gowns, the sades and ornaments that belonged to Sita, grew to be objects of his tender care. Oh, how tender kisses did he imprint on them? The pictures drawn, the works of arts manufactured by Sita Debi, and every other thing belonging to her were passionately impressed to his breast! Oh, how did they smell Sita Debi! Wonder of wonders! Was Sita Debi hiding anywhere there, either to prove his passionate love or to make a fun of him? He searched but found her nowhere; and he again fell down senseless! But misfortune soon awoke him. And why not? Who has ever in this wicked world got consolation amidst his trials in life? If Ram Chander, did not experience the stern realities of life, who else would? Hence the momentary rest—forgetfulness was denied to him. He rose up, and talked to himself. He laughed and flooded his chamber with words of love as if he were in the company of his wife? His kingdom was of no concern to him. He forsook his food, drink and his bed; for how could he enjoy them without the company of her, whom he so wantonly deprived of them and of other pleasures of life, and had sent to the thick wood to be a prey to the animals of the forest? He thought—did he repay the endless debt of gratitude he owed to Sita Debi, for her passionate love for him that had rendered his life most happy, and had showed what a paradise could be found on earth? Oh, how vile, ungrateful he was! How happy could he have been, if he were not born as a prince! Gentle readers, let the Maharaja enjoy the legitimate share of his grief and pick out for himself the amount of consolation, that he deserved. But peace of mind and consolation, are but words without meaning, to a grieving heart. Such was the case with the good Maharaja.

But the administration of his vast Empire was being awfully

neglected without its head. Soon his brothers, his priests and other friends and relations hunted him out of his seclusion, and made him remember, what a colossal duty he owed to his people and state. Ram apparently shook off his mental anguish and applied to his state affairs.

VIII.

Good readers let us now turn our gaze to the unfortunate Sita Debi and look for ourselves the bursting off, of the thick clouds that were so heavily hanging over her head. Now both Sita Debi and Lakhsman reached the bank of the Jumna and crossed the river, and stood at the cottage of Maharsi Valmiki—the author of Ramayan. Here Lakhsman thought it proper to divulge the most cruel mandate of his brother the king, which he so long kept concealed from one who was to him almost a mother, and whom it was destined to fall upon with crushing effect. Oh, how ungrateful he was! He was going to administer venom in return of nectar to one who loved him with the tenderness of a mother, and protected him during fourteen long years as tenderly as a mother-bird protects her young under her wings, amidst stormy weather. Before proceeding any further, Lakhsman broke himself to tears and said what he was ordered by the king to perform. Before he could explain what to poor Sita was but a riddle, Lakhsman swooned away; and Sita Debi tenderly nursed him to consciousness and said, “Lakhsman, you have nothing to be ashamed of to me. You have only done your duty.” The Queen of the great Maharaja found in her delicate condition, the sky over-head break down upon her; and in her state of such confusion, Lakhsman, unable to bear the sight any longer, announced the time of his departure. Notwithstanding her apparent composure, feminine tenderness betrayed itself. The poignant thought that with the departure of Lakhsman she was going to be torn assunder for ever from every object of love, affection and reverence at Oudh, made her mad, and she gave vent to loud cries. She expressed great concern, but not for herself, but for the descendant of the King of Oudh, that was within her. She said, “Lakhsman, did you for this, bridge over the mighty ocean and fought the cannibal king, and slaughtered millions of souls? Lakhsman, I carry within me the son and descendant of Maharaja Ram

Chander—your sovereign and mine, and that alone deter me from laying violent hands upon myself. I am sure, your brother has taken this step with a deal of sufferings and anguish. I am further convinced, he is as kind to me as ever, and that the step he has taken is only to please his people, which he should do. But my regret is, that he has forgotton my trial at Lanka. Be good Lakhsman to convey my sincere love to your brother and sovereign, and take care that he does not pine away for my sake. I have failed to render him happy ; beside I gave him worlds of sufferings. Please convey my sincere prayer to him, to remember me as one of his discharged menials. I am convinced it was proud privilege to have him as my husband, besides I know there is only one Ram Chander but millions of Sita Debis in this wide world. May he live for ever and ever in happiness and prosperity, is and shall be my prayer as long as my life endures. I pray to Heaven that birth after birth, I may be favoured with Ram Chander as my husband. My good Lakhsman convey my salute to my mothers-in-law, and your brother the king, and also make them remember in my name, that my condition is most delicate, and that I carry the child of the Maharaja in me.” After she had finished, she hang out her head in silence for a few minutes with closed eyes, and then again in her poignant grief addressed Ram Chandra in the following way :—

“কিঞ্চ তবাত্যন্তবিয়োগমোঘে
কুর্যামুপেক্ষাং হতজীবিতেশ্বিন্।
আদ্রক্ষণীয়ং যদি মে ন তেজঃ
ঐদীয়মস্তর্গতমস্তরায়ঃ ॥
সাহং তপঃ স্বর্ঘ্যানিবিষ্ট দৃষ্টিঃ,
উর্দ্ধং প্রস্থতেশ্চরিত্বং যতিষ্যে।
ভূয়ো যথা মে জননান্তরেহপি
স্বমেব ভর্তা নচ বিপ্রয়োগঃ ॥”

So saying the good Sita Debi swooned away, but soon regaining her consciousness, she fixed her eyes upon Lakhsman, who was about to depart. Lakhsman could not suffer such scenes any longer and he hastily drew back, and was soon out of her sight. Sita gave way to loud lamentations. Fortunately for her, however, there was the cottage of Moharsi Valmiki close by. The

sage hearing loud female-lamentations, approached where the sound was coming from, and found a most beautiful female figure with majestic air, rending the skies with her cries. He approached closer, and asked, "Mother, who art thou? Take me to be your child, and keep nothing from me. Your very appearance indicates you to be the wife of a very exalted personage." Sita Debi looked up at the divine appearance of the sage, summoned courage, and replied, "Father, I am the daughter-in-law of the late Maharaja Dusrath of Oudh, and—" But before she could finish, the sage said, "Mother, you need not speak anything further. I understand, you are the Queen of the pious Maharaja Ram Chander, and that your husband has sent you to exile, only to please his people. Let us proceed, mother, to my humble cottage, where you will feel at home in my family." So saying the sage conveyed her to his cottage. There the Queen of the mighty empire of Oudh, was housed in the cottage of an anchorite, and was soon brought to bed of twin sons—the successors of the throne of Ram Chander. There amongst the children of the pious sages, and amidst the profoundly captivating and serene nature, the princes were born and brought up, not in the lap of luxury, but in the cradle of want. Secretly they were initiated into the rites of the Khastriys, and were named Labá and Kushá. When they were a little bigger, they were educated both in secular and martial trainings in which they both excelled. In the meantime, Ram Chander announced an Ashawamedha Yajna. The Hindoos are enjoined to observe religious observances, not singly but in company of their wives. But Ram had his wife banished, and he was asked to marry for the sake of religion. He flatly refused, and a gold statue of Sita Debi was made to help him in going through the rites. Maharshi Valmiki, was invited to grace the occasion; and he took with him both of his pupils to Oudh. Laba and Kush, being twin, were almost of the same appearance, and looked as if they were but miniature Ram Chander.

Naturally there were whispers as to who these lads were that had so wonderfully borrowed the semblance of the Maharaja. Laba and Kasha could sing very well, and they were taught to sing Ramayan. One day they were engaged to sing in the inner quadrangle of the Rajbati; and the subject was the "exile of sita." But who these Sita and Ram were the innocent boys

did not know ; nor did they care to know. All that they knew, was that they were the twin sons of their mother, who was the daughter of Maharshi Valmiki. Now the profoundly charming appearance of the boys in their gay attire, the particularly interesting and universally touching theme of the evening, and the sweet and melodious tone of the lads added a peculiar pathos under the current of which all those who heard the song were carried along. The Maharaja, wore a sombre mood and appearance. He felt that in the gesture and in the tone of the boys he smelt of one that had, as if by the turning of the magician's wand, been inducing him to own that the twins were his own. He liked to kiss them but what would the people say ? However he could not help asking them who they were, and to accept reward, as he felt highly pleased by their performance. But they declined in saying that they were but children of the hermitage, and had no necessity for gold and silver. Ram Chander got them seated upon his lap, caressed them and enquired many things of them, but did not dare to ask of them of their mother. The dowager Maharanees got them to the inner appartment, and asked many a questions and tried to feed them with dainties. They declined, saying that they were the sons of a poor sage of the forest and were accustomed to feed upon fruits. But gradually the clamour to know who the lads were, grew universally high ; and the Maharshi was obliged, at last to divulge the secret—that they were the sons of Sita Debi, who was still living in his cottage. He spoke very rapturously of her unique virtues as a wife. Ram Chander, his brothers and mothers shed bitter tears of regret and were eager to get Sita Debi to the palace. The sage sent proper equipage and conveyance to the hermitage with instructions to Sita Debi to come there immediately. The long forgotten good Queen came and was ushered to the Court where Ram sat in state. The mighty Maharaja of a vast and powerful Empire hung down his head in shame, before his Queen, and looked very pitiable. The first moment of feverish enthusiasm had then vanished ; and Ram began to quiver in his determination to receive his wife. While the Queen had long been standing, the Maharaja asked to prove her innocence and purity again for the edification of his people. This touched Sita Debi to the quick. Forbearing talk with anybody there, she with

folded hands, and up-lifted eyes, prayed to Heaven, to receive her to His grace, as the cup of her miseries was full. And for once after long years of sufferings, her sincere prayer was heard. Of the unexpected shock that she received amidst hopes of the dawning happiness, Sita Debi, dropped down dead. Thus passed a pious soul of suffering humanity to the abode of eternal rest and peace, to shine for ages as a beacon-light to the Indian wives, to follow the paths of virtue, faithfulness, love and constancy towards their husbands. Although Sita Debi has long gone to her last home, the Hindoos in general have deified her and have enshrined her in their memory with cherishing love and reverence. Sita Debi or rather her emblem, is still worshipped in temples all over India as a goddess, by both man and woman, every morning and evening with the beating of drums, ringing of bells and blowing of conch-shells.

BIJOY CHANDRA GANGOOLI.

*EUROPE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AS SEEN
AND DESCRIBED BY A BENGALI.*

In the seventeenth century of the Christian Era, India was visited by several European travellers, who have left us interesting accounts of what they saw and did in this country. These travels throw a flood of light on, and enable us to form a tolerably correct idea of, the material condition of the people of India under the Moghal rule. Among these travellers, we may mention the names of Sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador from James I, King of England, at the court of the Moghal Emperor Jahangir; Mandelso, a German who came to Western India in 1639; Nicholas Graaff, a physician who visited Hoogly in 1669; the French jeweller Tavernier, who has described the diamond mines of Golconda and the peacock throne of Delhi; and that prince of seventeenth-century European travellers in India—the Frenchman Bernier, both of whom latter visited this country while Shah Jahan and Aurangzeb were reigning.

The curious reader may ask: "Is there extant any account of mediæval Europe from the pen of an Indian traveller? Is there any description of seventeenth-and-eighteenth-century Europe, as seen by an Oriental? If there is any such, it would be doubly interesting, considering that it would prove an inexhaustible mine of information not only about the condition of that continent during the Middle Ages, but also about the political administration, the social organization, the manners and the customs of Europeans, as viewed and judged from an Oriental standpoint." Fortunately for the cause of antiquarian research, we are in a position to give a reply to the above query in the affirmative. We may congratulate ourselves on the fact that an account of Europe, especially of Great Britain and France, as they were in the eighteenth century A.D., is extant at the present day. It has been given out to the literary world, in an English

garb, by Lieut. James E. Alexander, late of H. M.'s 13th Light Dragoons. This account was written in Persian by a Bengali gentleman, by name Mirza Itesa Moodeen, who visited Great Britain and France in the seventies of the eighteenth century, in the company of an European gentleman named Captain S. The title of this work is *Shigurf Namah i Velaet* or *Excellent Intelligence Concerning Europe*. The Urdu version and the English translation, of this rare and interesting work were published at London* in 1827, and were dedicated by the Translator Lieut. J. E. Alexander to Sir Thomas Munro, Governor of Madras. The absorbing interest of this work lies in the fact that it records the impressions made on a native of India of the middle of the eighteenth century by the more advanced civilization, the superior culture, the manners and customs of the Europeans of that period.

The author, Shaikh Itesa Moodeen, as he has himself told us in the Introduction, was an inhabitant of a village named Panchnour in Bengal. His father's name was one Taj-ud-din. Our author was a youngman while Nawab Jaffer Ali Khan was Subadar of Bengal; and it was during this period that he learnt to read and write Persian fluently under the tuition of one Shaikh Salimullah and Mirza Mahammad Kasim, the Head Munshi of the aforesaid Nawab. During the regime of Kasim Ali Khan, our author entered the service of Major Park and served under the latter during the campaigns against Usud Zaman Khan and the Raja of Birbhum. After the war, he was granted an audience by the Moghal Emperor Shah Alam, and, subsequently, came down to Calcutta with Major Park. After the latter officer had left for Europe, he was employed by one Mr. Strechy, and, subsequently, served for a short time, as Tahsildar of Kutubpur. Thereafter, he served under several Englishmen. When Lord Clive obtained from the Moghal Emperor Shah Alam of Delhi the Dewany of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa for the East India Company, the Great Moghal requested the former to station an English army near him in order to protect him from his enemies. But Lord Clive gave Shah Alam to understand that no English army could be retained near him without first obtaining the orders of the King of England and of the East India Company and that, pending receipt of those orders from England, he should remain at Allahabad. It was,

* Printed for Parbury, Allen, and Co., Leadenhall Street, London, 1827.

therefore, proposed to write and despatch a letter to the King of England, soliciting orders on the subject. The letter was accordingly written; and Captain S. was entrusted with the duty of taking it to England and presenting it to the English King. A Munshi having been required to accompany the Captain, our author, Shaikh Itesa Moodeen, was selected to go with him to Europe. He was, accordingly, given Rs. 4,000 for his expenses from the Moghal Emperor's Treasury. Thereafter he, in company with Captain S., set sail for Europe from the town of Higelee, on the 11th of Shaban in the year 1180 (corresponding to 1765 A. D.) His experiences during this sojourn in Europe have been narrated in the work (*Shigurf Namah I Velaet*) mentioned above. Only two copies of the Persian manuscript of this book were extant when the English translation was published in the twenties of the last century.

Regarding the authenticity of the above work, the Translator says: "The language employed, the similes made use of, and the general reasoning, will immediately convince any person at all acquainted with the manners and habits of Orientals, that the work is anything but spurious, and that it could not have been compiled by any other than a native of the East. Besides, I have made particular enquiries of some of the relations of those gentlemen mentioned in the work, regarding the author; and I have been assured that they are aware of his having travelled to Europe in company with Captain S; they also state that they had heard that he wrote an account of his travels, though they had never seen it."

The author first arrived at Nantes in France, in which town he remained for 16 days, and then went to Calais, where he staid for a fortnight and spent his time by sight-seeing. He says that the countrypeople of France build the walls of their habitations stone and, plaster, and having finished (the wood-work) of the roof of the house, place upon it earthen tiles. As there are no bamboos in Europe, the roof is made with planks. The lower classes live upon broth and barley-bread. Their dress consists of thick woollen, or cloth made from the hemp plant, of which also ropes are spun. Only a few of the people wear (leathern) shoes and boots; but the majority do not. The French nation was, at that time, deservedly famous for its

cultivation of all the arts and sciences. Our author was also impressed with the superiority of the French in this respect ; but he has a fling at them for their pride and constant attempt to show off their superiority to all other nations of Europe. He says : " The French assert that the English are instructed by them in music and horsemanship, for the wealthy among the English send their sons and daughters to the schools in France ; in consequence of which, they say, the English are now skilled in the arts and sciences. In former times, they had neither the ability nor the skill, which they now possess, and were ignorant like the generality of Hindustanis : however they allow that they are brave soldiers. The lower classes of English (say they) do not go to foreign countries to serve or get employment ; why ? because they are stupid race and slow at acquiring knowledge ; therefore, even if they did go to other countries, no person would employ them ; consequently they would be reduced to misery for want of food and clothes. But the French caste are skilled in all the arts and sciences ; and wherever they go they ingratiate themselves with strangers and acquire dignity and honour. In short, I clearly perceived that the whole conversation of the French was an attempt to display their own superiority ; and, without any good reason they abused other castes." But the French language is pronounced by our author to be sweet and elegant ; and he informs us that it is for these reasons that the English studied it. But he has a low opinion about the religion of the French, which is Roman Catholicism. This is due to the fact that the latter creed tolerates the placing of effigies and pictures in churches, and inculcates the performance of ceremonies which partake of the nature of idolatrous observances, which latter are quite opposed to the tenets of Islam. The sight of the graven and painted images in the French churches and of the Roman Catholic ceremonies and processions inspired him with a contempt for Papistry, as will appear from the following passage : " The French and other nations place the effigies of Hazrat Eesa (Jesus Christ) and Mariam (The Virgin Mary) in their churches, and worship them. But the caste of English consider this kind of idolatry as an exceeding wickedness ; and, unlike these other castes, they keep their churches devoid of all pictures. Every

year the French, on the anniversary of the birth of Hazrat Eesa, make the effigy of a pregnant woman as a representation of Virgin Mary. They cause it to seem as if in labour, and, at the time of the birth of the child, they draw a *sanguineum pannum* from under the skirt of the effigy, during which music plays, and they shout with joy. They then seat the wooden effigy on a throne, and reverently fall down and worship it, Whilst I was contemplating this exhibition in the island of Mauritius, Captain S. and Mr. Peacock laughed at what the French were engaged in, and said to me, "this schism (or change from the original belief) arises from ignorance and folly. This prevails both in the religion of the French and in that of others, but the English are free from this wicked practice." "Again the caste of French and others are very bigoted; for if any Mussulman were to go to their country, and were to call to prayers with a sonorous voice and follow other rites of Islam, they would instantly cast him into the fire." But our author is convinced of the universal toleration prevalent in England, and has expressed his satisfaction at it in the following terms: "On the other hand, the system of the English is that of perfect reconciliation. In their country, if a Mussulman were to build a mosque, and, according to the ritual of Islam, were to call to prayers and pray, they would never prevent him, for they say, "what is it to us what the religion or faith of another may be;" for this is a common saying "Eesa for his faith, and Moses for his faith."

The Roman Catholic clergy, and the practice of confessing sins before them, have come in for a good deal of denunciation from Shaikh Itesa Moodeen. He says: "Among the French, &c, there are lakhs of hypocritical and wealthy priests. It is one of the customs of the French (for the women and men) to repair once a year to the priest who is their confessor, and individually to divulge to him whatever sins or wicked actions they have committed during the year: and every one, according to his means, gives a large present to the priest in order that he, by prayer and fasting, may intercede with the Almighty in their behalf, when God, through his mediation, will blot out their iniquities. The English ridicule all this, and say: "What folly and blindness is this! How will God,

who is the King of Kings and the Cazi (Judge) of the Day of Judgment, pardon the sins of people from the entreaties of such impure and useless priests?" He has summed up his experience of the Roman Catholic priesthood by saying that, with their consummate hypocrisy, they lead the people astray and have amassed great wealth.

After leaving Calais, our author arrived at the then small sea-port of Dover in England. Here he gave rise to a good deal of curiosity among the residents, who came to see him in crowds and showed great kindness towards him. One day he was taken to an Assembly Room, where a ball was going on. On his arrival, the dancing and music ceased; "and the assembled ladies and gentlemen, after examining his robe, turban, shawl and other parts of his costume, thought that it was a dress for dancing or acting in, although our author tried his best to convince them of their erroneous impression. But they would not believe him.

Then Shaikh Itesa Modeen went to London where he put up in Captain S's brother's house in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. He was highly pleased with the British metropolis. The Londoners were much gratified on having this visitor from the East in their midst, for the reason that, before his visit, they had never seen an Oriental dressed in his national costume, and took him for a grandee of Bengal.

The city of London, as it was towards the sixties of the eighteenth century, agreeably surprised our author by its magnitude and beauty which were far less in those days than what they are now. He was simply enraptured at the sight of this city, for he says: "What can I say in praise of the city of London? for, on the whole face of the earth, there is no other so large or so beautiful. My tongue wants ability to describe, in a fitting manner, the excellence of that city." He says that, in London, most of the houses are built of brick and three and five stories high, only the churches being constructed of stone. The floors of the houses are made of wood; the ceilings are painted white; and the walls are covered with coloured paper. The streets, he says, are spacious, run in straight lines, and are paved with stones. On

both sides are houses three and five stories high, which are built on an uniform plan, resembling the Calcutta barracks of those days. The wealthier people inhabit the first and second floors of the houses ; the third floor is set apart for the servants ; and the ground floor is rented out as shops. The owners of houses affix on the upper part of the outer doors, brass plates with their names engraved thereon. Artizans and tradespeople have attached to their doors, boards on which signs indicative of their professions are painted ; as for instance, a shoe-maker has the figure of a shoe ; a baker, the picture of a loaf ; and a fruiterer, different kinds of fruits. The Tower of London, with its armoury containing a large number of cannon of brass and gun-metal, both plain and ornamented ; the St. Paul's Cathedral with its remarkable echo* ; the Westminster Abbey with its statuary executed by celebrated sculptors ; the King's and Queen's Palaces ; the St. James's Park with its avenues of shady walnut trees and herds of deer ; the Vauxhall Gardens ; and the theatres and circuses have been described with an accuracy and minuteness of details which are scarcely to be found in the work of an eighteenth-century Oriental. This speaks volumes in favour of the remarkable observational powers and grasp of intuition possessed by our author.

With respect to the London theatres, Shaikh Itesa Modeen has penned the following remarks which are very graphic :—

“ In Europe the manner in which plays are acted, and balls and musical parties conducted, is (entirely) different from that of Hindoostan. The people of this country (India) send for the singers to their own houses, where they view the entertainments and squander away a large sum of money for one night's amusement. In Europe, it is usual for a few individuals to enter into partnership, (or) as it is called in English, a company. They fit up a house, in which dancing-girls, skilful musicians, singers, and actors, are engaged to perform. The audience consists of from three to four thousand people. The lower orders, who sit above

* Our author says with respect to the St. Paul's Cathedral : “ There are no stone buildings, either of the strength, height, or size of this in Hindoostan, with the exception of a few domes of Bejapoor.”

all, give one shilling, equal in value to half a rupee; the middle classes, who sit lowest of all, a rupee and a half; and the great folks and noblemen, who sit round the middle of the house, give two rupees and a half. Separate rooms (boxes) are allotted for them. The place, where the King sits, is in front of the dancers. His Majesty sits there along with one or two of the Princes, and these give each an *ashrutee* (a gold mohur). Now it is to be understood, that a poor man for eight annas, and a rich individual for two rupees and a half, see a spectacle which is fit for Royalty itself, and which the people of this country have not even seen in their dreams. In one night, the dancers and musicians collect five or six thousand rupees, which cover the expenses; and the audience is sufficiently amused."

"It is the aim of this caste (the English) to accomplish great undertakings at little expense. In Hindoostan, luxurious young men, for seeing a nautch, squander away, in one night, one or two hundred rupees; and lakhs of rupees of patrimony, which they may succeed to, in a short time take wing."

"How can I describe the dances, the melodious sounds of violins and guitars, and the interesting stories which I heard, and (all the things) which I saw? My pen lacks ability to write even a short panegyric."

After residing in London for three months, our author made an excursion to that ancient seat of learning—the university-town of Oxford, which is said by him to be three stages distant from the former city. There he beheld the buildings of the University and the ancient churches, which were (then) upwards of one thousand years old, but quite undilapidated. He also saw old gardens, which were laid out with beds of flowers and clumps of trees, the branches of the latter being twisted and clipped so as to resemble men, quadrupeds, &c., all of which were curious examples of the art of topiary.

Here he met with Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Jones, who subsequently became Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Calcutta, and founded the Asiatic Society of Bengal—the parent of all the existing Oriental Societies throughout

the world. In the company of Captain S. and Mr. Jones, he visited the Library (most likely the now famous Bodleian Library), where he saw numerous books written in Persian and Arabic. He also saw one Professor Hunt, who shewed him many Persian works, as also a translation of the *Kalila wa Dumnna*, which is the Arabic version of the *Fables of Pilpay* which is, in its turn, the Persian rendering of that celebrated collection of fables in Sanskrit entitled the *Panchatantra*. He also went to a library, where he saw many excellent statues and pictures by the most skilful sculptors and painters. The library here referred to is, no doubt, the Ashmolean Museum, which is rich in antique sculptures and paintings by the old masters. Regarding these statues and paintings, Shaikh Itesa Modeen observes as follows: "These were purchased and brought here from foreign countries at a great price: some of them for ten and twenty thousand rupees. The generality of statues of males and females, which are cut from marble, are from Greece. These statues are commonly five, six, or seven cubits in height: perhaps formerly mankind was of this stature. Although I was no judge of the excellencies or imperfections in these statues, yet I was able to observe that, in beauty, expression of countenance, gracefulness and dignity, they did not differ a hair's breadth from an animated body. The sculptors, who formed these, bore away the palm from Mani* and Furhud.† Although, at this time, England is the emporium of the arts in Europe, notwithstanding this, I heard that now-a-days they are not able to produce such pictures and statues as these."

He also visited the Observatory attached to the University. It is, says he, nine stories high; and in every story, there are works on astronomy and astrology. He says that the doctors (meaning the astronomers) ascend to the top of the building and, therefrom, "by means of a large telescope, contemplate the seven heavens and twelve signs of the Zodiac, and investigate the influences of the

* A celebrated Chinese sculptor.

† A Persian statuary of great celebrity.

‡ The seven regions of the world.

fixed stars and planets, and of every sign." Here he also saw the map of the seven climates‡ (i.e. of the world), astrolabes, and other astronomical instruments. Lastly, the School of Medecine and Anatomy was visited, where he saw human skeletons, the bones whereof were joined together carefully by means of iron wires, suspended from the roof of the building.

Skating.—After "doing the lions" of Oxford, our author, in company with Captain S., started for Scotland. It was the height of winter then, and the surface of the earth was frozen over with ice. In the course of his journey northwards, he found people skating on the ice, about the practice of which pastime he had been rather sceptical. But the ocular proof dispelled all his doubts; and he has described the whole process of skating minutely. In doing so, he has gone the length of saying that "when they glided along, the white-robed people of Europe appeared as if angels had descended from heaven and were walking on the earth, or as if fairies were skimming along the level surface of the ground." After a short time, he arrived at Edinburgh, where he stayed at the house of Captain S.'s father.

Description of Scotland.—He says that Scotland is divided into highlands and lowlands and abounds in mountains and forests; that the cities are fewer in number than those of England; and that the towns are daily increasing in importance with the increase of wealth among the people. The Scotch people, says he, are abstemious, able and industrious; and their valour and bravery are much admired. They consider themselves far superior to the English whom they accuse of being great gluttons and possessed of inferior courage. The English, on the other hand, consider themselves superior to the Scotch by reason of their greater wealth and despise the latter for being poor. Our author says that the Scotch language differs from the English only in a few terms.

The Scotch people mainly live upon a kind of grain whose seed is blackish (our author, no doubt, refers thereby to oats); and they also feed their horses upon it.

He has also described the Highlands of Scotland, in which region, he says, there are only a few towns; but mountains, forests and desolate places abound therein. The Highlanders wear a bonnet

and jacket, but neither breeches nor boots. The lower part of their body is draped to the knee with the skirt of their jackets, the knee being left bare. Below the knee, they wear cotton stockings on their legs, and shoes with buckles on their feet, and carry with them a double-edged sword. This people, he says, are famous for their valour—a statement which holds good of them at the present day also.

Our author has given us accurate descriptions of the agriculture and horticulture, the mode of travelling and the inns, the administration, the army and navy, the law and administration of justice, the educational system, the food, the sports and pastimes, the hospitals and orphanages, and the personal characteristics of the English.

Agriculture.—The mode of agriculture, pursued in England, is very different from that of India. The soil of England is generally poor and stony. The method of tillage is as follows: firstly, the ground is cleared by throwing away the stones; then, it is manured with the dung of cows and horses, mixed with straws. Then the soil is dug up with ploughs drawn by two and, sometimes, by four horses. Then the seed is sown. These operations are done in the summer, when the heat causes the ice to melt. Barley and all kinds of grain are raised in this manner, the crops being ready for the sickle in four or five months. Only one crop is grown annually in England.

The horses of England are higher and more powerful than those of India, one of the former equalling in strength two of the latter. The agricultural population and the working people keep horses for their carts and ploughs and use them as beasts of burden. The work done in India by oxen, asses, camels and buffaloes is done in England by horses alone.

Horticulture.—Among the flowers grown in English gardens, our author mentions the *gul-mekn-dee* (the balsam); *gul-shubba* (the tuberose); *gulab* (the common rose); *aj-i-khuras* (the cockscomb flower); *lulah* (the tulip); *nafurman* (not identifiable); *genda* (the marigold); *beluk* (*Jasminum sambac*); *moyra* (the double Arabian jasmine); *murgish* (the narcissus); *jor* (the common jasmine) and *chumbelee*. Our author says: "Besides these, there are many white, red, yellow, and blue flowers, whose names I am

unacquainted with. There is one, however, the gul-i-carnation, of a red color, concerning which I recollect the following couplet in praise of a mistress :

“The rose is red, the violet’s blue ;

“Carnation’s sweet, and so are you.”

I observed thousands of roses, which were all very large ; and in other countries, I never saw such large roses.”

The art of topiary, *i.e.*, of distorting and clipping trees into the shapes of animals and birds, was practised, as will appear from the mention, made by our author, of the examples he saw at Oxford. The gardens were also well laid out.

Political Administration.—The following observations on the political administration of Great Britain will, no doubt, be read with considerable interest, and show our author’s appreciation of the English method of Government and his sense of the difference between it and an Oriental despotism :—“The King of England, in matters of government, is not independent, like the Great Mogul of India, but in all state affairs can do nothing without first consulting and advising with his ministers and nobles, and a few men selected from the middle classes. If, as in the Government of India, discord arise among the rulers, undoubtedly the wealth and government will depart from their hands. * * * *

“In England every one is free ; no one can lord it over another ; and there is no such thing known as master and slave ; which is totally different from the usages of other countries, in which all are slaves of the king. In England, both great and small would be greatly ashamed at the term slave. They say : “We call one person king, for, without that, government could not be carried on, and therefore we have set a ruler over us ; but we all individually take some charge in governing. Our caste, in order to increase its renown in conflicts with our enemies, sacrifices both life and estate ; but no one is a slave. However, we do not deviate a hair’s breadth in paying due respect and honour to the King and his ministers ; and, in the same way, His Majesty thinks it incumbent on him to shew a proper regard for his subjects, and rules in a mild and gentle manner.”

The Army.—Our author found that the English army was divided into several detachments, which were quartered in different cantonments, all over England. It is recruited, says he, from persons who are possessed of strong physique and proper height. The recruits are drilled either as dragoons or foot-soldiers, and are dressed in clean uniforms. They get their rations, pay (which was then Rs. 8 *per mensem*), and uniforms from the government. Each of the cavalry regiments was found by our author to consist of seven hundred horses, all of which were of one color. Thus there was one regiment whose remounts were black; another which had white or bay ones; and so on. The discipline enforced in the army is so strict that a soldier looks upon the commander-in-chief's orders in the light of God's mandates, and that, if an officer's order is disobeyed in the least, the delinquent is either punished with death or discharged from the regiment with such ignominy that he cannot serve again under the government. Flight from the scene of action, when a battle is going on, renders the craven-hearted soldier liable to the penalty of death. *Loot* taken in warfare is distributed among the officers and privates according to the recipients' rank and status—a custom which is quite contrary to that of other nations such as the French and the Portuguese.

The Navy.—The English people excels all other nations in the knowledge of naval warfare. They have a natural aptitude for it, which is the reason of their superior skill therein. As England is an island, the English fleet constantly cruises round it. It is for this reason that no hostile European nation can invade England. The English have a large fleet of men-of-war which, in times of war, they keep fully equipped. But, in the times of peace, some of these vessels, says our author, are dismantled and unrigged. But, on the breaking out of hostilities, they are quickly refitted and sent out to sea.

Law and the Administration of Justice.—On the subject of the English laws and mode of administering justice, Shaikh Iqbal Modéen's observations are interesting, in as much as they shew his sense of appreciation thereof, by comparison of the same with the laws and regulations prevalent under the Moghal administration. We will, therefore, allow him to speak for himself thereon: "When a dispute arises concerning goods or land, both the plaintiff and defendant

appear in court, and each party employs a lawyer. Months and years sometimes elapse before judgment is given, in which case both parties expend immense sums in lawyers' fees, and in the expenses of court. The party, against whom the decision is given, pays the expenses of the other. In a similar manner to the above, a court has been instituted in Calcutta."

"The regulations and usages of the court are as follows. There is no respect of persons; neither bribes nor gifts are permitted; if one party be accused of bribery, even although he may have (in justice) the best of the cause, yet the judges immediately imagine that he is making false allegations. If a prince or nobleman ride through a field (of grain) and tread down the crop, then whatever was the extent of damage the farmer stated he had sustained, the prince or nobleman would be called into court, and compelled to pay the farmer ten times more than the amount of the injury suffered; besides an additional fine would be imposed. The intention of this regulation is, that no rich man may have power to oppress a poor man."

"In England, a person cannot escape the punishment for murder by paying a fine, as in Bengal, where the institutes of Imam Aboo Mahammad and Imam Huneefa are still followed, by which a murderer may escape if the relatives of the murdered man choose to allow him: if they do not, the criminal pays to Government a certain fine, and the judges pardon him. But in England, the judges first maturely deliberate in a case of murder; and where a creature of God has been destroyed, the criminal is consigned to execution."

"For theft, the law is not similar to that of Mahammad, who orders the hand to be cut off if a greater amount than eight annas has been stolen. In England, the person who plunders, using at the same time force and violence, subjects himself to be executed. The English say that the punishment of the thief is not to be abated according to the amount of property he may have abstracted, for, when a person intends to steal, he will take as much as he can get, and if he could have laid hold of more than he actually carried off, he would have taken that likewise. A thief, then, is deserving of death. Notwithstanding this being the law, diggers of mines (burglars), cutters of knots, and pick-pockets abound in England."

“The courts of law have nothing to do with cases of simple fornication, unless a woman complains that she was forcibly violated. When a man is convicted of having committed a rape, he is sentenced to be executed. Besides the sentence of death, there is no other punishment for rape or robbery.”

Education.—The English nobility and gentry commence the education of their boys and girls when the latter are only four years old, and send them to schools at distant places—for which, says our author, the people of Hindustan accuse the English of being hard-hearted. But the charge is groundless, for this supposed hard-heartedness is the greatest kindness the parents can shew to their children, because by teaching them the arts and sciences, the latter are enabled to lead their lives happily and comfortably. Whereas, in Hindustan, the parents, by keeping their children at home, render them ignorant and indirectly prepare them for leading vicious lives.

The children are, first of all, taught the letters of the alphabet, which are written on a board; then easy lessons are given to them; thereafter, they are taught to read pleasant fables and stories which are calculated to delight them. The boys sit on a form in one line at school. The teacher, armed with a leathern strap, walks along from one end of the line down to the other, and, in this way, hears the students repeat their lessons. If a scholar makes a mistake, the tutor thwacks him on the back with the strap with such force that his flesh is, more after than not, cut open. There are separate schools for girls. A knowledge of music, dancing, and riding is considered indispensable for the children of the wealthy class; otherwise they are taunted with being descended from poor parents. Those ladies, who cannot sing or dance, are considered inferior and never get well married. The lower classes of the people, after imparting to their children, an elementary knowledge of the three R's, teach them different branches of trade.

Foundling Hospitals.—Our author found both in France and England institutions which appeared to him to be quite novel, as they were quite unknown in India in those days. These are orphanages and foundling hospitals. Women, seduced by faithless lovers, often give birth to offsprings whom, from a sense of shame, they are unable to acknowledge and maintain as their children

publicly. After the birth, they wait for the approach of night and, under cover of darkness, take their new-born babes to these hospitals, place them at the gates thereof, and leave them there. Our author found that there were thousands of boys and girls of this description in these institutions, where they were, first of all, well grounded in the rudiments of learning, and, then, instructed in different branches of trade.

Inns and Modes of Travelling.—The only mode of travelling in vogue in England, at the time of our author's sojourn there, was going by stage-coaches. These coaches ran both day and night, the horses being changed every five and six coss. The travellers took their rest or sleep while sitting therein. At every stage, there were commodious inns, where corn and hay for the horses and meat and drink for the travellers could be had. The coaches stopped at these inns for a quarter of an hour, during which time the travellers partook of their meals which were kept ready for them. At each of these inns, a large number of horses were kept. When a person was desirous of undertaking a journey, he went, first of all, to the inn and paid beforehand the amount of fare commensurate with the distance he had to travel. The poor people, generally, hired horses whereon they rode to their destination; while those, who were in very indigent circumstances, were obliged to walk on foot.

Sports and Pastimes.—The English are very fond of hunting. The fox and the hare are hunted with the aid of large dogs. The mode of hunting is described by the Shaikh as follows:—A number of people subscribe and keep, perhaps, a hundred dogs. When there is to be a hunt, a hundred or fifty men assemble on the plain, every one mounted on a fleet steed. The huntsman, taking the dogs along with him, is also mounted: he carries a horn in his hand. The pack is then let loose, and the dogs separate and beat about in the jungles, and on the common in search of the game. When the huntsman sounds his horn, although the dogs be ever so far off, the moment they hear the blast, they immediately collect round him: again, upon his making a sign, they go off in search of the game. When a deer happens to be started, they follow after it, and never give up the pursuit. During the chase, the horsemen follow the dogs constantly, and without the

least fear, even to the distance of ten and twelve coss ; they never pause a moment to take breath. If they come to a ditch on the plain, or a wall or fence the height of a man or even more, they cause the horse to clear these obstacles, and, until the death of the stag, they never allow themselves any rest."

Riding is a favorite form of exercise with the English. The wealthy among them teach their sons riding from a very early age, which habit they keep up till they grow very old. All forms of work entailing fatigue and labor are considered honorable ; whereas habits of laziness and indolence are considered disgraceful. These ideas, says our author, are quite different from those prevalent among the great men of India, who, according to him, employ themselves in eating *pilaos*, in drinking water cooled with saltpeter, and recline on soft velvet cushions, and couches, and walk about slowing (?) in a mighty consequential manner. They are always reposing themselves and giving themselves fine airs." Contrasting, in the above way, the active and manly habits of the English with the indolent and ease-loving proclivities of the people of India, our author, with a very subtle and prophetic insight, predicts, in the following language, the subjugation of this country by the British :—

"Of a truth, that country in which the soldiers, the great and the low, are affected and effeminate in their manners, then assuredly it will be subdued by a brave nation and a warlike people. The country will depart from the hands of those people whose manners are luxurious and unmanly."

Many of the English people are addicted to gambling, by which they lose all their property and effects. But what is very strange, they will stick to this pernicious habit, notwithstanding their heavy losses. There are a few who acquire riches by games of hazard ; but a good many are ruined and reduced to poverty by it.

The Food of the English.—The Shaikh says that the kinds of eatables procurable in England are so many and various that it is difficult to enumerate them.

"If you wish to get fowl's milk, you can procure it there." In another part of his work, he says that the English are in the habit of eating their food without flavouring the same with spices, ghee,

and salt, in consequence of which an offensive odour emanates from their viands, which is very disagreeable to the olfactory sense of an Indian and, therefore, renders the same unpalatable to the latter.

The Characteristics of the English.—The English nation is celebrated throughout the world for bravery and skill in military tactics. They abhor the habit of self-laudation and consider it disgraceful to boast of their own exploits. If an officer, who has greatly distinguished himself in battle by conspicuous bravery, be asked to narrate the particulars of the engagement, he gives a plain unvarnished account of the events as they occurred. They do not at all like being praised before their very faces by others, but are rather annoyed at it. If any body greatly extols the gallantry and pluck of the aforesaid officer to his very face, he looks down towards his own feet and remains silent, while beads of perspiration pour off from his face from a sense of extreme bashfulness. They look down upon egotists, cowards, sycophants and flatterers in the same way as they do upon liars. Sweating and using profane language are very much disliked by them. They consider it very sinful to use the expression "God damn me," although the lower classes of the population constantly use this form of oath. The nobility and the gentry consider it very wrong to call another man a liar or a thief. If such language is used in the course of a dispute, both the disputants go out and fight with pistols. If, however, one of them refuse to fight, he is thenceforth looked down upon as a coward both by the high and the low, and cannot again show his face amongst his associates. If one of the parties get killed in the duel, the other flies to a foreign country, where he stays till the storm blows over. A leading trait in the character of this nation is that they consider their honour dearer to them than life itself. The English are, by nature, shrewd men of business. They do not waste their money and consider it very disgraceful to be indebted. The middle class people deposit their money with a banker and receive interest for it monthly, the principal remaining intact. They are very thrifty. Many a rich man among them have only one man-servant to attend upon, shave and dress them; a female cook; a chamber-maid, and a single groom for the horses, all of which servants carry on the business of the house. While the master is engaged in outdoor pursuits such as hunting and touring, his wife keeps the accounts and supervises the

conduct of the whole household affairs. Many wealthy people, who have families, keep no carriage. When they require one, they hire a bazar conveyance. Noblemen, and even princes, do not think it beneath their dignity to walk on foot to their places of destination, either during the day or the night. Whenever they have to go out, they do so with plain clothes on and a stick in their hands, unattended by any liveried footman. In this respect, they differ from the Rajas and wealthy men of India who are attended by *nukcees*, *chobdars*, *esawals*, foot and horse, rockets and standards, and *mahe muratib*.* The Englishmen regard this lavish display, this pride and pomp of circumstance as absurd and useless and laugh at the people of this country for being such consummate fools and blockheads. An Englishman's ideal is first to earn an honest competence sufficient to enable him to maintain himself comfortably and, then, to apply himself, during the remainder of his life, to the acquisition of knowledge. He never remains idle even for a single minute. He is not like a native of India, who repeats Hindi and Persian poems in praise of a mistress's face, or descriptive of the qualities of the wine, of the goblet and of the cup-bearer.

European Mode of Marriage.—In European marriages, the consent of both the lady and the gentleman is required. The man should be handsome, possess a sweet temper, be wealthy, and skilled in business. If he is not possessed of wealth, he must have some means of livelihood. The lady, on the other hand, must be of prepossessing appearance, have an agreeable temper, a dowry from her father or her former husband, and well up in some branches of the fine arts. Some people have only an eye to wealth and marry for money only. If a lady has the misfortune to be both ugly and poor, nobody will take her to wife.

Reflections on the English and Oriental Ideals of Life.—The Shaik's observations on the difference between the English and Oriental ideals of life shew, in no uncertain manner, that his ideas were far in advance of the times in which he lived. He strongly denounces the frivolous pursuits, the effeminate ways and the vicious lives led by the wealthy people of India; whereas he descants, in an admiring spirit, upon the pure and sweet lives and the lofty

aims of Englishmen. I cannot, therefore, help quoting below his remarks on this subject:—

“The wise men of the English say that the acquiring of worldly wealth causes life to pass pleasantly and happily, if there be also a searching after wisdom and increase of knowledge. Worldly riches ought not to be appropriated for eating and drinking alone, or for leading a luxurious life, or for collecting together a great number of women, or for sitting and viewing dances night and day. It is strange, however, that the noblemen of Hindustan, who may happen to be wealthy, constantly remain shut up with their women, and unlike men, coquet and flirt as if they were females. On their heads they wear a *joradar** turban, and have their trousers and sleeves plaited, and wear a jama like the gown of a female, and apply perfumes and rouge to their breasts, and missee† upon their lips: upon their teeth and eyes they rub antimony, and on the palms of their hands they apply hennah; they tie their hair in a knot behind, and scent it and wear it long. Notwithstanding all these effeminate airs, they go abroad with a numerous retinue with great pomp and display, like warriors. When they go out in state, there is a mighty ceremony; there are rockets, and standards, nukeebes, and chobdars, and pursuivants and attendants of all sorts, who call out with a loud voice, “keep off! keep off!” and “*poish! poish!*”‡ and entreat for long life and prosperity (to their lord). These are the customs of this time amongst the noblemen of India. In Europe, such ceremony and state are considered useless and foolish, and such a retinue would be mocked and laughed at. In fine, the people of England, until the age of thirty, apply themselves to business. They travel and view the wonders and curiosities of the world; and, after they have made some money, they then marry and remain at home, and ceasing to wander about, they live (quietly) with their wives.”

After spending two years and nine months in travelling to Europe and staying there, our author returned to Bengal in the month of Katik (October-November) of the Hejira year 1183 (corresponding to 1768 A. D.)

A particular mode of tying on the turban.

† A preparation of vitriol, which imparts a black tinge to the part to which it is applied.

‡ These words mean “Go! go!”

FASHIONS OF THE PERIOD.

FROM A DOCTOR OF LONDON.

Does modern education lead us to a more correct estimate of the beauties of nature, or convert us from the conventional to the true ideal of perfection and of beauty. We fear not. We pity the poor ignorant savages of the continent of America when we read of their perverted taste, exemplified by the custom of modelling the form of their crania into as near an approach as possible to the cubic, by enclosing the growing heads of their tender infants in strong and unyielding wooden boxes. We are amused at the gait of the Chinese ladies as they hobble along on those stunted pediments, which might have been useful feet if their growth had not been checked by the early and persevering application of bandages in conformity with their civilized idea of beauty. The tattooed features of the South Sea Islanders and the befeathered heads of the Obeibways, excite our laughter and contempt. Now, in truth, we are, even in the matter of *harmless* personal adornment, not a whit in advance of our so called savage brothers and sisters; as witness our men's hats adorned with peacocks' feathers, &c., &c.; our women's hats no longer used as head coverings, but as brow shades, and ornamented with flying plumes gathered from the tails of the dung-hill cocks; out black stain for the eyelids and *bleu pour les veines*—our forms of tattooing. But in *baneful* adornments we fall far behind the savage people, and to this phase of false taste we wish to draw special attention.

We commenced these remarks with the relation of a case of ruined constitution, disease, and death, caused by the systematic use of tight-lacing. This hurtful habit, now greatly on the increase, is generally misunderstood. Ladies give what they

consider a satisfactory reply to the charge of tight-lacing—"I assure you that I could put my hand between my stays and waist." This may be true or not, it matters little, for the evil consists in the gradual modelling of the waist by systematic pressure begun in girlhood. The size of the waist is in this manner prevented from further growth, its normal development being arrested so as to perpetuate the slender waist of the child, while all other parts are allowed to expand into the natural bulk of women. This, and not the amount of pressure necessary to maintain the small size, is the real evil. The small waist is made not so much by actual squeezing as by the maintenance of a rigorous ceinture that prevents all further development. The evils arising from this stunted and shrunken waist have been so often described as to require no notice here. The next harmful of the modern female decoration is, perhaps, the chignon. The girl of the period is not satisfied with only one head, but adds head to head in 'Siamese-twins' fashion. Is it "that one small head" can not "carry all" she knows? But as these remarks are intended, not for artistic, but physiological purposes, we must not discuss the merits of the chignon in its ornamental capacity; we will merely observe that since its introduction cases of brain fever are enormously on the increase, being nearly doubled in number. Headaches are also much more prevalent. These consequences might be anticipated from the use of a machine so powerfully retentive of animal heat.

The paniers, being harmless exaggerations, may be passed without comment, but the high heeled shoes and boots merit notice. The necessary result of the use of these instruments of torture is a great increase of pressure against the toes, giving rise to distortions, corns callosities, &c., for the feet are placed on a sloping instead of a flat surface. The instep becomes flattened, and the much admired arch of the foot falls to a level or more. The ankle-joint loses its proper bearings; all the weight of the body being placed on its posterior surface, it gradually loses form. The muscles of the calf, by the relaxation of the *tendo achillis*, waste in bulk and acquire a tendency to spasms, Ease, elegance and dignity of gait are rapidly lost, and a nervous trotter is as rapidly acquired.

But of all the hurtful customs growing out of perversion of

taste, the worst is, we think, the alternate wrapping and denuding the chest and shoulders. The tender and sensitive young lady, who enjoys the warmth of fur and other wrappings during the carriage drive or morning walk, is in the evening exposed, with denuded bosom and shoulders, to the draughty atmosphere of the opera-house or the ball-room. To enable our delicately-nurtured English matrons and maidens to resist such extreme changes, would require an amount of vigur rarely possessed by them, and consumption too often follow, as a natural consequence, the gaieties of the London season. We feel that we are touching on delicate ground, but our interest in the well-being of our fair fellow-country women makes us reckless of all censure. We therefore boldly assert, that however a low dress may suit the ballet-dancers, it is both unseemly and dangerous to our matrons and maidens.

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A SHAKESPEARIAN DISCOVERY.

THE POET AS LITIGANT.

TEXT OF THE DOCUMENTS.

By CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE (of the University of Nebraska,
Lincoln, U.S.A.)

All the world is always interested in Shakespeare. Scholars have searched, one would suppose every nook and cranny that might hold the slightest evidence bearing upon his life and career. An announcement of a discovery of important public documents concerning Shakespeare at this day, therefore, strikes one with excited surprise. Yet the fact is that in the State archives are valuable documents hitherto unknown touching the last year of the great poet's life. These documents I discovered in His Majesty's Public Record Office some weeks ago, while making a systematic research concerning the children companies at Blackfriars and Whitefriars theatres from 1597 to the middle of the reign of James I.,—practically a new field, despite the fact that nearly every Shakespeare scholar for a century and a half has glanced at it.

It may be of interest to scholars to know in this connection that during my absence from the University of Nebraska, in the past year while working in various libraries and public archives, I have come upon documents and other evidences hitherto unknown or unused in dramatic and stage history. These are not numerous, but they change the view of the early history of both

Blackfriars and Whitefriars theatres, as also of the origin, career, and outcome of the children companies there, besides throwing light on certain authors and plays. Incidentally, in addition to the discoveries published below, I have come upon other items touching Shakespeare, particularly elucidating the famous passage in "Hamlet" concerning the children, and contributing toward the question that cluster about the 1603 and 1604 "Hamlet" quartos.

In conducting my researches in the Public Record Office concerning "Blackfriars" and "Whitefriars," taking into account not only "theatre" and "playhouse" but also "messuages," "lands," etc., I came in natural course upon the present documents that add an item in the life of the great poet.

These are the result of a suit in the Court of Chancery, in which William Shakespeare is one of the plaintiffs and Mathew Bacon defendant. The suit concerns certain London "dwelling houses or messuages," etc., possessed by Shakespeare and his neighbouring property owners in the Blackfriars precincts, near the renowned old Blackfriar's theatre.

There are three documents—the Bill of Complaint, the defendant's Answer, and the decree of the Court, dated respectively April 26, May 5, and May 22, 1615. The property in question formerly belonged to the Blackwell estate. For some reason yet to be explained, Ann Bacon, widow, who seems to have been a Blackwell, held certain "deeds, charters, letters patents," etc., which were necessary to the titles of the various properties. These legal papers were "left in trust with Ann Bacon" say Shakespeare and his fellow plaintiffs, for their "use and behoof." But "Ann Bacon being lately dead," all the papers in question came into the hands of Mathew Bacon, her son and sole executor. Soon after her death, Shakespeare and those concerned with him had apparently sought to have the executor deliver up the papers. Failing in this, they were forced to bring suit in order to ensure the titles to their possessions. In his answer, Mathew Bacon denies that he holds these deeds, etc., in trust, but admits possession of them merely as his mother's executor. In his view he cannot deliver them until legally discharged by the court. He declares, therefore, that the suit against him is unjust,

The decision of the Lord Chancellor favours Shakespeare and associates, and orders Mathew Bacon to bring the papers in question into court, "to be disposed of as shall be meet," suggesting also that the plaintiffs may take further action if they will.

To the literary student and Shakespeare lover this is the most interesting discovery in many years. In fact, it is more interesting than immediately contributive. So far as is known, this is the only suit in which Shakespeare was ever engaged, except the one concerning the Stratford tithes in 1612. It occurs, too, in the last year of his life. It is extremely gratifying to know that Shakespeare in this suit "hath his quarrel just." It is impossible to say yet just what ultimate value these documents have. No one has a right to put a final judgment upon an historical document until all its clues have been worked out. It is possible that certain items in the present discovery may lead to something further.

It would be of value if we could determine what deeds, writings, etc., of Shakespeare's were in the hands of Ann Bacon, giving rise later to this suit on his part. Did she hold the deed of Shakespeare's Blackfriars house, or the unpaid mortgage, both of which are now precious and jealously guarded? Or were there other documents? If so, what were their contents, to whom do they run, and who signed them?

The descriptions of the properties involved are very general, and the individual ownerships are not indicated. But the capital message to which the "great gate" under a part of Shakespeare's house led is more nearly located than in the deed and mortgage: it lay to the west, near Blackfriars Theatre. Between it and the poet's purchase was a garden, to one corner of which had formerly belonged the little plot of ground on the west of Shakespeare's house, enclosed by an old brick wall (probably on the north) and a board fence put up by Ann Bacon, most likely on the south and west. In the Bill of Complaint a well-house is mentioned. This is possibly on Shakespeare's lot, corresponding to the "well" mentioned in the deed of the same property to Mathew Bacon, who formerly owned it, in 1590.

If you go down to Playhouse-yard you are on the site of the Blackfriars Theatre. Walk to the east a few hundred feet and you pass the north walls of properties here described. Go on into Ireland-yard and you are near the spot where Shakespeare's

house stood. The exact spot is not known. But it may be possible now to determine it by taking the names of property owners in the present documents and hunting up their deeds, probably at the Guildhall. Old wills at Somerset House also may help. Such a research would also get at the history of Shakespeare's neighbouring property owners, and enable the historian to see what, if any, particular relations existed between them. In the light of the Court's decision it seems quite unlikely that the plaintiffs took the formal action suggested. Hence I suspect research in the direction would yield nothing.

Some many find special significance in the way the poet's name is spelled. But it was spelled in the ordinary way rather than as Shakespere himself signed it to the mortgage of his property. The Bill has it "Shakespere ;" the answer, "Shakespeare."

There are only two other documents concerning Shakespeare's Blackfriars house during his life-time. Both are highly valuable, mainly because of his signature. One is the deed from Henry Walker to William Shakespeare, March 10, 1613, for the consideration of £140. The other is a mortgage by Shakespeare to Walker the following day for £60 of the purchase price. Shakespeare's copy of the indenture is now owned by Mr. Marsden J. Perry, of Providence, Rhode Island. The copy possessed by Walker is now in the Guildhall. A *facsimile* is also preserved there. The original mortgage is in the British Museum (Egerton MSS. 1787).

The newly discovered documents published below are in the Public Record Office, Chancery-lane. The Bill and Answer are on parchments fastened together at one corner. The Decree is in a great bound volume, about fifteen inches thick. I give at the head of their respective texts the index of suit and decree. Those interested can readily look up the originals.

Immediately after the discovery some weeks ago I announced it privately to eminent Shakespeare scholars in England, America, and Germany, who very naturally were deeply interested and anxious to have the documents in print—a desire here gratified by *The Standard*.

All italics indicate either abbreviations in the documents, or letters written in the ancient fashion above the line.

Chancery Proceedings, Bills and Answers, James I., Bundle B

I. Bill of Complaint.

XXVI die Aprilis 1615

Saunders,

To the Right Honorable Sr. Thomas Egerton knight
Lord Ellesmere and Lord Chancellor of England.

Humble Complayninge sheweth Vnto yor Honorable Lof yor
Daylie Oratores Sr. Thomas Bendish Baronet Edward Newport
and Willyam Thoresbie Esqr Robt Dormer Esquior and Marie
his wife Willyam Shakespere gent¹ and Richard Bacon Citezen
of London. That Whearas Yor Orators be and are seuerallye
Lawfullie Seised in there Demesne as of ffee of and in one Capitall
Messuage or Dwellinge howse wth there appurtenances wth
two Court Yardes and one void plot of grownd sometymes vsed
for a garden on the East p^{te} of the said Dwellinge howse and so
Much of one Edifice as now or sometymes served for two Stables
and two haye Loftes over the said Stables and one little Colehowse
adioyninge to the said Stables Lyinge on the South Side of
the said Dwellinge howse And of another Messuage or Tenem^{te}
wth thappurtenances now in the occupacion of Anthony Thomp-
son and Thomas Perckes and of there Assignes and of a void
peece of grownd whervppon a Stable is builded to the said
messuage belonging^e and of seuerall other howses Devided into
seuerall Lodginges or Dwellinge howses Toginther wth all and
singuler Sellors Sollers Chambers Halls parlors Yairdes Back-
sides Easem^{tes} Profites and Comodities Hervnto seuerallie belon-
ginge And of Certaine Void plots of grownd adioynninge to the
said Messuages and premisses aforesaid or vnto some of them
And of a Well howse All w^{ch} messuages Tenements and premisses
aforesaid be Lyinge w^{thin} the precinct of Black ffriers in the
Cittye of London or Countye of Midd late the Messuages
Tenem^{tes} and inheritances of Willyam Blackwell thelder Henrie
Blackwell and Willyam Blackwell the Younger and of Ann
Bacon or of some of them Vnto w^{ch} foresaid Capitall Messuage
Tenem^{tes} and premisses aforesaid seuerall Deedes Charteres
Letters patentes Evidences Munim^{tes} and Wrightinges be and
are belonginge and apperteyninge and do belonge vnto Yor
Orators and Doe serve for the provinge of yor Orators Lawfull
right title interest and estate in to and vnto the foresaid Messuage
and premisses All w^{ch} foresaid Letters patentes Deedes Evi-

dences *Chartres munimtes* and *Wrightinges* aforesaid were left in trust *with* Ann Bacon deceased for and vnto the vse and behoofe of *Yor Orators* Now so Yt is May Yt please *Yor Honorable Lop* that the said Ann Bacon beinge latelie Dead and Mathy Bacon beinge her sole executor the foresaid Letters patenets Deeds *Chartres* and Evidences *Munimtes* and *Wrightinges* aforesaid be since her Death come vnto and now be in the handes and possession of the foresaid Mathy Bacon who doth not Clayme any right estate or interest at all in or vnto the foresaid Messuages or *Tenemtes* Yet ueuertheles the said Mathy Bacon Knowinge the Message *Tenemtes* Letters patentes Deedes Evidences *Chartres* *Munimtes* and *Wrightinges* aforesaid to be belonging and onelie to belonge to *Yor Orators* Doth-ueuertheles *W*hould keepe and deteyne away from *yor Orators* the foresaid Letters patentes and other Deedes Evidences *Chartres* *Munimtes* and *Wrightinges* aforesaid and will not deliuer the same vnto *Yor Orators* Wherby *Yor Orators* be in great Danger for to Loose and be Disinherited of the Messuages *Tenemtes* and premisses aforesaid In tender Consideracon Wherof and forasmuch as *Yor Orators* have no remoudye at and by the Course of the Common Lawes of this Realme for to have the said Letters patentes Deedes *Charateres* *Munimtes* Evidences and *Wrightinges* Deliuered vnto *Yor Orators* for that *yor Orators* Doo not knowe the Certaine Dates nor *particuler* Contentes of them nor Whither they be in Box Bag or Chist sealed or Locked Therfore that the said Mathy Bacon maye make Direct Answer vnto the premisses and maye set Downe expresslie what Lettrs patentes Deedes Evidences *Chartres* *Munimtes* or *Wrightinges* he hath in his handes or knoweth where they be *wch* Concerne *Yor Orators* or the Message and premisses aforesaid or any of them and the same maye bringe vnto this Honorable Court to be deliuered vnto *Yor Orators* Maye Yt please *yor Lop* to grant to *Yor Orators* his *Mates* most gracious writt of Subpena and also of *Ducens tecum* vnto him the said Mathew Bacon to be Directed Commandinge him therby at a Certaine Daye and vnder a Certaine payne therein to be Lymited *personallie* to be and appeare before *Yor Lop* in his *Mates* high Court of Chancerie then and there for to make Answer into the premisses and also to bring *with* him the said Letters patentes Deedes Evidences

Charteres and Wrightinges vnto this Honorable Court and to stand to and abide such further Order therⁱⁿ as to yor Honorable Lop shalbe thought fitt And yor Lops Daylie Orators shalbe in all Dewtye Bownd to pray for yor good Lop in all health and happines long to Contynue.

LOCK

II. Answer of Defendant.

Jur 5 Maij 1615 Mat: Carew

Pennyman

The answeare of Mathye Bacon gent Defendt to the bill of complaynte of Sr. Thomas Bendishe Baronett Edward Newport esqr william Thoresbye esquier Robert Dormer esquier and Mary his wife william Shakespeare gent and Richard Bacon Citizen of London Compltes.

The said Defend^t savinge to himselfe nowe and all tymes hereafter all advantage and benefitt of excep^{cion} to all and every the incertenties and insufficiencies of the said bill of complaynte saith that hee thinketh it to be true that the said Compltes are lawfullye severally seised in theire Demesne as of fee of and in one capitall messuage or dwellinge house *with* thappurtenances and other the tenementes Stables edifices and voide groundes mencioned in the said bill of complaynte and likewise thinketh it to be true that the same were late the messuages tenementes and inheritances of William Blackwell the elder deceased Henry Blackwell and Willam Blackwell the yonger and of Anne Bacon deceased mother of the said Defendt or of some of them And this Defendant further saith that hee doth not nowe clayme to have any estate right title or interest of in or to the said premisses or any part or parcell thereof And hee also saith that one letteres patentes and certeyne deedes evidences wrtinges and mynumentes concernynge the said messuages tenementes and other the premisses mencioned in the said bill of complaynte or some of them are come to the custodie and possssion of this Defendt as executor vnto the said Anne Bacon his mother But this Defendt denieth that the said letteres patentes evidences wrtinges and mynumentes or any of them were left in trust with the said Anne Bacon for and to the vse and behoofe of the said Complayntes, or any of them to the knowledge of this Defendt in any such manner as in the said Compltes bill

is sett forth and alledged And this Defendt further saith that hee doth not certynelie knowe whether the said lettres Patentcs evidences writings and mynumentes doe onlie belonge vnto the said Complaynantes or any of them or to any other person or persons as well as to the said Compltes And therefore hee this Defendt hath deteyned the same vntill such tyme as hee may be lawfully and orderlie discharged thereof vpon his deliuerie of the same And soe as hee may be discharged and saved harmles from all further trouble charge and damage *wch* maie hereafter happen vnto him for or concernynge his possession of the said letteres patentcs deedcs evidences writings and mynumentes hee this Defendt is and wilbe readie to deliver all such letteres patentcs evidences writings and mynumentcs concernynge the premisses as came to the custodie and possession of this defendt to his knowledge and doe of right belonge vnto the said Complaynantes or any of them, vnto such person or persons and in such sorte as this Honorable Cort shall order and thinke meete without that that annie other matter or thinge in the said bill of complaynte mentioned materiall or effectuall in lawe to be answered vnto And herein before not sufficiently answered vnto confessed and avoyded traversed or denied is true All *wch* this Defendante is and wilbe readie to averre maynteyne and prooue as this most honorable Court shall awarde And Humblie prayeth to be dismissed forth of the same with his reasonable costes and charges in this behalfe most wrongfully susteyned.

BLAKWELL.

III, Decree of the Court.

Court of Chancery, Decrees and Orders,

1614 "A," p. 1074.

xxij Die Maij

Thomas Bendishe Kt & Baronet Edward Newporte
et al *ples* Mathias Bacon gent Deft

Whereas this Corte was this *presente* Daie informed by mr Rcard Moore beinge of the *ples* Counsell that the said *ples* beinge scised in ffee of one Cappitall messuage with the appurtenneces scituate in Black fryers and that Divers the letters Patentcs

1. The "and Marie his wife Willyam Shakespere gent" and interlined.

2. The words "and of there Assignes and of a void peac of ground whervppon a Stable is builded to the said messuage belonging" are interlined.

Deedes evidences Charteres mynumtes and writtinges concerninge the same Did heretofore come vnto the oustodye of Anne Bacon, the Defts mother as executrix to her mother whoe latlie Dyed and made the Deft her executor and that by means hereof the said letters Patentes Deedes evidences and Charteres mynumtes and writtinges are now Come vnto his handes for obteyninge whereof the said *ples* have exhted there bill into this Corte wherevnto the Deft haveng Aunswred doth by his said Aunswere Confesse that one letters Patentes and certeyne Deedes evidences and writtinges and mynumtes concernenge the said messuages and premisses in the bill mencioned are come into his handes and possession the said deft not makeinge any Title therevnto but desiringe that he maye be orderlie dischargd thereof vpon delivery of the same as this Corte should thincke fitt, ard therefore It was desired that the said letters Pattentes and other the deedes evidences and writtinges soe Confessed might be brought into this Corte vpon the defts oath It is therevpon ordered that the said deft shall bringe into this Corte all the said letters Patentes deedes evidences writtinges and mynumtes soe by him Confessed to be in his custodye or possession vpon his oath here to remayne to be disposed of as shallbe meete and for that purpose the ples maye take proces against the deft if they will.

*THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS—EASTERN AND
WESTERN.—III.*

The sojourn of our countrymen in England is destined to effect another good. By coming in contact with the English in that land of liberty, they obtain a proper insight into the various institutions of the country and gain a clear knowledge of the inner life of that great people. The isolated location of the English in India does not admit of a free intercourse being carried on with them. Moreover, the relation between the Anglo-Indians and the people of India being mostly that between superiors and inferiors—between masters and servants—the much-desired interchange of liberal ideas and sentiments cannot be expected. Separated from Indian associations, the free sons of England appear to hold very liberal views with respect to their Indian brethren. The breadth of view which some of the leaders of England including the Premier himself displayed in connection with the "Native Jurisdiction Bill" cannot be too highly praised. The following extract from a conversation that took place in London in reference to it between Mr. Stanhope and Sir George Campbell is an illustration in point.

Mr. Stanhope asked Sir George Campbell whether it would be possible to appoint a native Governor-General of India. Sir George Campbell said in reply that, he was "not sanguine enough to suppose that a native would prove to be the fittest man for the post for some long time to come, yet it was a fact that there was no legal reason why he should not be appointed Viceroy."

England, moreover, is considered as a place of shelter by the people of India. Whenever any wrongs are done to them, they have expectation of obtaining sympathy from their liberal-minded brethren of Great Britain: and they repair thither full of hopes, They are not disappointed. They meet with a cordial reception there. They are soothed by words of consolation from friends, and adequate steps are taken to redress their grievances.

The steps taken by the people of England to claim their rights

by an appeal to Government, the harmonious way in which they unite themselves to further their common cause, the leaders they select to represent them in the Parliament and plead in their behalf, and the unceasing efforts they make until they gain their end, serve as great lessons to the people of India. The sight of such stirring scenes impresses upon them the truth of the saying—"unity is strength," and kindles in their hearts feelings of patriotism.

An insight into the working of the society in England cannot fail to impart to an educated Indian liberal ideas that may help him to effect reforms in his native land. It may be mentioned in the way of illustration that, the visit of England by the late Babu Keshab Chandra Sen led to the inauguration of certain striking reforms in India. Soon after his return, Keshab Chandra started the pice-paper *Sulabha Samachara* (সুলভ সমাচার) as an efficient means of disseminating knowledge among the masses. The success which attended this measure led to the issue of some other periodicals of a like nature, such as the *Bangabasi* (বঙ্গবাসী) which has tended not a little to educate the people. Before Keshab Chandra's return from England, the Brahmo Samaj was, properly speaking, a proselytizing body. But the sight of the various benevolent Institutions in England struck him with the transcendental motive which actuated the people of that country, and forced upon him the conviction that, the doing of good to mankind was an essential part of religion : and, it was not long after his return from England that a Reform Association, in connection with the Brahmo Samaj, was established.

It is, however, necessary for an Indian Reformer to bear in mind that, reforms should be inaugurated in India after due consideration of the structure of the Native Society and mode of living among the people. We will illustrate this by an example. In England, no one is bound to support the widow and children of a deceased relation in low circumstances : and if the widow does not marry again or find some other means of livelihood, the poor-house is open to her, where she is supplied with all her wants. The case is quite different in India. An Indian gentleman cannot but support his poor relations. If he fails to do so, a slur is cast upon him by the society. It is only in cases in which an indigent person has no one to help him that he has to seek the support of others. But, even then, no one would resort to a poor-house. He

would rather serve as a cook to one of the men of his caste or beg from door to door than resort to such a course.

The people of India are not in any way wanting in their efforts to relieve their indigent countrymen. It is customary with native gentlemen to keep a stock of grain at their houses to give alms to them daily. The well-to-do men give them silver or copper coins. On occasions of festivals and ceremonies, it is a part of the duty of a Hindu to feed and clothe the poor. Poor men are often seen in front of temples and other sacred places: and pilgrims are always forward to help them. To meet the wants of way farers and mendicants, there are to be seen *anna chatras* and *Dharmashalas* throughout the country. Well-to-do persons erect houses and dig wells or tanks for the convenience of travellers. Arrangements are made for the distribution of edibles to the needy and to the recluse. Instances are not wanting of plots of land being set apart, from the income of which the expenses of *anna chatras* and *Dharmashalas* are met. There may be localities in which such arrangements are wanting. To guard against the inconvenience arising from the same, it is enjoined as the stringent duty of every person to feed and give shelter to any way-farer who may make his appearance. The injunctions of the *Shastras* are very strict on this point. It is said that such persons should be taken care of in a proper manner. The reverence due to the deity *Narayana* should be paid to them. It is also said that, that a stranger to whom no hospitality is shown, whilst going away, takes with him all the virtues of the householder who declines to accommodate him, and leaves all his own sins in the house of that wretched person.

From what has been stated above it is evident that, the people of India are charitably disposed. But the structure of society in India and the ideas by which the people are actuated, necessitate the performance of acts of charity in a manner different from what obtains in England. The dissemination of Western ideas among us, however, is destined to give a new shape to acts of charity. But, whilst inaugurating reforms, due deference should be paid to the wishes of the people. Our countrymen of the middle class, for the most part, resort to service either under Government or in a Company or firm. The maintenance of their families depends on their earnings, from which they can scarcely save anything. So that, it is necessary that some provision should be made to meet unfore-

seen contingencies. On the demise of their husbands, some of the widows are seen in a helpless condition. The social laws of the country do not allow of their having recourse to poor-houses, if such are established. Well-to-do Indians are now and then seen assisting such indigent persons with monthly payments of money. But this mode of charity is hardly adequate to supply all their wants. Moreover, it is precarious. For, these charitably disposed gentlemen may not always be in a position to meet such payments. It is, therefore, incumbent on the recognised heads of the Indian communities in different parts of the country to establish charitable societies to relieve such helpless persons. Such societies should be of a general nature. Contributions should be made to them by the people at large, and the helpless persons of all classes should have a claim to the measures of relief that may be inaugurated by them.

We have said that our countrymen are forward in affording relief to the needy: but, it must be admitted that our method is defective. We give relief to those only who come to us for help or make known their wants in public streets and thoroughfares of towns, but we do not take notice of those who pass miserable lives at their dwellings. We should go from place to place and from house to house to relieve suffering humanity.

Every town and important village of India should have a charitable institution. These institutions should collect funds, from the interest of which as well as from monthly subscriptions, relief can be given in the following manner:—

1. Monthly stipends should be given to—

- (a) Indigent widows of respectable families, who have no relations to support them.
- (b) Orphans, to enable them to maintain themselves and prosecute their studies.
- (c) Persons of the upper classes who on account of bodily or mental infirmities, are unable to work, and who have no relations to support them.

2. Help should be given to poor women for the preparation and sale of articles for household use, such as garments, socks, neck-scarfs and coverlets, as also, cane and bamboo-baskets and chairs.

3. Dispensaries should be established with a staff of doctors and attendants to dispense medicines to the sick of humble means and to visit them at their houses.

4. Asylums should be established for the blind, the halt, the decrepid and other helpless persons.

5. A special fund should be set aside for carrying sanitary measures and helping relief operations on occasions of famine and other calamities.

Apart from the consideration of the support of the helpless, the advanced people of Great Britain consider it essential to educate them also, and for this purpose schools have been established. There are schools to instruct the deaf and the dumb, the blind and the maimed. There are moreover, reformatories to reclaim persons of bad character. This is a new channel to which the benevolence of England has been directed, and India should exert herself to imitate the same.

D. N. G.

BORDER TRIBES.

The Aryans in their Eastern migration moved from Central Asia, their primitive home, towards the land of the five Rivers (Punjab) long prior to the Christian era, to whom perhaps the historian of the Alexandrian conquest called Astaceni. Probably this migrating body had adopted the name "Hindu" before they approached the Hindu Kush, for the Mountain ranges, it is said, obtained the name from the people that were killed by the mountaineers, as the affix *Kush* does indicate. The Aryans like the Scythians, were a wondering race of people whom Bacchus conquered, and introduced among them corn and wine; and finally taught them the art of agriculture. After this surprise by this mountain savages, some of their captives were obliged to settle there, and to adopt the moslem faith at the point of swords. But notwithstanding the new faith those people seem to have preserved their old customs and usages. They retained a *leather band* like the Brahminical thread. Sir William Jones supposed that a powerful monarchy was established in Iran long before the Assyrian Government, and that, its history was thoroughly engrafted upon the thought of Hindus, who founded Indraprastha at the site of Delhi. It is also found that most of the criminal laws of the Hindus were borrowed from the codes of that great Kingdom. There appears a striking similarity between such ancient code and the Hindu code of Menu—the law giver. It is evident this Iran Kingdom was founded by the Aryans who afterwards colonised to the East; and Sir W. Jones further observed that the language of the first Persian empire was very similar to that of Sanskrit. It is also certain that Persia sent colonies to most parts of Asia. The Bombay Persees being their probable descendants, and they are still invested with leather band instead of sacred *poitei*. Three distinct races of peoples from Iran or Central table-lands got possessions in India and Arabia, when the

caste system was not in vogue in that ancient monarchy. It is already mentioned that these Indians did not cultivate lands before they were conquered by Bacchus who taught the art of agriculture giving them corns of Greece. They began to live in houses which they learnt to build, with temples for their worship. They according to their grades of civilization formed themselves into different tribes numbering to more than one hundred. Hercules, it is told, was an Indian himself. The British political agents, in the western frontier countries of India—such as Chotteahi, Zhol, Quetta, Wazirin, Khelat and Chitral, virtually rule them.

Among these trans-border tribes the pre-dominant idea of title was based upon "might is right." These tribes are rarely a law-abiding people, and are turbulent and cruel. They do not distinguish between torts and crimes. They not unfrequently follow the Mosaic law of "tooth for tooth," ferocity of temper being a national vice with them. Both Abdulla and Sheer Ali, of Indian notoriety, belonged to one of these tribes.

These tribes have a very rudimentary conception of a commonwealth, but at the same time they are loyal subjects of separate chiefs. Retaliation or compensation is the only punishment known in their code. They are not slow to kill a neighbour for land, water, or woman; though the last one, is treated by them as chattles personal. They are generally governed by a board of Magistrates or headmen (Jirga) of their own sects, but they not unfrequently take law in their own hands. They very often employ a *baskar* (assasin) to kill an enemy. Some families carry on *vendetta* or blood-fued to avenge upon a murderer of his kinsmen. Morally they are self-seeking and cowards. They put great faith in fate or *kismet*.

It is however curious that among these tribes the Mahomedan law of inheritance has rarely found favour. In case of women specially their law of inheritance is more of a Hindu style. The law of primogeniture is unknown except in principalities, but the law of "might is right" would be better respected than any other code. Like the Hindus, sons inherit at the first instance, and take the heritage equally though come from several mothers; but however, a father may grant a greater share to the eldest by nomination, bequest by will being unknown. Unlike Mahomedans, the daughters

cannot inherit their paternal property. Boys are also taken in adoption even in the presence of legitimate issues. In short, these frontier tribes of the North-West recognise, and approve of agnatic inheritants. The sons of daughter, or sister or of any other cognate relations, are rarely recognised by law or usage among them. Wife's relation, for instance, is only recognised by her husband alone, but is never accepted as a connection of the family itself. A woman is treated like a chattel by a husband but at the same time, widows can enjoy her husband's property until she is divested of it after marrying a second time, or she becomes unchaste. This doctrine is we presume based upon Indo-Aryan origin. Like the ancient Hindus, these people included the slaves as members of the family—some of whom may have been secured as trophy in battles.

Marriages could be consummated by a priest or *Mollah* only, and the contract is concluded by an embrace or hand-clasp. A betrothal may exist for a long time before the marriage takes place after the girl arrived at her puberty. The same custom was observed by the Hindus of olden days. A sham fight between the party of the bride-groom and that of the bride is often arranged before performance of the marriage-ceremony itself. When a victory for the bride-groom is declared, a sumptuous feast is given by him to the bride's party. Similar custom is very often found among other savage tribes of India. No presumption of marriage would arise from mere cohabitation without consummation of it. This custom may smell of Hindu origin, but at the same time we find that among these tribes the law of divorce also prevails, and it is given effect to by a *tallack* like the Mahomedans. When a widow marries again, the brother of the husband is the more eligible person in the affair, but after such marriage the female loses the enjoyment of her former lord's property. The co-wives however enjoy equal position in the family. The ferocity of the tribes comes out in full force in the matter of adultery or rape. When an adultery is discovered, the woman is killed and the man's foot cut off; but in case of rape the man is either killed or banished from the land. They perhaps imitated the laws of the Jews in this matter; for we find the Hindoos visit such sins with comparative leniency. Mere severity of sentence do not always root out crimes among any people, for we find that in olden days

though Forgery was visited by capital punishment yet the crime survived to a certain extent, or rather increased with the extension of commerce. This rule also applies to the capital punishment in cases of murder in civilized countries of the old and new Continents.

Now to return to the law of inheritance among the frontier tribes, we find to our surprise that the mere fact of adoption in the family does not always give a right to inherit in the family. The agnate relations generally inherit, and they follow in the line (1) sons (2) brothers (3) father (4) father's brothers (5) brother's sons, and eventually males from the common grand-father's, or of his tribes-men take in gradual succession. This rule does not seem to follow either the Hindoo or the Mahomedan laws of succession or inheritance. The origin of it may be due from the sense of utility from a military standpoint ; however the fact remains.

The above brief account of the tribes prove that many of their clans come from the same stock as the Hindoos. They in all likelihood adopted the Mahomedan faith during their migration from the hives of Central Asia. The leather band still retained by them in the place of a Hindoo *poite* shew, or at least point to its origin. In Sreenüger and such other localities Hindoos were found with such *band* up to a very recent time. But again in the Eastern frontiers, separation of which from the Province of Bengal has raised so much agitation in the present day ; we also find Bengalee Mahomedans observe a good many of the Hindoo customs. It is said that in many a respectable family, *beef* is shunned with some degree of pertinacity. The Assamese may also have profitted by contiguity. The Munipurees and the Chonches of Cooch Behar are generally of Hindoo persuasion and origin. They suppose they take their origin from Siva himself, one of the figures of the Hindu Trinity.

A. K. GHOSH.

AN ASPECT OF THE HINDU LIFE.

I.

(A PEEP INTO THE SOCIETY DURING THE LATTER DAY
PURANIC AGE.)

[In Bengal the Hindu females of higher classes, wishing prosperity, happiness and eternal lives of their fathers, brothers, husbands and sons, observe fasting on every tues day in the sacred memory of *Mongol Chandi*—the Goddess Durga giver of bounty. After the puja with flowers and eatables are over, the following anecdote in glory of the goddess is narrated extempore by one, and a cluster of her sisters hear it with a stone in their lap, be smeared with vermillion, with devotional feelings. This done, the fast is broken with light food for the day.]

In olden time, commerce in India was solely monopolised by the Bania (Baniks) community of the Hindoos. Not that the Banias were more enterprising or were more intelligent, than the rest of the communities, but that professions even were apportioned between sects and communities in India. In the town of Ichhani near the famous Ujjain, there was a big merchant of the name of Lakshmaputi (master of lacs) unto whom was born a fair daughter. The child grew to be an exquisitely beautiful girl, and was named Khullana. The proud father of the beautiful girl was looking after a suitable husband for his girl. One day however, one Dhanaputi (Master of riches) one of the biggest of merchants of Ujjain, in his frolicsome spirit was enjoying the few of flying pigeons. It so happened that one of the pigeons, flew towards Ichhani, pursued by a hawk. Dhanapati, in his inordinate enthusiasm of vigorous youth, pursued the pigeons, and in extreme exhaustion reached the house of Lakhaputi, and found his pigeon at the hands of a girl, whom he afterwards learnt to be Khullana, the daughter of Lakhsaputi. But it so happened that none of them were known to each other; and Dhanaputi asked of the girl—then blooming almost to womanhood, to let him have his pigeon, that was most dear to him, and told to her who he was. Khullana now recognized Dhanaputy to be

her consin's husband To pick fun with him she said "Never shall I make the pigeon over to you, which has been sent to me as a prize by my Gods. Don't you see that the bird pursued by a hawk, sought my protection? I can only give it to you on condition that you carry a straw amidst the rows of your teeth, in token of the vow of never killing it." Now it was all clear that Khullana was the daughter of Lakhsaputi the big merchant of Ichhani, or else how could she—a girl blooming to youthful age, dare thrust a satire direct at him—a youth quite unknown to her? The charmes of the girl and the smartness with which she flung satire at him, captivated the heart of Dhanaputi. He retired close under a tree, and there consulted his friend one Jonai Misra, who accompanied him to Ichhani, as to how he could secure the blooming rose. He came to the resolution of sending Janai to the father of Khullana, to ask for her hands. This was done. Dhanaputi was the richest of merchants, and was highly talented and educated. How then could Lakhapnti but accept the proposal without profound thanks to his stars? He expressed his satisfaction and welcomed the Brahmin with open arms. But there was a difficulty. Dhanaputi being already married to the niece of Lakhsaputi, his wife Rambha was dead against giving his nice girl in marriage to a comperatively old man under the iron grip of a wife who was known to be quarrelsome and turbulent. But the father thought that any how the objection of his wife must be removed. He said, that it had been so said by the astrologers in the horoscope of Khullana that she would have a husband who was already married. Now, there was no contending against what was written in Khullana's forehead. Rombha gave up her remonstrations; and the good girl was betrothed to Dhanaputi to his extreme delight. Oh, how many nights did Dhanaputi dreamed dreams of pleasure and happiness in the company to her new wife! Khullana absorbed all his thoughts, and he grew indifferent to every thing, and even to his wife Lahana. Soon the actual state of things reached her (Lahana's) ear, and she gave way to profound sorrow. In the course of her grief Dhanaputi, essayed courage to preach peace and amity in her ear, and said that it was to him a matter of extreme regret that she should misjudge him in his best of intentions. Did she not know, how had she been changed? She had none beside to help her, in details of domestic affairs; and that she

was so awfully absolved in all that, that she had even to neglect her toilet, her personal comfort and everything beside. Could she not perceive that even her golden complexion, her rosy cheek had undergone a lamentable change? Was it not proper for him, as such, to procure a cook, who might render her sufficient help to enable her to look to her comfort and pleasure? The easy-going Lahana was now convinced of the deep love her lord bore her, and in her mood of regaining trust, Dhanaputi offered her, moreover, a silk sadiee and five tolas of gold for her bracelet. Thus one of the plainest and easy satisfied women folk in India forgot all her threatened misfortune, and complacently hid her face in the bosom of her husband.

In the early month of the next spring season both Khullana and Dhanapati, were bound in sacred wedlock; and Rambha mother of Khullana, tried her best by the aid of medicine* prescribed by female experts in the arts of controlling husbands, to influence Dhanapati to favour his new wife. After a few day's stay at the house of Lakhaputi, Dhanapati left for his own house, with his new wife. But a few months later, Maharaja Vikrama Keshari of Ujjoin, had the good fortune of obtaining a pair of talking birds that spoke like men, and showed signs of great erudition. The Maharaja who had reached to an advanced age, like a spoilt child, grew inexorable for gold cage for his valued birds. But cages were not manufactured in his country. He asked his court-merchant Dhanaputi to proceed to Gour, where during the days, of which we have been speaking, works of gold and silver were exquisitely manufactured. Dhanaputi had no help in the matter, and left his sweet home, and youthful bride under the care of his first wife Lahana. At first Khullana was passing her days in apparent happiness under the fostering care of her sister Lahana. But later on, to her misfortune, Lahana, conceived an unholy jealousy against Khullana, who with growing years, had reached to angelic beauty. She thought that the unfortunate girl had stepped into her house to snatch her treasure from her hands. Oh, how could she endure it? She grew despaired of her own future happiness; and her brooding thought rendered her a deliverate foe of Khullana. One day with a letter in hand,

* Just in Shakespeare :—Adder's fork, eye of newt, scale of dragon, maw of shark, wool of bat, gall of goat, lizard's leg, swings of outlet and the like.

alleged to have been written by the merchant her lord, she approached Khullana, and handed it over to her. In it were written, amongst other things, that henceforth Khullana should be fed of stale rice, lie down in an out house and tend a she-goat. But for what was not specifically written. When Khullana had finished his reading, Lahana drawing a deep sigh said, 'Now sister, see, how cruel is the merchant. I have, all along my life, been so fried in the kettle of miseries. But good sister, what help have I in the matter?' Khullana was at first staggard at the cruel behaste of her husband. But she thought, for what should her lord, who on the day of her departure had made merry with her be so rude and cruel? Soon an idea crossed her mind, and she minutely examined the letter, and to her utter relief, replied, that the letter was not her husband's, it being not written by him as the characters in it were not of his own coin.

But what could a tender aged and naturally bashful wife, do for her own safety, where her own co-wife so wickedly bent was the mistress of the house? "Oh do you thus dare to defy me and the good merchant?" Thundered forth Khullana like an enraged tigress, and dealt blows after blows, that knocked the poor creature down. Physical superiority now prevailed, and the poor Khullana was obliged to swallow the bitter pills that were prescribed by Lahana in the name of Dhanaputi. Put on a rag, and fed on stale rice Khullana was obliged to tend a she-goat, and roam, as a female beggar from place to place. One day however, she fell fast asleep, after being greatly fatigued in pursuing the goat, and dreamed a dream in which a female figure exquisitely beautiful appeared and spoke to her to worship the goddess Chandi or Durga, which would liberate her from the servile bondage of her co-wife, and would doher every other good she desired beside. After awakening from her slumber, Khullana heard of the sound of ulu, ulu, ulu, at some distance, and conceiving that her goat, that was not found, might have accompanied some one at the place of ceremony for where the sound of ulu, ulu was coming. She hastened there, and found several ladies engaged in worshipping a diety. Khullana enquired of them what were they about. In reply they said, that they were worshipping the goddess chandi the giver of affluence happiness and every other things desired. In India, the stupendous nature has naturally made the people

religions. But of them, women are but blind believers in everything told to be divine. I am convinced that the domestic felicity that is the lot of the people of this vast continent of India, has naturally, to a great extent sprang up from the religious character of the people. I do not find anything blamable in this. When true faith in the Almighty is placed either upon a stone or upon a mound of earth, with the belief that the Almighty father really resides in the stone or in the mound of earth, which he really does, as all pervading one, it is never falsely placed. The omnipresent and omniscient God judges his flock not chiefly by their deeds, but by their minds also. Besides who on earth is not idolatrous? If the enlightened christians can take, bread and wine "as flesh and blood of their savior, I do not understand, what blame may be fastened to the people of this country, if in the exuberance of their feelings they feel themselves satisfied in offering up their prayers with honest faith to something limited and confine the omniscient and omnipresent God in it? It must be borne in mind that our remarks solely apply to the lower strata of the people—a people half educated and uneducated. As for the upper classes they follow Vedantism pure and simple. Let us now, good readers, follow the thread of our narrative. Khullana learnt of the method of the Chandi worship, and began to indulge in, with a devout mind. God is ever helpful to His faithful flock in real distress; and Chandi, could hardly withstand the tears of an honest and really afflicted heart. She came to her rescue, and gave her a boon to the ever happy, pious and virtuous. Dhanapati, soon returned, and embraced her sweet Khullana to his bosom, and brought Lahana seriously to task for her inhuman conduct towards Khullana. Thus a few years passed in pleasure and happiness of both the husband and wife. In times Khullana showed signs of her delicate condition. In the meantime the annual Sradh ceremony (offering of cakes—aniversary of the death day.) of the deceased father of Dhanapati, drew near, and he invited his relations and consanguineous friends to dine with him. All was arranged and Khullana was asked to prepare dishes. This was done, and friends and relations gathered. But when the time of going to table was announced, some of the friends who were wickedly bent, said that as the dishes had been prepared by Dhanapati's second wife, who was for several days out of the safe keeping and

protection of his home, at forest intending a she-goat, they could not be touched much less eaten. As for the validity of their arguments they cited the case of Sita Debi the consort of the divine Ram Chander, who was first duly purified, and then received for being abducted by the cannibal king of Lanka. As such unless Khullana was duly purified according to the sastric injunctions, or if Dhanaputi did not pay them a lac of rupees in atonement they could not dine with him. There arose a great row over the matter Lakhsaputi the father of Khullana, stricken down at the disgrace heaped upon his daughter, and son in law Dhanaputi, and being almost beside himself in grief at the insult offered to his renowned family, could not come to any determination whatever in the matter. But after the moment of feverish excitement had subsided a little, Dhanaputi, wished to pay a lac of rupees to satisfy his friends. But the righteous indignation of the Hindoo lady Khullana was awfully aroused, and she would not stoop to the disgrace at the loss of her fair fame. She said either she must under go the process of purification, and prove her innocence or should die. Dhanaputi grew terribly afflicted, at the prospective death of his best and beloved wife who he thought would certainly succumb to the process of purification. But Khullana would take no heed to what her husband insisted upon. After many a yea and nay, a house of petroleum was raised and Khullana was asked to enter the house! Which done, its doors were boldly bolted from without, and fire was applied. There arose a wail of lamentation from those who sincerely loved the happy couple. In an instant fire spread all over the house and it soon tumbled down. But lo! Khullana was seen sitting in the lap of an exquisitely beautiful female figure who brought her out quite hale and hearty. There was made quite a demonstration of joy; and those who were the chief calumniators joined most heartily in the affair, and dined with Dhanaputi, of the dishes prepared by Khullana. But only a few days after this the Maharaja Vikram keshari was in need of sandal wood that had run short in his store for the purpose of worshipping the gods, and asked of this Court merchant Dhanaputi to procure for him a large quantity of it within a short period. There was no help. The Maharaja's will was law, and Dhanaputi had no alternative but to submit to it. But Khullana grown wise of her former experience would not have her husband gone to so distant a land as Ceylon,

where alone was sandal wood available. But while Khullana was inexorable in her demand that her husband should not go, Lahana the first wife, was happy to learn that by the orders of the Maharaja the merchant was to leave home immediately for Ceylon. Oh what a joy! what due punishment had the gods inflicted on Khullana, who was thriving under the sheltering wings of love and attachment of her hen-pecked husband! She wished that her husband might die at that distant land of Ceylon, and never return to embrace Khullana. To the delight of Lahana and to the utter regrets of Khullana, Dhanaputi had to start on the voyage to Ceylon. But before the merchant left, Khullana with tears in her eyes prayed to her husband to bear in mind that her condition had grown very delicate; and that as she suspected his sojourn at Ceylon would be unusually long one, and as most of his friends were wicked, god forbade, if after the birth of her child, they impute misconduct to her, it would be death to her. Who would then help her? Dhanaputi understood the import of what his wife said and he drew up an epistle indicating in it the present condition of his wife and some of his wishes as regards the child when born. This was handed over to the good wife, who placed it on her head as the most precious document, and hurried on to worship her goddess Chandi to shower Her favours on her departing husband. But while she was devoutly engaged in her worship, Lahana hurriedly went to Dhanaputi, and said in most persuasive language to come immediately and see how his dear wife was engaged in invoking the influence of an evil genius, placing a earthen pot besmeared in vermillion, to help her to keep her husband to utter control and helplessness, and shedding a flood of tears expressed her apprehension lest some mischief might happen to him, as she knew of a case in the village of his father, during her in fancy, in which the poor husband lost his senses and became a raving maniac. Dhanaputi was much chagrined, and actually found Khullana engaged in invoking some unnatural agencies. The very sight convinced the merchant of the truth of what Lahana had said, and maddened in rage, forgetful of the conduct and character of Lahana he kicked off the emblem of Chandi from her seat, and scattered away everything there to all the directions. Rage blinds a man, and so the sacrilegious and wonton deed that the merchant perpetrated did not a bit made him repentant, and in the heat of surging temper he embarked with seven

other boats full of merchandize for the coast of Ceylon. But who or earth has ever been able to with stand the displeasure of One on whom rests the world? Besides, never in the history of the world has a man been found prospering who had disoblged or illtreated a female member of his house in fulfilment of her natural and legitimate wishes. At least such is the simple conviction of the Hindoos.

Now Dhanaputi rowed passed rivers of Bengal and in due time his boats were launched into the blue waters of the sea. It was now the time for the goddess Chandi to teach a lesson to the proud and presumptuous who in his foolish pride dared insult his faithful wife big with child and wontonly insult the presiding deity of prosperity? What was there on earth that a mortal could be so proud for? Suddenly the sky was overcast with thick cloud, and storm began to blow. Mountains of roaring waves began dashing his boats as it were to engulf Dhanaputi, and his all. Constant thunders were cracking around him to his great terror. He felt, his days on earth were numbered, and recollected with remorse how wontonly did he behave his sweet wife, before he left her! With folded hands Dhanaputi offerod up his prayers to his god, "Father, will not you in your infinite mercy, protect your erring child to enable him only once to see the suffering Khullana to ask her forgiveness? Oh, how patiently and fervently did she pray to her goddess even after his disgrace at his hands to protect his erring husband in Her safe keeping during his sojourn? Oh how brutal did he conduct himself towards Khullana? Good and great God, excuse they servant once more for his commission and omission." Tears began to trickle down his cheek, dut nothing availed. One by one all his six boats full of valnable merchandize sank in the sea. But the boat carrying Dhanaputi on board, was still afloat and after a long and fearful weather, the sky cleared off and Dhanaputi's craft entered Ceylon, But before reaching its destination it had to cross a large lake called *Kalidaha*. But the thick cloud that had gathered on the firmament of Dhanaputi's luck did not yet clear away, and the merchant had to undergo immense sufferings before he was restored to his distant home in the lap of pleasure and happiness. Now as his craft was passing accross the lake a most wonderful phenomenon met his gaze. He was bewildered to find that he was in the midst

of a vision although wide awakes. He saw before him an extensive plantation of lilies, spreading large leaves with an innumerable exquisitely formed lilies blown up, whereupon was seated an angelic beauty, trying to devour a large elephant. The merchant in his bewilderment at the sight, very naturally exclaimed, “হরি হরি নলিনী কেমনে সহে ভর।” Indeed a lady essaying to devour an elephant, seated on a leaf of a lily, above fathoms of deep water, was a sight most strange and was enough for an ordinary man to get his head dizzy. Let me here quote in extenso the exquisite description portraying the beauty of the female figure upon the lotus, in the language of Kabikankan :—

“অপঙ্কপ হের আর, দেখভাই কর্ণধার, কামিনী কমলে অবতার।

ধরি বামা বাম করে, উগরয়ে করি বরে, পুনরপি করয়ে সংহার ॥

কমল কনক রুচি, স্বাহা স্বাহা কিম্বা শটী, মদন স্তম্ভরী কলাবতী।

সরস্বতী কিবা রমা চিত্ররেখা তিলোত্তমা, সত্যভামা রম্ভা অরুণ্ধতী ॥

রাজহংস রবজিনি, চরণে নুপুর ধ্বনি দশনথে দশ চন্দ্রভাসে।

কোকনদ দর্প হরি, বেষ্টিত বার কবরী, অঙ্গুলী চম্পক পরকাশে ॥

অধর বিষক বিন্দু বদন শারদ ইন্দু, কুরঙ্গ গগন বিলোচন।

প্রভাতের ভালুছটা, কজ্জলে সিন্দুর ফোঁটা, তলু রুচি ভুবন মোহন ॥

অতি কুশোদর তার, জিনি দুই কুচভার, নিবিড় নিতম্ব দেশভার।

বদন জ্বলদ মিলে, কুঞ্জর উগবে গিলে, জাগরণে স্বপন প্রকাশ ॥

দেখি সাধু শশি মুখী, কর্ণধারে করে সাক্ষী, কর্ণধার করে নিবেদন।

করি, গদ্য, শশিমুখী, আমি কিছু নাহি দেখি, বিরচিল শ্রীকবি কঙ্কণ ॥

The merchant took down notes in every particular of the figure to present them to the Maharaja of Ceylon. The merchant reached the capital and saw the Maharaja, whose name was Salaban, and lay the valuable presents of his Maharaja at his feet, and was introduced to him, and was cordially received, Before Dhanaputi was long at the Court of Ceylon, a trumpeter in his employ heralded to the public the exchangeable value of the commodity brought from Ujjain enumerating the things that might be obtained in exchange. They were as follow :—Cocoanut for conch-shell, turmuric for rupee, horse for elephant, pigeon for cuckoo, sulphide of pottash for diamond, sheep for horse and so on. The merchant in course of his conversation one day with Sâlbân, narrated what he had seen in the lake of Kalidhaha. “Are you mad,” said Saliban in reply,

"can such a thing happen under the Sun?" and laughed out right, at what the merchant averred. But he was inexorable in his protestations and assured the Maharaja that unless he could show, in demonstration of his assertion the figure to him he honourably bound himself to him as a state prisoner. Maharaja Sálban on his own part solemnly declared that if Dhanaputi could show him the "lady of the lake," he would be rewarded with half his kingdom. The bargain was actually struck in black and white, and extensive preparations were made to go and see the strange sight. A very large concourse of people gathered round the Maharaja to be allowed to go to see the hallowed sight of the wonderful lady, and they all proceeded towards Kalidaha. But as ill luck would have it, there was no lady of the lake, and not even the plantation or lilies there! The Maharaja was all fury he was thundering and threatening with dire consequence at the shameless imposter. But there was no help. The stars of Dhanaputi were still on the descendent, and he was thrown to the prison, and his large effects that he had still with him, were confiscated; and there in the dark dungeon, Dhanaputi was consigned in company of the hardened sinners of the country, to rot and die.

Good readers let the merchant suffer the consequence of his indiscretion; but let us proceed to take notice how did the poor suffering, love-sick and devoted Khullana bear up the long separation of her husband and of the issue that she held hope while the merchant left home.

II.

Under the azure sky of India at Ujjain, Khullana gave birth to a son a few months after the departure of her husband, and the child was named Sriputi, as desired by its father. The child grew daily as the moon by phase to phase to a vigorous youth. One day at Pathasala in prophesome spirit he picked up a quarrel with his tutor, an old fashioned guru mahasaya with a cane in hand. The rough Guru spoke some ugly words touching the birth of Sriputi; and the tender boy was naturally hurt to his quick, and in utter umbrage left school and took to bed, and for days together refrained from food and drink. The poor Khullana understood the whole matter, and frankly told him her peculiar position and showed him the epistle she carefully preserved. The boy left his bed and took

his food, and wished to proceed on the journey either to seek out his father or to die in the attempt. Unmindful of all what his mother could say to stay at home and not to undertake the perilous Journey, the boy started for Ceylon; and Khullana with her tender and aching heart of a Bengalee mother, sought her bed bathed in tears. With seven big crafts full of indigenous products of exchangeable value Sriputi left for Ceylon, and amidst the shouts of "*Panch-pir Badar, Badar*"* of the crews. During the long voyage, Sriputi had to undergo-severe trials at the turbulent sea, but had at last the good fortune to reach Ceylon. But before reaching the capital, Sriputi had to experience the same phenomenon, that his father saw. The beauty of the divine lady trying to devour an elephant, was a sight enough for Sriputi to be terrified. However, he was supported by his men in his craft and they hurriedly rowed away from the dismal scene, and soon reached the capital. Sriputi saw the Maharaja in an auspicious moment and after his introduction, he told all about the phenomenon that met his gaze at the lake. The Maharaja with his court hastened to the lake, with a belief that the youth so tender and simple, was never an imposter. But to the discomfiture of Sriputi no lady of the lake was visible. The Maharaja was greatly annoyed, and felt himself insulted. He asked, "fair child, do you come from the vast and strange country on the north, that occasionally sends merchants with weak eye-sight"? He ordered his men to chain the youth in iron fetters at the place, where hardened criminals were beheld. The order was immediately carried, and Sriputi, the pet child of Kullana, now realized that he was no longer under the sheltering wings of his mother. Here the youth, in a foreign country, unfriended and having none to look at, essayed to send up his innocent prayers at the feet of the Deity, whom his mother often worshiped, and asked him to keep his unswerving faith upon Her. He said, "Mother of the Universe, am I destined to die so horrible a death at so distant a land? Did not my mother Khullana leave me to your sole charge? Mother of all! will you not protect me? Are you not the mother of my mother Khulna, who sheds her tears whenever she calls you? Have I not told to the Maharaja, what I actually

* Shirey Ganga Daria Panch Pir Badar, Badar, i.e., touching the sacred water of the river Ganges on the forehead and saluting the five Pirs—protecting angels—they started with the shouts of Badar, Badar!!

experienced ? Why then, am I so duped ? Mother, unfortunate, as I am, shall I fail to take the dust of the feet of my father on my forehead, whom I have never seen in life ? Oh how unfortunate am I in life ? I know you protect men in real distress. Mother, can a man be more distressed than myself ? I now consign my body and soul to thy care." So saying the boy fell down senseless ; and the mother of the Universe, who feeds and nourishes the rich and the poor, Who comforts the virtuous and the sinner in their troubles all alike, and Who does not allow even an ant to die of starvation, and takes equal care of both the princes and pleasants, young and old, wide awake, and dead in sleep, could no longer withstand the fervant prayer of the tender aged youth, condemned to so miserable a death. She came to his help ; and while Moharaja Sâliban, was in deep slumber, under the cover of a dark night, she made him dream a dream in which the latter peceived that a lady of prepossessing appearance appeared to him, and with flashing eye, boiling in rage, said that the child ignominiously condemned was her beloved child, and was innocent, and that he had really seen the lady of the lake, and that it was but her own device for putting the youth to trial. The lady further threatened the Maharaja with dire consequence if he did not immediately liberate Sriputi, and restore his effects to his last farthing, and did not marry his daughter *Susila* to him. At the early dawn next morning, the Maharaja liberated Sriputi, and with him went again to *Kalvdaka*, where the strange sight realy met his view ; and he was wild in joy. He impressed kisses at the cheek of Sriputi, and counted himself one of the most fortunate of monarchs. Sriputi now begged of the Maharaja to be allowed to see whether or not his father was amongst his prisoners. This was complied with ; and Sriputy found a man nearly old whose head had grown almost grey. The man talied in all particulars of the description of his mother. But both the father and son were unknown to each other. After the lapse of long twelve years the father—once the biggest of merchant and happiest of beings in the kingdom of Ujjain, was got out of his inceration in a foreign land, and was allowed a refreshing ablution and a healthy dinner, while Dhanapati was thus a tittle refreshed, Sriputi handed over to him the epistle given to him by his mother while leaving home for the distant sojourn in search of his father

The old man, could contain himself no longer, and broke to loud lamentations. The boy made his obeisance and his tears trickled down his cheek in love. The old man took his youthful boy to his bosom with an warmth that is the lot of a father only to enjoy. The good Maharaja repented of his indiscretion and gave his daughter in marriage to Sriputy. A few days after both the father and child left for their distant country. At the time of their departure, the Maharaja out of his regard for his son-in-law, announced that half of his kingdom belonged to Sriputi and the formal possession of it was given. Now they rowed back all hale and hearty to their native country—the land of the bright Phoebus and of delightful moon, and in due course reached home. The son with an old man and an youthful and lovely bride met his sorrowing and anxious mother, who in her anxiety had grown comparatively old. The old man, bust into tears, and asked forgiveness to his wife; and Khullnahie his face at the breast of her dear lord, so awfully changed. There was now joy and happiness all round, and the young bride became the darling of her mother-in-law.

One day, however, the father and boy went to pay their respects to the Maharaja Vikramkeshari, and told him, amongst other things, of the wonderful phenomenon—the lady of the lake. The Maharaja expressed his desire to see the divine lady. Due preparations were made for the long journey that was undertaken. The Maharaja was, however, fortunate enough to see the sight. In token of the great service done to him, and of the gratitude towards the father and child, who rendered him the signal service, that would count him to heaven, he gave his daughter Joyavati in marriage to Sriputi, and made half of his kingdom over to him. The two halves of mighty kingdoms, made Sriputi, a considerable sovereign, who spent years of happiness and pleasure with his two wives in begetting children and rendering services to the Almighty God in heaven. And when their span of lives, was run out, they ascended to heaven. Ulu, ulu, ulu.

BIJOY CHANDRA GANGOOLI.

AGRICULTURAL BANK.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES.—(1). Before dealing with the subject of Agricultural Bank, it will be profitable to examine very briefly the question of "Credit," in general so that the essential points of an Agricultural Bank may be better understood. A large body of men, whether rich or poor, borrow money to purchase property, to start a trade, to celebrate marriage or other social or religious ceremonies and for a variety of other purposes. Now if the *credit* of the borrower be good, that is, if he can give good security, or his character be good, he gets his loan on low interest. A lender will give money to an honest agriculturist or a trader, though he may have no property to pledge as security knowing that the borrower will repay him punctually. Credit of a person therefore depends upon the value of his (1) property and (2) his character.

In India, the borrowers get their money from individuals, who are known as Mohajans, Sowcars or by other names. The institution of bank was perhaps not known to us in India; even now there are very few banks and the institution seems to have been borrowed. The Mohajani system labours under two defects. In the first place, the Mohajan looks too much for his own profit and consequently his interests are high, and in the second place, some Mohajans are unscrupulous and therefore they cheat their clients. Nothing is here imputed against the Mohajans of India especially; the defects are due to the system. In Europe, some money-lenders charge interest from 200 to 2,000 per cent.

The system of banking is an improvement upon the Mohajani system. There are banks for various purposes and of various kinds. But an ordinary bank is a joint stock company with limited liability for the purpose of lending money and receiving deposits for which interest is allowed. As the bank is not the property of any one person, but, is the property of all the persons forming the company in proportion to their shares, it is generally managed judicially and honestly hence the interests are moderate and chances of dishonest dealing with borrowers less.

In spite of these advantages, a bank is not an ideal institution, as the interests of the lenders and borrowers are in opposition. The bank representing the interests of the lenders will try to have as much profit as it can, while the interest of the borrowers requires that the profit of the bank should be as low as possible. Again mere low interest is not everything; on the contrary, cheap money lends to indebtedness. In Switzerland and Norway, rural indebtedness is most marked on account of cheap money. The fact illustrates the well-known saying "lightly come lightly go." Banks do not profess to be institutions for improving habits of industry, prudence and thrift on the part of the borrowers. Without these habits, indebtedness cannot be got rid of though the interest on money may be very low. Moreover poor agriculturists, traders and labourers requiring small loans, say from Rs. 5 to 10 or so, cannot get their loans from a bank, because, banks in general do not deal with such petty loans. Even if a bank be willing to give such small loans, the distance of the bank from the village of the raiyat and the expense of the enquiry about the credit of the raiyat would be serious obstacles.

These conditions lead as directly to the question of Agricultural Bank, that is, a bank suitable for poor raiyats. An ideal bank should be, as seen above, in the village or very close to the village, the rate of interest should be low, and it should be able to exert influence on the borrowers, so that they may acquire habits of industry, prudence and thrift. In order to ascertain what system of banking would fulfil the above conditions, let us examine the different systems which obtain in various countries, where the lot of small agriculturists, traders and poor labourers have been ameliorated by means of banks.

AGRICULTURAL BANKS IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.—Germany was the first country in which the idea of agricultural banks was conceived. About 1848, Raiffeisen a burgomaster or village Mayor and a man of very poor health and of limited means was much moved seeing the miserable condition of the peasantry in Rhine land. The peasants were all ill-housed, ill-clad and ill-fed and dispondent and heavily involved in debt to the Jews. Their country was black and barren and frequently liable to drought, flood, hail and frost. They were further barely instructed and their prejudices and conservatism were proverbial. Under these conditions—Raiffei-

sen had to work. His noble soul was still more moved to compassion, witnessing the miseries caused by a famine. With a prophetic knowledge he foresaw that to better the condition of the peasantry, the qualities of co-operation, self-help, prudence and thrift should be developed among them and they should be supplied with little money on low interest. To compass this object, he started a co-operative village society with unlimited liability among the better class. A few honest and solvent agriculturists formed the society for the purpose of taking loans from the fund of the society. £300 or about Rs. 4,300 was advanced by Raiffeisen himself and this sum formed the capital of the society. The members of the society were jointly liable to pay this deposit together with a low interest. They were also liable to pay other deposits, if received, with interest. The members then borrowed the sum at an interest a little higher than that which they had to pay for the deposits. As the members were of a better class, there was no risk in the joint unlimited liability, because the realization of the borrowed sum was almost a matter of certainty as members only could get loans. The original members exercised the power of electing new members, who must belong to the village or its neighbourhood for which the society was opened. The new members were therefore known to the old members, who as a matter of course would not elect a drunkard or a spend-thrift or other persons having no credit, because all members were jointly responsible for the liabilities of the society. Loans used to be granted for productive purposes, and if a loan were not applied to the purpose for which it was borrowed, it would have been at once realized under the rules of the society. The society was managed by a Committee of 5 persons elected by the members, and there was also a Council of Supervision similarly elected by the members. The duty of this council was to audit accounts and to ascertain the "Credit" of each member once a quarter. If any member were found to be in danger of losing credit on account of incurring debts from other sources beyond his means or on account of bad habits, he would have been expelled. The society thus exercised a healthy moral influence over its members. The society also interested itself in other ways in the moral and material improvement of the members. Out of the profits the sum advanced to the society were paid. Further profits were kept as a reserve fund and from

this fund losses, if any, used to be the paid. The reserve fund was indivisible, that is, the members could not divide it among themselves. It would, however, be spent on objects of public utility. All members concerned in the administration of the society did their duties as a work of love. Under the rules no payment could be made for such services. From the above account it will be seen, that the great principles of Raiffeisen are* (1) No shares and no dividend. (2) the unlimited liability of the members who are drawn from a very restricted area (3) all work to be done without remuneration (4) all loans to be repayable from the return on the capital lent (5) all profits to be credited to the reserve fund, which is indivisible and (6) lastly, the pursuit and promotion of the moral as well as the material improvement of the members. As might be expected the co-operative society, thus started by Raiffeisen did not grow rapidly. Up to 1894, there was only one such society and in that year 5 more sprang up. In 1869, 22 were newly started but from 1879 the increase was very rapid. In 1893, there were about 1,000 such societies. When the societies grew in number, the idea of co-operation among these societies was naturally conceived. Thus, Raiffeisen Unions came into existence. A Raiffeisen Union is an institution in which several Raiffeisen societies joined together for discussing matters of common interest, and for teaching the peasants the proper use of credit, and for extension and supervision of the societies and for the supply of articles at cost price. At the heads of these Unions is a Central Union. There is also a Central Bank. The Central Bank is a joint stock bank, limited by shares and its administration is partly paid. The shareholders are the Raiffeisen societies. Each society participates in the profit of the bank in proportion to its shares, and can borrow from the fund of the bank in the same proportion. The object of the central bank is to balance excess and deficit of funds in the societies; for instance a society having surplus fund deposits it with the central bank and gets interest on the same while another society requiring fund can borrow from the bank paying interest. The profits of the central bank are again shared by each society.

The Raiffeisen societies thus described did and are doing noble work in Germany. Homes have become habitable and comfor-

table, culture and thrift have improved, industry and trade have developed and the once powerful usurer has been driven out of the field. Plenty reigns now where grim poverty was once stalking before. The societies have become centres of beneficial moral influence. Many drunkards have become sober and many spend-thrifts frugal in order to become members. A clergyman once remarked that the Raiffeisen societies did more to improve the morality of the people than all his sermons. The success of the societies was due solely to the high philanthropy, energy and zeal of Raiffeisen. He worked alone and asked for no government help, knowing full well that God helps those who help themselves. He is now justly called by the German peasants as father Raiffeisen. While Raiffeisen was working in rural Germany, Schulze a country Magistrate, being roused by human suffering in urban areas devised a plan of improving their lot by enabling a band of small traders and artisans to borrow on low interest. In this way the Schulze Delitzsch Associations grew up. The defect of these associations is that they have no moral influence over the members.

In Italy and Ireland, the principles of Raiffeisen and Schulze were more or less copied with success.

The Agricultural bank of Egypt is of an entirely different nature. There is a central bank in Cairo. Government has guaranteed interest at the rate of 3 per cent. on the capital of this bank. For this reason the bank can borrow money at low interest and lends money to raiyats at 9 per cent. or even lower for a short term loan. In each district the bank has a local agent. When a villager wants a loan, he puts in an application stating the particulars of his lands. This application is signed by the headman of the village, certifying the truth of the statements. The statements are then checked by the Saraof from the settlement papers. The Saraof is a sort of Government tehsildar and cashier of the village. The application is then forwarded to the Collector of the District, who makes it over to the local agent of the bank. The local agent checks the application and sends it on to the Central Bank. There a further check is made with the register in the Registration office. The Registrar fixes a date on which he goes to the district head quarters, where the villagers also come on the date fixed. The documents are then

registered. Once a year, each local agent prepares a list of all dues and these lists are handed over by the head office to the Saraof through the Financial Department of Government. The Saraofs realise the dues along with Government land revenue. Such is the elaborate and complete machinery of the Egyptian Bank which has done much good in freeing the fellahin from the hands of the usurer. But it is doubtful how far advantageous it will be in the end. It does not teach the people the proper use of credit, and it does not concern itself with their moral improvement. Without these elements the institutions can not be of real permanent benefit. Mere cheap money is nothing. Cheap money has led to much indebtedness in Switzerland and Norway as has been observed before. The system does not teach the fellahin the principles of co-operation and self-help. On the country, it has a tendency to make the people depend too much on Government.

I now come to India, here we had no agricultural banks 12 or 15 years ago. The few that exist at present have mostly sprung up within a decade under the guiding influence of Government officials. In the Madras Presidency, there was a kind of co-operative society called Nidhi. The first Nidhi was started by some clerks. They formed an association, each member of which agreed to subscribe a rupee every month for a certain number of months; say 50 members agreed to pay a rupee, each for 50 months. Each month Rs. 50 was collected. This sum was given by lottery to a member who got Rs. 50 at once by paying 50 monthly instalments of Re 1. He could use the money for clearing debts, in meeting marriage expenses or building a house or could spend it for any other useful purpose. The association was thus based upon co-operation, honesty and mutual confidence, because the default of a considerable number of members would have been fatal to the existence of the association. Afterwards several *Nidhis* were started with the same or modified rules, but upon the same principles of co-operation, honesty and mutual confidence. The *Nidhis* were tolerably good institutions for people in receipt of a monthly salary or wages, but for agriculturists they were not suitable, because they have no fixed monthly income.

From the foregoing account, it will be seen that co-operative credit societies on the principles of Raiffeisen are the best institu-

tions, not only for the supply of cheap money, but also for the moral and material progress of the small agriculturists, as they fulfill both the conditions of credit.

ACTION TAKEN BY GOVERNMENT IN CONNECTION WITH AGRICULTURAL BANK.—The steps taken by Imperial and Local Governments will now be briefly described. In 1892, the Madras Government placed Sir Fred. Nicholson, on special duty to enquire and report on the possibility of introducing some system of agricultural or loan bank in that province. He submitted a very valuable and interesting report. The Madras Government then requested him to start a few experimental co-operative credit societies. The Government of India on perusing the report in October of 1900 thought that the same might be circulated in other provinces with a view to ascertain whether something useful could be done in those provinces in the matter of agricultural loan banks. The Government of India also drew attention to a book entitled "People's Banks for Northern India" which was published by Mr. Dupernex, a District and Sessions Judge of that province. In December 1900, an informal conference was held in Calcutta. In this conference it was decided that the societies on the principles of Raiffeisen were likely to succeed in India. Hence in June 1901, the Government of India appointed a special committee to settle the details. It was composed of Sir Ed. Law (President) and Messrs. Fuller, Wilson Murray and Dupernex. The committee submitted a report together with a draft bill. This bill with some modifications became Act X of 1904 with the title of "the Co-operative Credit Societies Act, 1904." Under this act, two kinds of societies were recognized, *viz*, urban societies and rural societies. The urban societies were meant to meet the needs of small artisans, traders and others, and the rural societies for small agriculturists. The Act has conferred certain rights on the co-operative credit societies provided they are registered under the act, such registration being free. The privileges granted by the act are:—

(1). That the society can deposit its fund in Government Savings Bank, or any other bank approved by the Registrar of co-operative credit societies (§ 6).

(2). The shares of members in the society are not liable to attachment (§ 15).

(3). A society shall have prior claim, subject to the claim of

Government on account of land revenue or of landlord on account of rent, to crops, implements and cattle purchased by money borrowed from the society (§ 19.)

(4). A society shall have charge upon the share, deposit, dividend, bonus or profit of a member and can set-off any sum credited or payable to a member in payment of any sum due from him (sec. 20).

(5). A copy of an entry in a book of the society certified in the prescribed manner will be evidence in Courts (sec. 22).

(6) The Governor-General in Council may remit income-tax, stamp duty and registration fee (sec. 25).

The act has laid down certain restrictions as well, *viz.* :—

(1). The liability of a rural society must be unlimited unless local government otherwise directs (sec. 7).

(2) No dividend shall be paid to a member of a rural society, unless the reserve fund exceed a certain proportion (sec. 8.)

(3). Government may limit the power of borrowing from non-members by rules under the act (sec 9).

(4). No loan can be given to a person who is not a member (§ 10).

(5). Shares cannot be charged or transferred unless to the society or a member of the society or unless it has been held for one year at least (§ 14).

(6). A past member shall be liable for a period of one year for the debts of the society, which existed during his membership, (§ 17).

(7). The Registrar shall audit the accounts without any charge once a year, and the society shall be bound to show its books for inspection of Collector or Registrar or any person authorized by either of them (§ 21).

(8). A society once formed cannot wind up without the sanction of the Registrar (sec. 23) Though these restrictions might seem to be somewhat rigid, they are nevertheless essential. Most of these restrictions are to be found in the Raiffeisen societies, while the provision of free audit in the Act is a very valuable gift, because this procedure will ensure the stability of the societies and inspire confidence of the people. The wise policy of Government in respect of co-operative credit societies, is not to grant subventions, but to stimulate their growth by removing all ob-

stades, though Government recognizes that loans to such societies in the beginning will be of much value. Government also expects that the Registrar, the Collector and the Sub-Divisional Officer will exercise their influence in spreading the principles of co-operation and in promoting the growth of co-operative credit societies.

The Government of Bengal put Mr. Lyon on special duty in November 1900, in connection with Agricultural Banks. He first visited the United provinces, where Experimental Banks were started and then established a few banks in some Districts of Bengal. Then in September 1904, the local government—appointed Mr. Gourlay as Registrar under Act X of 1904. Before joining his new post, Mr. Gourlay visited Europe and Egypt in order to study the Agricultural Banks of those countries. His valuable help and advice can be had by any one desiring to start a society. Government also lends some money on easy terms to a society on certain conditions and limitations, that is, the sum advanced may not exceed the amount subscribed and deposited by the members or the amount of paid up shares or it may not exceed Rs. 2,000 for a society.

CONCLUSION.—Now it is a matter of common experience, that the lot of an average Bengal raiyat is very hard, he is ill-clad, ill-fed, illiterate, indebted and unhealthy. No person having a spark of humanity in him can live as the raiyat's neighbour without feeling a pity for him, and without a desire, however, momentary such feeling might be to do him a good turn. This desire is perhaps soon chilled by the stupendity and seemingly impracticability of the task. But Raiffeisen has shown us how the task can be easily solved. We have the additional advantage of a sympathetic law, and of official help and encouragement in the matter. All that is required, is to explain to a dozen of well-behaved raiyats, the principles of co-operative credit society and to form one for their moral and material improvement and to advance to them a little money, at a low interest, say, 6 per cent. If properly worked the society will steadily grow in number and in capital exerting moral influence in the village and in the neighbourhood. In time, thousands of such societies might spring up and these village societies may be utilised for hundreds of useful purposes, such as sanitation, education, arbitration, suppression of litigation,

culture, trade and morality. What a golden vista, this scheme of co-operative credit society opens before us. It is simply impossible not to be captured by such a scheme. Here the officials and non-officials, the Hindu and the Musalman can work conjointly for common good. These are the possibilities of the scheme, but there are also its limitations. All these glowing and happy results cannot be obtained, in a day or in a year or even in 10 years. There is no patent pill for the conversion of want into plenty, ignorance into knowledge, and unhealthiness into healthiness, in such a short time. But if properly, steadily and patiently worked, the scheme will ultimately lead us to that happy goal. I now leave it to the feelings of humanity and patriotism of the reader, to consider whether he should not try to introduce a co-operative credit society in his village or neighbourhood, when such a promising future awaits it. I have not given the details here, but any one can get them for the mere asking from the registration of co-operative credit societies. In the next Chapter, however, some details will be given and the mode of starting a co-operative credit society will be indicated.

SYED ABDUS SALEK, B.A.

*AN IDEAL DEVOTION TO DUTY—MAHARAJA
MAYURADHYA.*

(A SKETCH FROM THE MAHABHARAT)

In a recent number of the "*National Magazine*" Babu Bijoy Chandra Ganguli has given us from the Mahabharat the story of an ideal generosity shewn by a Hindu prince—Maharaja Usinar. I may say that to the Hindu mind this was not at all a phase of ideal generosity but one of mere devotion to duty. The Hindu mind does not look upon this readiness to satisfy this demand of the virtue to sacrifice his own life if he wanted to do so to give protection to the pigeon who sought the Raja's protection, not as a generous act done out of mere magnanimity but merely an act which a king was in duty bound to do as a matter of course, for is not the protection of the weak against the oppressions of the strong one of the bounden duties of a king? The case of Usinar is only one of the numerous cases of such ideal devotion to duty with which the Mahabharat abounds. It is a matter of regret that it should now become necessary to relate these stories to our young educated men by writing them out in this form. They know the names of the Pharaohs of Egypt and of the islands beyond the straits of Saghalian but do not care to read their own Ramayan or Mahabharat. That was not, however, the case 25 years ago. The story of Dātā-Karna used then to be read by every Bengalee boy before he reached the age of 7 years. But it is doubtful if some of our graduates even know now what that story is. I give to-day the soul-stirring tale of another Hindu prince, also chronicled in the Mahabharat—that of Raja Mayuraddhya of Patnabalipur*. He was a devout worshipper of Krishna and the one great ambition of his life was to have in his mortal coil a vision of the Lord-God in all His resplendent

* Query—was Patnabalipur the modern Amarabati in Burma? Arjuna went to this place after his war with the Prince of Manipur.

glory. The Lord never denies any thing to his BHAKTA. The time for the fulfilment of the one great desire of this devout BHAKTA came at last. To test his virtues Krishna took the form of an ordinary Brahmin and repaired to the Court of Mayuraddhya. The king received him with great homage and begged to know his pleasure. The Brahmin said that he was in great distress and knew not what to do. He was coming with his son to celebrate his marriage with the daughter of a Brahmin of his kingdom, when, on the way, the son was attacked and about to be devoured by a lion. He offered to give his own body to the lion but the lion would not listen, as he wanted the tender flesh of the boy and not the dry bones of the old father. At last, however, the lion said that he could spare the youngman if the Brahmin could get for him the flesh of the king which, he believed, must be very tender and delicious as the king fed on rich and delicious food. Hearing this, Mayuraddhya at once consented to give himself up to the lion for the sake of saving the Brahmin's boy. Every one else in the kingdom was, however, mortified on hearing the king's resolve. Tamraddhya, the son and heir-apparent to the king, went to the Brahmin and explained that the Brahmin should take him instead of his father because he was a minor and would not be able to rule the kingdom if his father was then to give up his life. The BRAHMIN said that the lion wanted the right half of the king's body and was not to be satisfied with the son of the king. Hearing this, the Queen came and represented to the Brahmin that as she was the better half of the king the lion would be satisfied with her and that therefore the king should be spared and she should be taken to the lion. The Brahmin, however, was obdurate. He declared that the lion told him that the king's son and wife must save the body of the king in two and the right side should be taken to him. Mayuraddhya bade his wife and son be quick and saw him into two that the Brahmin's son might be saved from the clutches of the lion. Finding no other means availing, the son and the mother took up the saw and put it on the head of the king and began to cut it through. Thousands and thousands collected to witness the glorious scene and shouted in praise of the virtues of the king. In the midst of this scene drops of tears began to fall from the left eye of the king. The Brahmin saw the tears and at once stopped the sawing. He

said he would not take the king's flesh as the king was not giving it willingly and was weeping and regretting the promise he made. The Brahmin prepared to go away, but the king stopped and begged him to stay. He explained that his left eye was shedding tears not because he was feeling pain or regretted giving up his life, but because the left side of his body was weeping in merriment that the right side should have the honor and the glory of being chosen for such a glorious purpose in preference to the left. Krishna knew the sincerity of the king's assertions. One peal of shouting rent the air and the clouds in praise of the king from the vast multitude assembled to witness the glorious scene, and lo! the Brahmin at once changed his form. Krishna appeared in all his divine glory and told the king the deception he had practised for testing his virtues. The life-long desire of the king was thus fulfilled. The BHAKTA realised the vision of his Lord-God in flesh and blood. Such is the reward of the sincerely devout soul, ready to lay down life and all for the sake of doing his duty.

G. C. DAS GUPTA

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*AN APPEAL TO THE HINDU CONGRESS OF
RELIGION.*

The idea of holding a Congress of the Hindu religion does credit to the tread that conceived it. Time changeth and with it all human institutions. Progress is the watchword of humanity. It is, therefore, high time that the Hindu world met together to discuss their institutions—domestic and social, racial and national which have come down to them from ancient times. Many institutions have, as they are bound to do, undergone and are still undergoing, changes and modifications. But such changes, depending upon the influences exerted by individual souls take place slowly and fitfully. The code of laws given *into* us by Manu and other law givers are still supposed to control the Hindu world. But in fact they do not. For instance the Brahmin now-a-days is not held in the same respect and paid the same honors as was the case a thousand years ago ; simply because a Brahmin does not keep up the particular practices enjoined to him by the Sastras. On the other hand, a Sudra is not bound down by the same chains to a state of everlasting slavery, as he used to be, in by gone times ; for the best of reason, that he has by sheer force of character, enlightenment and education, has broken loose the shackles imposed upon him while he was weak and the other party strong. Many a Brahmin now-a-days have toppled down from the high level they once attained and many a Sudras have got up to it and taken their place. To show again that human beings cannot be eternally bent down to any sphere of life high or low,

let us look at the people called the Chandals in East Bengal who are so much looked down upon. I have seen among them persons as fair and intelligent as any, among the classes placed high above them. And who are these Sudras and Chandals? They are the descendants, very remote and much changed it may be, of the same race who has this day astonished the world with their high mental and physical culture. I mean the Japanese. Let us look at a Chandal or a Kaibarta of Bengal or a Tharoo of the Nepal Terai, or a Mahar of the Central Provinces, (in the face) and study him; and what do we find? We find the Mongul in him. If the Chinese, the Japanese are not inferior to us, why should the Chandals, the Mahars, the Tharoos and Kaibartas be looked down by us and bound down to a degraded sphere of life. We call them Hindus. They are good enough to take pride in being called Hindus, why should we then despise them and not give them our warmest embraces, as our divine Rama did. In my opinion, the hard and fast rules binding down communities of people, into different spheres of life, position and honor, which are a later development, have been the cause of the degradation and decline of the Hindu world. It is a fact well known to every enquirer that the so called low-class people of Bengal are fast tearing away from the folds of Hinduism and entering those of Mohamedanism and Christianity, for the simple reason that they cannot, any longer tolerate the indignities heaped upon them by the so-called higher classes of their Hindu brethren. Like the sunlight, western education came to all high-and-low, rich and poor. Western education has opened up their eyes. A Chandal now sees that he is not inferior to a Brahmin in intellectual and physical pursuits. Why should he be trodden under foot thus and held in everlasting bondage? Why should so much indignities be heaped upon his head? Why should his touch pollute a man who calls himself a Brahmin but who is as unclean as any and whose attainments are not a whit superior to his. "Emancipate yourself" is the cry of human nature. If you do not remove our shackles and let us be free, if you do not open the gate and let us in and work out our salvation, we will enter by other gates, the gate of Muhamedanism and Christianity. This is what a present day Chandal, a Kaibarta, a Mahar says. I witnessed in East Bengal

the low class Hindus getting converted into Muhamedanism for nothing. Why so? These people have no love, no affection for a society which does not recognise them even as human beings. Christianity and Muhamedanism are battering from every direction at the citadel of Hinduism and have succeeded in levelling a corner here and a corner there and if the Hindus do not look up and are not on their guard and fight, the edifice, in course of time, may be altogether levelled down to the ground. My fond dream had ever been, that in Bengal, Hinduism was the prevalent religion. My idea was that Bengal is a Hindu country. One day while reading "Hunter's Gazetteer" I woke up from my dream with a sudden start and saw that half the Bengalees were Muhamedans and half Hindus. And who are these Bengali Muhamedans. The largest majority, if not all, were Hindus. When the Muhamedans ruled at Delhi the Mahomedan nobles shunned Bengal for its pestilential climate, very few true blue Mahomedans could be induced to come and settle in Bengal. If any other, proof were required, look at the Bengalee language. Whereas in the United Provinces and the Punjab the language spoken by the Hindus is much mixed with Persian words. The language of Bengal retains its priestine character and is almost pure—Hindu keeping its Sanskrit features and characters. This shows that the Bengalee language was not affected at all by the influence of Muhamedanism. For no pure blooded Muhamedan, speaking pure Persian or Urdu, lived in the country. Again look at the census reports; we find there almost every year, families after families getting converted into Muhamedanism or Christianity. Not one, but innumerable causes are sapping the vitality of Hinduism and slowly but surely disintegrating the Hindu world. I have noticed another significant fact. My particular business brings me in contact with thousands and thousands of people every year, of different creed. I have invariably found, among these people, the Muhamedans and Christians, far surpassed the Hindus intellectually and physically though all come from the same class. The Muhamedans and Christians are much fairer in complexion both the male and the female, better built and of nobler mien. Is it not because they are free from the ban of social ostracism which presses down the Hindus so much and makes them look upon themselves as moral cripple and lepers. And of course the Muhamedans and Christians live on more varied

and nourishing food. What then is the remedy for the canker that is eating into the vitals of Hindu society, and the Hindu world. It is plain as daylight. If the Hindus are not at present in a mood to altogether shatter the barrier that now divide people from people I wish they would loosen them enough, so that people from one fold might get into another, rise from one sphere to another according as they qualify themselves. Why should not a Chandal graduate have the same honor in society as a Brahmin graduate? But in fact now-a-days, notwithstanding all the stringencies enjoined by our ancient Sastras, there has been a great mixing and kneading together in our society. We see to-day the much despised Sudras sitting on judgment over a Brahmin who would not once, condescend to sit at the same table with him. We see now, a Kaibarta doctoring a Brahmin and though the Sastras say, to take medicine from any but a Baidya, nay even from a Brahmin, is utter pollution. To go beyond our society now-a-days a Hindu, to whatever caste he may belong, would not scruple to dine with a Muhamedan, a Christian, not to say with Hindus of caste much inferior to his. When the tide of enlightenment has set in, no human made barriers, like these, can stand. Hindu world is quick with life now, it was dead before. Daily, changes are taking place, the barriers separating people from people are disappearing fast. The descendants of those that once held the highest position in society through merit, are falling fast from their high level. No artificial props can any longer keep them up. On the other hand those, kept so long stuck to the lowest rung of the ladder, have managed to get up to the top by sheer force of character and education. No human beings can resist Nature; hence, the present state of the Hindu world, has turned topsy turvy. His is a wise head who takes cognisance of the fact and applies remedies accordingly. We have got to, if I may say so, revise our ancient Sastras and publish new editions of them. The revision is to be made in the light of the present day. Our duties, towards ourselves, our family, our society and our nation all come under "Manab Dharma." Monu and others have written about them elaborately and systematically. They might not have treated all with equal discrimination and they could not have done so, for things were not then what they are now. There were no Christians, no Muhamedan then, no intercourse with foreign nations, not so much of science. If we are wise, then we must

have a new and enlarged edition of "Manab Dharma Shastra." Duties vary with our relations. We have contracted various new relations, our duties by which I mean our "Dharma" must be changed accordingly. As regard our higher duties or higher forms of religions when we look back to Vedic times we are struck with wonder at the nobler conceptions, our ancient fathers had. They taught no caste distinctions; they taught particular forms of relations; father the head, first son the Brahmin, the second Kshetriya, the third the Vaisya and the fourth or the youngest the Sudra the general attendant. This was the skeleton form. In a family of four each individual is very likely to have predilection towards a particular field of work and he was judiciously and wisely given to work in the field of his liking. A man can show his best in a sphere of life suited to his taste. Taking a broader view, they divided society into so many spheres which we now known as castes. They never meant to keep sections of people confined to a particular sphere, generation after generation. They made no hard and fast and unchangeable rules. Men from one sphere, if so qualified, might go and work in a different sphere; that was wise and scientific. Let us work in different spheres but let us not be forced to a particular sphere against our will, inclination and capacities. We are all members of the same society; we must have equal rights and honours befitting our position. There should be none high none low. Let us all work harmoniously together as different pieces of the same mechanism. Every one of which being of equal importance, for the smallest screw, if loose, will spoil the whole machinery. Another point; I do not understand how Hindus could regard a Muhamedan a Christian or a man of any other religion as one outside the pale of his religion. I regard Hindu religion as the religion of mankind. I have ever regarded it as a system of religion. In it, is the origin, the different stages of progress and the highest development as yet attained by religion. A Hindu includes a Muhamedan, a Christian as much as a Buddha, a Jaina. There is no other religion which is not Hindu religion. The Hindu religion holds in its immense fold, the grossest fetish in whose mind the seed is just germinating to the superfine agnostic in whom we see the highest phase of human attainment. I would give an equally warm embrace to a Muhamedan and a Christian as to a Hindu. For, they profess but a form of Hinduism; socially we may differ, customs

and manners change according to climes. A Kashmeree Hindu differs from a Bengalee Hindu as much as, but not more, than an ordinary Hindu differs from an ordinary Muhamedan. To allude to a few personal facts which might add real piquancy to what I have said above, I may say that my grandfather, who was a leader of a sect of orthodox Hindus, yet had, always before him, a portrait of Jesus Christ in all the glory of his crown of thorn on his head, as he sat in prayer and meditation. My father was as great an admirer of Muhamet and of Jesus Christ as he was a lover of Brahminism and Vedantism. As a boy, on a certain Brahmo Anniversary day, as I sat on the steps of a statue witnessing the ceremonies, I was asked by a gentleman if I was a Brahmo or a Christian, I told him I was not 'in' Brahmoism or Christianity or Muhamedanism, but Muhamedanism Christianity and Brahmoism all were 'in' me, I was a Hindu. On several occasions while travelling with them, I was asked by European gentlemen if I was a Christian or a Brahmo? My answer was the same. A Hindu can have no objection to dine with any, provided he is clean and agreeable. My appeal to the Congress of Hindu religion is that the, respected and venerable Sastris will kindly take into consideration the points I have touched upon and give us a new and enlarged "Manab Dharma Shashtra." They would graciously give us a hand book of Hindu religion as it has been proposed and I say most judiciously and wisely proposed, a hand book which should contain the rules of life and of conduct of the people in the different stages of life. It cannot be expected that in a society all people would attain the same intellectual and moral perfections. It is never possible, so there should be different sets of rule for different stages of life; but all linked together so that by following them, men from one stage may pass to another, and on a higher stage. The rules should be such that they may be easily observed and followed. Because of the simplicity of rules, Muhamedanism and Christianity are so easily understood and strictly followed. Whereas the present day Hinduism is a chaotic mass of lifeless rites and ceremonies which even the higher class fail to understand the meaning or their efficacy. Few amongst us has got a clear idea of what Hinduism is. As Hinduism is nothing but a system there should be system of rules, cut and dry, easily understood, easily observed and easily followed. I have no time to dilate

upon the subject which is vast. My time is short, and my capacity limited. The Congress, I doubt not, will deal with the matter thoroughly and exhaustively. I only hope to see the result of their wise deliberations. The superiority or I should say the universality or Catholicism of the Hindu Religion lies in its being nonsectarian. It is a non denominational religion of mankind, based upon human instincts and developed and still developing under the laws of evolution which govern the world itself. Christianity, Muhamedanism and Buddhism are sectarian religion or rather, I should say, personal religion. They are the products of individual souls; they are not and cannot be a Catholic or a universal religion. They can be comprehensible only to a few. I may even venture to say, Christ himself only did understand Christianity; Mahomet, Mahomedanism; and Buddha Buddhism. None but Christ ever was a Christian; none but Mahomet a Mahomedan and not but Buddha a Buddha. True they had devoted followers and faithful adherents' but none could attain the same height and position as they reached. The aim of all these religionists was the same as the aim of Hinduism, that is, in other words the aim of mankind. Buddhism, Christianity and Muhamedanism are but different ladders erected at different climes and different times amongst different people but the heads of all run up towards the same height as of Hinduism itself. What is "Mukti" (or emancipation of the individual soul) in Hinduism? It is the same as "Nirvana" of Buddhism the "Seventh Heaven" or the Union of the individual with the universal soul of Mahomedanism and "I and my father are one" of Christianity. The basal parts of the ladders are wide apart; the higher they run up the clearer they come till at the top they all meet together. An ordinary Hindu, a Buddhist, a Christian and a Mahomedan differ from one another as widely as human beings can differ from one another. A Hindu "plays religion" with pieces of wood and stone which he regards as his gods and goddesses. An ordinary Hindu is still but a child fond and enamoured of his dolls and is quite content with them. A Buddhist passes his days sending up an everlasting prayer heaven wards "on a wheel" and he thinks that is the he all-and-end-all of Buddhism. A Muhamedan thinks he has attained beatitude while he is in the midst of Hauris lying in a bed of flower and drinking an everlasting cup of Maderia. A Christian takes Christ for his god, transfers all his burdens to his

shoulder, eats beef for Jesus's flesh and drinks whisky for his blood and believes he is saved. What light at the top, what dark superstition below! when Huxly said. "All the Religions of the world are but so many forms of superstition he said but a simple truth. I have given above broad hints as what to do, to bring into a state of order the chaotic mass forming the modern Hindu world. I would now give you a few concrete cases in which reforms are urgently needed.

1. As regards our duties to ourselves I wish that no Hindu should be handicapped in the struggle for life and enlightenment. All should have equal rights to study the Vedas, the Upanesads and Vedangas, the sciences and Darsans, all should be given facilities to get a sound liberal education. And for the betterment of physical health and condition; all should be given the option to eat meat and may be enjoined to eat it regularly.

2. As regards our family duties every member must be made to earn for himself and be self supporting and that nobody should be allowed to marry when he is a dependent upon others, either wilfully or forced to be so through natural defects as a diseased person or a cripple.

3. As regards our social duties intermarriage should be allowed and so should widow marriage. The ceremonies connected with marriage should be reformed and improved and the performance made more economical. One of the most crying need of the Hindu society now-a-days is the reformation of funeral rites and ceremonies. The most heart-rending and morally depressing scenes are the Hindu death chamber the funeral procession and the cremation Ghats. When a Hindu dies he is deserted by all, even at times, by the nearest and dearest ones. I saw only the other day a Hindu child belonging to a respectable Brahmin family lying ill on the lap of a fond mother, tended with every care and attention but when the child died, the body of the dearly loved one was made over to the hands of a stranger to be thrown into the nearest jungle and there devoured by dogs and jackals. No friends, no relations, not even the father or brother followed the body to see that the last rites were decently performed. Could anything be more shocking, more in-human and more cruel! All feelings of humanity were dead in the Hindu soul. There were dozens of neighbours, relatives and friends, not one would condescend even to follow the body. Why, even the father, whom I met soon after was as cheery and merry as

if nothing had happened. Let it be enjoined that whenever death occurs, every family of the neighbourhood should send a member to follow the funeral bier and help to mourners, at the Ghat. The funeral procession is one of the most sickening and depressing sights, often time a body is carried wrapped round in dirty old beddings and mat, roped round a bamboo stake. There should be decently made biers, preferably a box on wheels drawn by a pair of bullocks or a horse or by men but never carried on shoulders which is not only disagreeable to the carriers when they are not close relations but at the same time very risky. There should be public crematorium built on scientific plans where bodies may be quickly and economically disposed of. Such crematoriums should be situated on the loveliest sites procurable in the neighbourhood and should be regarded and treated as sacred places as "Gods acre" of the Christian world. Wide open plain, the bank of a river, the seashore or the top of a mountain are the best sites. Each crematorium should have wide open grounds around it, securely fenced, laid out into gardens with walks and beds and planted with the best flowery plants and shrubs. The ashes from the crematorium should be put into pits, where plants may be grown or memorial slabs raised. The loveliest burning Ghat that I have seen is the sea beach at Puri aptly called the "Sarga dwar" the door to Heaven. If I have a wish, it is to die and cremated either on the Height of the Himalayas in full view of the snowcovered majestic peaks ever pointing towards Heaven or at the "Sarga dwar" of Puri in full view of the eternal sea and sky.

4. As to our national duties Hindoos should mix freely with men belonging to every sect or denomination, dine together, hold socio religious gathering and so cultivate universal brotherhood. Is not the cardinal principal of life of a Hindu. "To see himself in every creature that is born."

“সর্বভূতেষু আত্মবৎ মন্যতে” ।

H. SEN, M. B.

THE GRAND HINDU DRAMA—SAKUNTALA.

(The Civilization to which the Hindus attained during the time of Kalī Das.)

There was born a daughter to Maharsi Biswamitra, (by his nymph wife) who being a sage of great devotion was very averse to wordly life. But Maharsi Kanwa being a very kind hearted sage, took pity on the helpless condition of the poor creature, that lost her mother while very young, and received the charge of the child as his own, and named it to be Sakuntala. Kanwa began to bring up his charge with the tenderness of a mother, and the assiduity of a father. The good adoptive father took diligent care to give her a good breeding and culture, that might befit her to occupy an exalted sphere of life, as he believed, she might one day have to attain to, being a daughter of Khsatriya sage. By evolution of time Sakuntala reached to youthful age, blooming both in mental and physical attractions. Born of a nymph mother, the personal attractions Sakuntala inherited were of a most ravishing character ; and that coupled with mental grace and acquirements made her the pride of womanfolk in general and her father in particular. All the anchorites there with their wives and children, were deeply attached to her, as if she were their own. While the period of her tutelage was over, her father employed her to rear up a garden. In her this new avocation, she received two help-mates, Anusuya and Priambada, who were her friends and daughters of two neighbouring sages. Being of the same age, culture and education they grew to be fast friends. They jointly watered the plants that they named separately and likened them to be their sons, daughters and sons-in-law. The peaceful character of the sages made even the birds and beasts of the forest as docile and playful, as if they were the children of the hermitage. A peacock and an antelope and such other animals were her objects of care and love. However Sakuntala in company of her friends, and under the fostering care of her adoptive father, and

amidst the religious influence of the hermitage, reached to the age, which is the most charming period of a womanly existence. Kanwa although a homeless recluse had fallen prey to that soul-enthralling love that binds quite unconsciously with an unsuperable tie, parents and their children. Kanwa began to ponder how could his daughter be given away to a suitable bridegroom, although amidst the pious surroundings of the hermitage, Sakuntala was passing her days as if she was a child. One day, however, Maharaja Dushanta, the king of Hastinapur, the lenial descendant of Puru, having been out on hunting, aimed at an antelope. But before he could throw his shaft, the poor creature ran, and the king pursued. During the course, one running for life, and the other enthusiastically chasing a prize both entered a sequestered part of the forest. The king was just throwing his arrow, at the creature, being closer to it, when a voice cried out, "Do'nt, Do'nt, O'king, kill the deer of the hermitage." It was now apparent that the antelope aimed at was one belonging to the hermitage. The king in all humility to one calling forth to stop, restored his arrow to the quiver. The pupils of the great Kanwa came closer, and pronounced their blessings and asked the prince to proceed a little onward on the bank of the river Malini to have a view of the holy hermitage, and if not pre-engaged, to share modest hospitality there. The king humbly asked whether or not the great anchorite was at his cottage? In reply the pupil said that the hermit, having asked his daughter Sakuntala, to entertain guests with hospitality had gone to contemplation. Dushanta, expressed his readiness to go to the hermitage to see her, and ordered the charioteer to proceed onward to the holy place. Soon after they reached to a spot which by its serene and hallowed appearance indicated to be the precincts of the hermitage. The Maharaja out of regard to the hermitage, ordered his charioteer to stop there, and having divested himself of his royal robes, as he thought he should have been there in humble dress, entered the hermitage. But what was that? In a place where everything was calm and quiet, why his right arm throbbed?* In the meantime the Maharaja heard whispers to the right. He proceeded thither, and found three maidens of

* The throbbing of the right arm of a man, and that of the left of a woman, augur well.

exquisite beauty, coming with pitchers in their hands to water the plants. Oh, how beautiful were they ! How graceful their appearance ! The Maharaja who was dazzled with the beauty of the maidens, said to himself. "Here under the protection of this tree, I will wait." and pointing to the most graceful figure of the three, proceeded on, "Oh, can this be the daughter of Maharsi Kanwa ? I am sure the tender limbs of the maiden are not equal to the task her father has imposed upon." However, the Maharaja, as if, void of scruple and decency hid himself under the tree and began to overhear what the youthful, naturally gay, impulsive and ardent maidens talked together. But during the course of watering, a bee began to pursue the nice Sakuntala and tease her, she felt a little afraid, lest it would sting her, and asked her friends to save her from her ill-behaved pursuer. But both the friends, to make fun of her, said, "We are but feeble maidens, and can scarcely defend ourselves. There is the powerful Maharaja Dushwanta in the hermitage, better call him and he will deliver you. As a king, he is bound to protect the hermitage." This was a golden opportunity for the king to appear before the maidens and to talk to them. He hastily drew forth, and said "No fear, no fear, I am here to chastise the ill-behaved fellow, who rudely behave towards pretty maidens of tender years." The friends were all greatly alarmed at such an unexpected, intrusion, and one of them said, "No calamity sir; this friend of ours is alarmed being teased by a bee." The King asked them, how did the devotional rites of the hermitage prosper ? In reply one of the friends of Sakuntala said that if they had not prospered, how then could they receive such a distinguished one as their guest ? And asked Sakuntala to leave immediately for the cottage to get offerings for the august guest. But the Maharaja would not have them part, as he said, he had been highly welcomed by their sweet words alone. All of them sat there on an elevated ground under a huge tree, and began to talk together. The maidens were suspecting that their guest was either the Maharaja Dushwanta himself or one of his officers. And one of them could not resist her impatience to know for certain, who really their guest was, and implored forgiveness for her impudence to ask him who he was. The Maharaja replied in the following equivocal way ;—"I am, fair maidens, the person charged by his

royal majesty, with the administration of justice, and that I have been here to know how the sacred rites are being performed by the anchorites, without any obstruction." As they were talking together, Sakuntala was amorously stealing glances at the guest, and attentively hearing him. Love is a natural feeling, that simultaneously stimulates the hearts of lovers. The King also, amidst his questions and answers, was wondering, who the most exquisitely graceful figure among the three maidens could be, who looked not like one of those maidens belonging to the hermitage who were dedicated to the services of the holy place. However the history of Sakuntala was detailed to the Maharaja who felt very happy to know the superior birth of one, who stealthily had gotten full possession of his heart. Besides he learnt that Maharsi Kanwa was solicitous to give his daughter away in marriage should a suitable husband be soon available. This encouraged the King, But how could he fathom the heart of Sakuntala? Ways of women as a class, are inscrutable under the Sun, at least in India. In matters of love they won't speak out a syllable, should they even pine away. God alone knows whether for this alone, their love and attachment for their husbands are so profoundly deep, that encounter no obstacles in way to follow them any where in any undertaking, The Indian woman folk are the manifestations of God amongst His creatures. In the different stages a daughter, a wife, and a mother, it is the Almighty father who reveals Himself in the feelings of affection, love and tenderness, and makes the class peculiarly interesting, sacred and divine. The Hindoos have codified in her glory the following :—

- (a) “যত্র নারীস্তু পূজ্যন্তে পূজিতাস্তত্র দেবতাঃ ।
যত্রৈতাস্তু ন পূজ্যন্তে সর্বাস্তত্রাকলাঃ ক্রিয়াঃ ॥
- (b) শোচন্তি জাময়ো যত্র বিনশ্চাত্তাতংকুলম্ ।
ন শোচন্তি তু যত্রৈতা বর্দ্ধন্তেতদ্ধি সর্বদা ॥
- (c) জাময়ো যানি গেহানি শপন্ত্য প্রতি পূজিতাঃ ।
তানি কৃত্যাহতানীব বিনশ্চন্তি সমস্ততঃ ॥
- (d) সন্তুষ্টৌ ভার্য্যা ভর্ত্তা ভর্ত্তা ভার্য্যাতথৈবচ ।
যশ্নিন্নেব কুলে নিত্যং কল্যাণং তত্রবৈজ্রবম্ ॥

However, the poor Maharaja hopelessly fell a prey to the

poignant arrow of cupid's bow although his experience of the maiden was but of very short duration. Love has no law to obey, and the poor Maharaja was more an object of pity than of laughter. He began to pick out opportunity to see his love once more for the last time. Love ever promises so. One day greatly dejected, Sakuntala, went to the bank of the river Malini, where under the cool shade of a grove, the three maidens used to pass the hours of the sultry noon in study and friendly chat. The Maharaja peeped from behind a cluster of huge trees, and found the object of his adoration lying on a stone, and her friends were fanning her. Oh, how restless she was! was she ill? How wonderfully had she changed! Sakuntala was all indifferent and restless, and nothing could give her comfort. Her friends with importunity asked what was the matter with her, that had wrought so destructive a change in her. Sympathetic enquiry, in the midst of grief and sorrow, always appeals to the very chord of a man's heart. The case was the same with Sakuntala. She could not contain herself any longer. She was being constantly consumed at the altar of Love, that had made him most miserable. Her patience was fully taxed, and she whispered to their ears, that since the day, she unfortunately saw the King's officer, at that bower, she had lost her peace, her happiness and her maiden freshness; and that it had passed all remedy with her. As they were her best friends, she could not but ask to them, (as to whom besides these should she?) to do every thing in their power to secure the favours of the man otherwise she was sure to die. The friends advised her to write a love letter to be transmitted to the King, concealed in a bouquet of flowers. But Sakuntala trampled lest her proffers were rejected with disdain, Love is ever timid. But in the realm of fantasy, Love sways a dominant control. He is respecter of no law, and it soon conquered her timidity. She wrote a letter to her love, depicting the present state of her mind :—

“তব না জানে হৃদয়, যম পুনর্মর্দনোদিবাপিরাত্রিমপি ।

নিরুপ তাপয়তি বলীকন্তবহন্ত মনোরথানি অঙ্গানি ॥ ”

(that she did not know his heart, but that she was being burnt day and night,) and was just reading it out loudly enough for her friends to hear; when lo, suddenly the amorous King, in transport

of joy, rushed out of her concealment, at the presence of the maidens; and the love sick monarch, frankly confessed the awful sufferings, he himself had been undergoing from the day he first saw her,—

“তপতি তমুগাঙ্গি মদনস্বামিশং মাং পুনর্দেহ্যেব ।

প্রপন্নতি যথা শশাঙ্কং ন তথাহি কুমুদতীং দিবসঃ ॥”

and said, unless she favoured him with her hands, he was sure to die. The friends of Sakuntala, were severely putting the effusions of the King's love to test, and were at last gratified to find that they were all very sincere. To enable the lovers to have their say freely as love has ever an inexhaustible stock of words at its command, Anusuya and Priyambada, went away, and the maiden and Dushanta, found them, in one another's company. But the manifestations of love, the Maharaja could offer, Sakuntala could not reconcile to, as she had her father, whose voice was supreme in matters concerning her marriage. But the Maharaja persuaded her to the legality of the form of marriage called Gandarbha* a superior order of marriages and they were secretly joined there under the liberal and blue canopy of the wide sky in sacred wedlock, that was only known to the two friends of Sakuntala. The Maharaja continued there for a few days at the request of the sages, for the protection of the sacrificial fire from the unholy presence of demons. During these days, the Maharaja and his new wife enjoyed their lives as they should, and with the approach of the day of the Maharaja's departure, the good husband promised to her consort, soon to send proper equipage and men to convey her to the royal palace, and took leave of her with aching heart. Soon Maharsi Kanwa returned to the cottage from his devotional retreat, and called his daughter Sakuntala at his presence. But Sakuntala felt bashful, and with down-cast eyes, quite unnatural for her, approached and made her father her obeisance. The father was amazed to find his most dear child so changed with the tinge of bashfulness, who had forsaken her usual maiden frivolities. But what was that? Kanwa took seriously to conjecture. Suddenly he was enlightened by a heavenly message, spoken aloud for the edification of the sage,

* ইচ্ছয়াতোহসংযোগঃ কন্ডার্ব্যশ্চ বরন্ত চ ।

গান্ধর্ব্বঃ সতু বিজ্ঞেয়ো মৈথুনঃ কামসম্ভবঃ ॥”

that his daughter, held within her the seed of great good deposited by Maharaja Dushant. The father expressed her great delight as the great God in heaven had arranged so highly desirable a match for his daughter. He expressed his willingness to send her daughter soon to her husband's. One day he asked his pupils to get ready to proceed with Sakuntala to Hastinapur; and the maiden friends of Sakuntala, felt happy to be engaged in putting ornaments on her person. Soon father Kanwa returned from his morning ablutions extremely sulky, as the moments were fast approaching when his daughter would part with him for ever. The anchorite appeared very anxious and thoughtful. His eyes were red; he could utter words with extreme efforts only. He said, oh, what pangs did parting beget! To him a recluse, if such were the pangs of separation, how much did then the householders suffer at the first parting from their daughters! The moment of parting came, and Sakuntala, made her obeisance to her father, who said, "You have, my child, acquired by your merits a most worthy husband, as I wished for. I am now free of the anxieties about you." They started; but Sakuntala had her pets, who liked she would stay. The antelope, the peacock and her plants were most dear to her. She laid their charge to her father and friends. Kanwa now wished, Sakuntala :—

“শুশ্রূষ স্ব গুরুং কুরু প্রিয় সখী বৃত্তিং সপত্নীজনে

ভত্ত্ববিপ্রকৃতাপি বোধনতয়া মান্য প্রতীপং গমঃ ।

ভূয়িষ্ঠং ভব দক্ষিণা পরিজনে ভাগ্যেদ্বগুংসেকিনী

যাস্ত্যেবং গৃহিণীপদং যুবতয়োঃ বামাঃ কুলস্থায়ঃ ॥”

After having gone from here to the house of your husband's, serve respectfully your superiors, and behave as a friend to your rival co-wives. Be never sour upon your husband nor be disagreeable to him, even if you be not treated well. Be kind and courteous to the attendants and in times of fortune, be not puffed up. Young women may alone by such conduct reach to the place of the mistress of the house, otherwise they are but pests of the family. Now the company advanced, and Sakuntala, showed much nervousness. She again embraced her father bathed in tears, and said, "Father, removed far from you, how will I live in a foreign country?" The venerable recluse touched to his quick, said in reply :—

“অভিজ্ঞান বতোভর্তুঃ শ্রাঘ্যে স্থিতা গৃহিনী পদে
 বিভব গুরুভিঃ কৃতৈস্তত্ত্ব প্রতিক্ষণ মাকুলা ।
 তনয় মচিরাং প্রাচী বার্কং প্রস্থয় চ পাবনং
 মম বিরহজাং ন স্বং বৎসে শুচং গণয়িষ্যসি ॥”

Soon being in the position of the mistress of the house full of weighty responsibilities pertaining thereto and having soon brought forth a son even as the East sends forth the Sun, you will not suffer from my separation.

It was now high time for them to separate, and Sakuntala, again embracing her father, proceeded slowly onward. And the venerable recluse retraced his steps, and felt much relieved amidst his grief and anxiety, in thinking that a daughter was but the property of another, and having sent her away to her husband he felt, much at ease as on returning the property to its owner, that to him was so long held in trust.

Sakuntala was duly installed as the chief Maharani, and after enjoying a long and happy life of a best beloved consort of a mighty Maharaja, was gratified to find her son Bharat succeed to the throne of his father. Both Dushanta and Sakuntala being now worn out in years took to the woods and adopted the lives of devotional devotees.*

BIJOY CHANDRA GANGOOLY.

* From Bharat, India obtained the name of the time-honoured Bharat Barsa—the most wonderful land under the Sun.

*THE BATTLE OF PLASSEY OR THE RECOVERED
HINDOOSTHAN*

INTRODUCTION.

Nothing can be more true and significant than the remarkable expression of Professor Seeley that "India can hardly be said to have been conquered at all by foreigners, she has rather conquered herself." *The Expansion of England* p. 202. This was first signally exemplified on the field of Plassey, when the Indians helped the English in recovering the sovereignty of Hindoosthan from the oppressive and tyrannous Islamite rule; for the systematic, wise and humane sway of Britain. It is clearly and impressively marked by the gradual renewal of the ancient glory of the Indians, under the benign auspices of European progress and civilization. The grand precepts of the supreme and all-mighty Krishna, about the fraternity equality and universal brotherhood of mankind are now reflected in the religion and policy of the West, to make life, liberty and property safe. Had the Indians and the English failed on Plassey to achieve for the future generations, this glorious end, the History of India since 1757 would then have been different. And Hindoosthan instead of being recovered from the barbarism and ignorance of the intolerant Moslem rule, would have been riveted to the monstrous immobility of darkness bigotry and oppression. Unfortunately the great end achieved, sanctified not the means adopted to secure it.

Very few authentic and faithful history of this important epoch has been written. Of these on the native side, *Tarikh-i-Muzaffari*, *Siyar-ul-Mutakherin*. Chahar Guizar Shujai, *Jamiut Twarikha*, *Ryas-us-Salat*in and *Tarikh Mansuri* deserve the close attention and careful perusal of the students of History. These works bear

the undoubted mark of historic perspicuity and truthfulness. Respecting Tarikh-i-Muzaffari, notes Sir H. M. Elliot, in his splendid History—"this is one of the most accurate general histories of India which I know." *Vide History of India as told by its own Historians, Vol. VIII, p. 316.* As regards Siyar-ul-Mutakherin, he observes, that the author treats his subjects "with a freedom and spirit, and with a force, clearness and simplicity of style very unusual in an Asiatic writer, and which justly entitles him to pre-eminence among Mahomedan historians" *ibid* Vol. VIII. p. 195. The authors of these were contemporaneous with many of the personages connected with this eventful drama." On the English side besides the official despatches and letters there are Orme's History of Hindoosthan; Ive's Voyage and Journal; Scott's History of Bengal; Mill's History of British India; Elphinstone's Rise of the British Power in the East, Stewart's History of Bengal; Malcolm's Life of Clive, Thornton's History of British India; which deal elaborately on that important period. Of these James Mill's History of British India and after it, the valuable posthumous work of Monstuart Elphinstone, The rise of the British power in the East, are famous for their impartiality and masterly drawing of their subject. About great Mill's splendid history and its unworthy critics, justly remarks Mr. H. Beveridge, the son of the able historian of British India, "I must protest strongly against the unbecoming way in which modern scribblers sneer at Mill, as inaccurate. He occasionally made mistakes, but he was a man of vigorous mind, and not at all given to ositancy or to rash statements. He was a thousand times more laborious and correct than his puny assailants." *The Calcutta Review, October 1892, p. 204.* Besides these with honorable exceptions, there are various books written on the subject, both by Englishmen and natives, which besides advocacy and gross inaccuracy of facts can boast of nothing, and therefore they cannot satisfy the inquisitive mind. Unfortunately the aforesaid authorities are not easily to be had, most of them being out of print and therefore rare and out of print. Therefore any endeavour to write a short treatise on the battle of Plassey, after careful and diligent ransack and collation of facts from those rich mosaic of Historic fragments is not a task wholly unimportant and uninteresting.

CHAPTER I.

Suraj-ud-Doulah.

On the 10th of April 1756 died of dropsy Aliverdi Khan "the ablest of all the Nababs" of Moorshidabad at the good old age of 80, and was succeeded by his favourite grand nephew Suraj-ud-Doulah. Aliverdi had no sons, but three daughters; the eldest and youngest of whom were named Ghesitti Begum and Amna Begum. He had them married to the three sons of his younger brother Haji Ahamed, *alias* Noajis Mahomed, Said Ahamed and Gain Uddin, and appointed them as Governors of Patna, Poornia and Dacca, respectively. Suraj-ud-Doulah was the eldest of the two sons of Jain Uddin and Amna Begum and was the pet of his grand uncle, Egram-ed-Dowlah, being the younger.

That posterity was able to venerate the memory of Aliverdi Khan for his military and political talents at a period, when the colossal fabric of the Mogul Empire had been rapidly crumbling to pieces, was no mean credit to him. Besides, he had other accomplishments rarely to be found among the Moslem Subadars of that period. By distributing money and behaving with kindness and discretion, he completely gained over the affections of all men far and near to his cause. *Vide Bayam Waki by Khawaja Abdul Karim Khan.* "He was a prudent keen general and a valorous soldier. His administration was so full of lenity and his attention so intense to the security and quiet of the subject, and of the husbandmen specially, that some of them can be said to have been so much at their ease on their father's knees, or in their mother's lap. He was so bountiful, in rewarding his servants and in obliging his Ministers, relations, and all those that could approach him, that his character in that respect is almost beyond belief. He shewed from his youth a serious tone of mind, averse from profligacy and debauch, and from everything that savoured of drunkenness; nor did he seem to have much taste for such amusements as music and dancing, or for the conversation of women." *Sier Mutaqharin by Said Gollam Hossain Khan Mustapha's translation pp. 683, 689.*

He was indefatigable in business, abstinent in pleasures and had only one wife to whom he was strictly faithful. He was

extremely temperate and kept no seraglio.—*The Rise of the British power in the East by the Hon'ble Mountstuart Elphinstone* p. 264, Orme 11, p. 52. Unfortunately the late Nabob's examples and morals, did not extend their wholesome influence to his household members. The males and females of his family furnished revolting instances of depravity and licentiousness, which surpassed the worst of preceding times.

In this hot bed of vice and debauchery the young days of the future ruler of Bengal, Behar and Orissia were reared up with fond indulgence and reckless extravagance. And the evil effect was immense. Aliverdy's effort to educate this young prince with special care was baffled completely by the invigorating and debased influence of a depraved harem. His extremely handsome exterior made him the doting object of his grand uncle's favor and fondness. Indulging his vicious propensities to the utmost, in his unbridled licentiousness among buffoons and profligates, his princely education was finished. And in the words of the great historian of British India; "He was ignorant; he was voluptuous; on his own pains and pleasures he set a value immense, on the pains and pleasures of other men no value at all; he was impatient imbecile, head strong." *Mill. Vol. II, Fifth edition* p. 114. Naturally weak and feeble minded as he was, his immoderate indulgence of spirituous liquors made him more irritable, irresolute and whimsical. From his intemperate and uncontrolled passions it was deemed unsafe to keep the honor of the young and beautiful girls of Murshidabad. The famous Bengali hero Mohan Lal, the bravest and the best of all his military chiefs, had a sister renowned for her superb beauty. No sooner the Nabab heard of this extraordinary beauty than he demanded her of her brother. To the eternal shame of Mohan Lal, his sister was at once transferred to the vicious harem of the prince, where she reigned supreme as his favorite mistress, and was called Latifunnissa. "She writes Mustafa the translator must not be confounded with Faizen, another favourite of Suraj-ud-Doulah's. This lass had been a Kancheni at Delhi, that is a dance girl, from whence her attendance had been supplicated, at the court of Murshidabad, the request being accompanied by no less than a draught of one lac of rupees; she was, says the armorous chronicle of that capital, a complete Indian

beauty: of that right golden hue, so much coveted all over that region, and of that delicacy of person, which weighs only two and twenty seers, or about 50 pounds avoirdupois: Now although the women of the Prince's seraglio were kept with most scrupulous attention, and Seraj-ud-Doulah was the most beautiful youth of his time, yet the Indian beauty fell in love with the Prince's brother-in-law Seyd Mahomed Khan, a very handsome man: he was introduced secretly; and two days after the matter took vent—"And so Miss, said Siraj-ud-Doulah, I find you are a whore; and why not answered the poor woman in despair, who at once foresaw her impending fate; that word indeed might prove a reproach to your mother, but none to me; "I am so by trade." She was shut up in a closet, and the door was walled up; and three months after, she was found dried up to a skeleton, but not offensive. *Seir Mutaqherin vol. I, p. 614-5 notes.*

Another girl more virtuous and noble narrowly escaped, being victimized to his brutal lust. She was Tara, the daughter of the celebrated Ranee Bhawanee of Baranagur. The Ranee was noted for her purity and vigour of mind. After the death of her husband Raja Ram Kanto of the Nattore family in 1748, she had been managing his big state with ability, in the name of her adopted son Ram Krishna, who did not look after worldly matters. The beautiful Tara after the death of her husband Raghunath resided with her mother at Baranagar, and led alike her mother a virtuous and religious life befitting a Hindu widow. The Ranee's palace at the side of the river Bhagirathi was noted for its simplicity and beauty. She built also same remarkable temples at Baranagar, two of which are "richly ornamented with terracotta tiles each containing a figure or group of Hindu Gods very excellently modelled and in perfect preservation." *H. Beveridge, C.S., The Calcutta Review October 1892 p. 209, 210.*

One afternoon as the debauched Suraj-ud-Dowlah was passing in a boat on Bhagirathi before Baranagur, he was struck at the sight of the beautiful Tara, from the roof of the palace. His shameless levity and meanness knew no bound, when forgetting his own dignity and still more that of the noble and respected Ranee Bhawani, he impudently demanded of her the chaste Tara by the offer of handsome money donation. It was at once

rejected with disdain. As the only means of saving the honor of her daughter, from the brutal lust of the depraved prince, she had to take recourse to a trick to deceive him. In this she was helped by the other nobles and zemindars of Moorshidabad, whom the frightful excesses of Suraj-ud-Dowlah made apprehensive of the honor of their houses. They ventillated that Tara had ended her mortal existence, as the only means to save herself from the horrid pollution, by ascending the funeral pire. Taking advantage of this stratagem the Ranee succeeded with her daughter to decamp from Baranagar.

That Suraj-ud-Dowlah had not always been unmindful to the feelings of the relations of the unfortunate victims, sacrificed to his brutal lust, was exemplified in the following incident. Once the minions pandering to his base passion brought to his harem an exceedingly beautiful young Brahmin girl. The injured father of the girl had to lose his caste for this forcible abduction. The enraged father in despair appeared before Suraj and rebuked him for his daughter's abduction, which has made him an out-caste. Suraj however told the unfortunate Brahmin, that since the abduction of his daughter into his harem, never she had gone to her fathers'. He therefore could not see the reason of his losing his social position in his caste. This was not all, Suraj succeeded in regaining the caste of the injured Brahmin, by inviting the Brahmins of his caste, and explaining to them the true state of the affairs, and by the lavish bestowal of presents to them.

At another time it was said that by force a beautiful wife of a certain person of Murshidabad, was brought within Suraj-ud-Dowlah's harem. The injured husband despairing to regain his beloved wife, at last contrived, but very desperately, to have an interview with her in the Nabab's selaglio, in the disguise of a female. The unfortunate person, however being detected was hacked to pieces by the Nabob's orders. The devoted and afflicted wife seeing this horrid deed perpetrated before her, ended her existence, by stabbing herself with a sword, which she snatched from one of the guard's hand. The Nabab was much affected at the sight and declared that he would never have separated the couple had he known such love and affection existed between them. Then he ordered the remains of the devoted husband and wife to be interred together in one decent grave.

In the zenith of Aliverdi's power, remarks Gollam Hossain, such infamies and lewedness came to be practised by some females and other persons of his family, as cannot be mentioned with decency, but effectually dishonoured them for ever. All his daughters, as well as his beloved Suraj Doulah lapsed into such a flagitious conduct, and they were guilty of such a variety of shameful excesses as would have blackened any person whatever, still more, persons of their elevated rank and sublime station. It was this darling of his, this beloved Seraj-ud-Doulah, who, by moving up and down the streets, accustomed himself to such vile discourses, and to commit such unaccountable actions, as amazed everyone. Patrolling every street and every lane with a cohort composed of Aliverdi Khan's children and grand children, he fell into an abominable way of life, that respected neither rank, nor age, nor sex; but was calculated to prepare from afar the ruin and desolation of that sublime building of fortune and sovereignty which its founder had been rearing with so much toil and danger. No notice was taken of so flagitious a conduct; and it was on such repeated connivances that the young man commenced a course of enormities that afforded materials, administered fuel, to the overtaking vengeance of an unerring observer. This conduct, which Aliverdi Khan overlooked in that infatuated young man, turned out to be so natural in him that at last he became fearless, and was committing daily excesses and violence of all kinds, not only without the least remorse, but also without the least reprimand. He made a sport of sacrificing to his lust almost every person of either sex, to which he took a fancy; or else, he converted them without scruples into so many objects of the malignity of his temper, or the frolicks of his inconsiderate youth, and having by this time provided himself with a number of followers consonant to his mind, he commenced a course of insolences, infamies and profligacies; and either out of that ignorance, incident to that age, or because of an ardour natural of his constitution, (although really it was because of his perfect reliance on his uncle's forbearance), such a course of life became in him his real character. This is so far true, that he was observed to be low spirited and melancholy, whenever he fell short of opportunities to commit his usual excesses and enormities, and they became so customary to him, that he acted all along without a grain of

remorse, or a spark of recollection. Making no distinction between vice and virtue, and paying no regard to the nearest relations, he carried defilement whenever he went ; and like a man alienated in his mind ; he made the houses of men and women of distinction the scum of his profligacy, without minding either rank or station. In a little time he became as detested as Pharoa : people on meeting him by chance used to say God save us from him. *Mutakherin, Vol I, p. 644-6.*

Suraj-ud-Doula had prudence enough to dissemble his grovelling vices before the austere Aliverdi Khan, who was a strict disciplinarian of morals. The designing profligate prince in order to secure wider licentious indulgence in his most vicious pleasures had erected at a convenient distance from his grand uncle's observation, an extensive mansion, environed by an artificial canal and denominated it Hira Jhil or the Diamond lake. At the completion of that grand edifice Suraj-ud-Doula invited the dotting old Nabob with his courtiers to enjoy the sight of it. And as an example of weak concession to the extravagant freaks of his dotage, he suffered himself to be locked up in one of its apartments. As Suraj-ud-Doulah said that the Nabob could only be released by his attendant nobles, they had no alternative but to pay the enormous sum of 501,597 to ransom their Nabob and thus to secure the whimsical favor the heir apparent, to not a little chagrin on their part. The subadar after his release, gladly conferred on his dotage the privilege of establishing a Gunge or market in the neighbourhood of Hera Jhil which Suraj vauntingly denominated Manshurgang or the villa of the Victorious, in allusion of his having outwitted the craft, and wit of experienced age. *Grants' Analysis, Fifth Report, p. 285.*

Such was Suraj-ud-Doulahs hold on the indulgence and love of his grand uncle that he made him to connive at the murder of Hossain Khuly Khan and his brother. Hossain Khuly who had been the dewan of Dacca for its Deputy Nabob Noajis Mahomed the husband of Ghesetti Begum. Unfortunately Hossain Khuly fell in love with Ghesetti Begum and became her favourite. This intimacy soon ended in a rupture and misunderstanding between the guilty pair ; as Hossein Khuly had quitted Ghesitti Begum for the youngest sister Amna Begum a woman of great and amorous beauty the mother of Suraj-ud-Doula. This naturally

much enraged Suraj-ud-Doula, who in his violent fit of wrath ordered the immediate murder of Hossain Khully with the consent of Ghesetti Begum. The unfortunate Hossain Khully in spite of his prayers and entreaties was dragged before Suraj-ud-Doula, "who ordered his being hacked to pieces, and he was hacked to pieces accordingly in the public road. This was not all; the innocent brother of the victim Haidar Ali Khan a brave and valorous soldier was ordered to be killed also. Undaunted and with unflinching courage Haidar met his doom before Suraj-ud-Doula, cursing him with his last breath for the shedding of innocent blood, his last words being "thou worthless fellow, it is thus that thou murderest brave men? Their innocent nephew too shared the same fate. Commenting on this sad and dismal affair Gollam Hossain remarked, "the innocent blood spilt on that occasion, proved as fertile in troubles, as that of *Siavush* of old." *Seir Muthagherin Vol. I, p. 648-9.*

The extremely indulgent old Nabob even, was displeased for a time only, with his dotage for his imprudently marching against Patna, without his sanction. Patna was then ably ruled by Raja Janaki Ram a Bengali Kyastha after the death of its deputy Nabab Jain Uddin, the father of Suraj-ud-Doula. The awkward manner in which this expedition was planned and executed, at once indicated Suraj's total ignorance of military and political affairs. Suraj who himself only prided of his military and political abilities, started for Patna in disguise and secretly in a bullock-cart, accompanied by his favourite Mistress Latifunnissa. *Seir Vol. I, p. 614-5.* Raja Janaki Ram was at a loss how to act, fearful of surrendering his charge without orders from the Nabob; and alarmed if any accident should happen to Suraj-ud-Doula if he opposed him; but at length he resolved on defending the city, till he should hear from Aliverdi Khan."—*Stewart's History of Bengal.* Against that veteran warrior of Bengal, the fickle and effeminate Suraj marched to storm the Fort by force, and as expected, it ended in a hopeless defeat. "Suraj-ud-Doula, who was a rank coward, turned bridle and fled full speed." *Seir-Mutagherin Vol. I, p. 626.*

The old Nabob hearing of Suraj's imprudence and rashness, hastened to the scene of action. His fond dotage had no alterna-

tive but to beg of his indulgent grand uncle unqualified apology by throwing himself at his feet. The old Nabob at once excused his folly and Suraj again had the monopoly of his indulgence and favor. "But Suraj-ud-Doulah continued incensed against Janki Ram for what he called his boldness, and for what the other had been forced to by the duties of his station." The prudent Aliverdi however interceded and told his grandson to forgive Janki Ram, while he himself "sent for Janki Ram, give him a dress of confirmation and taking Suraj-ud-Doulah with him, set out for Moorshidabad." *Seir, Vol I, p. 628.*

Suraj soon relapsed to his all engrossing and geneal occupation of merriment and pleasure leaving aside the horrors of the field. And although the old Nabob in order to accustom his pet "to face an enemy and command troops" had taken him to more than one field, Suraj remained as before timorous, voluptuous and indolent. It distressed the old Nabob very much in his old days, which was not a little aggravated by the drinking excesses of his spoiled pet. The old nabob foreseeing the ill consequences of his dotage's excesses, "obliged him to swear on Koran, never more to touch any intoxicating liquor; which he ever after strictly observed.—*Scrafton's Reflections.* Aliverdi knew well how sparing a hand providence had bestowed on Suraj-ud-Doula his share of knowledge and prudence; and he was fully sensible of the manner he would govern the people of God, and upon what bad terms he was already with the military officers, as well as how prone he seemed to fall out with the English of Calcutta. "Therefore against proposals of overt designs against the English he distinctly told Suraj "beware of lending an ear to such proposals again for they will produce nothing but evil." And he prophetically predicted that "as soon as he himself should be dead, and Siraj-ud-Doula should succeed him, the hatmen would possess themselves of all the shores of India." *Ibid, p. 690-1* cf. also *Chahar Guizar Shujai*. Such was the outline of Suraj's character which Ives sums up in one sentence that "he was a compound of temerity, cruelty, ambition, and avarice."—*The Voyage, p. 91.* That he was naturally perverse, wicked and monstrous are not borne by facts of authentic history. Justly observes W. M. Torrens M. P. "Suraj-ud-Doula, has been accused of innumerable vices and it is probable he had

his share. But it is somewhat remarkable that his enemies, who had an interest, if ever man had such, in establishing their eager accusations, failed to make out the enormities, which their invectives lead us to anticipate. Whatever may have been the defects of his disposition or understanding, the sudden height of power to which he found himself raised, the hoarded wealth of which he became master, and the homage paid to him as sovereign of a great and populous domain were little calculated to teach him patience, caution or forbearance in the exercise of authority." *Vide Empire in Asia* p. 25-6. Col Mallison corroborates this sound version by noticing in his splendid book, that "this prince, who has been painted by historians in the blackest colours, was not worse than the majority of eastern princes born in the purple. He was rather weak than vicious, unstable rather than tyrannical, had been petted and spoilt by his grand father, had had but little education, and was still a minor. Without experience and without stability of character, suddenly called upon to administer the fairest provinces of India and to assume irresponsible power, what wonder that he should have inaugurated his accession by acts of folly? *Vide The Decisive Battles of India* p. 45.

CHAPTER II.

The Nabob and the East India Company.

Inheriting few or nothing of the high qualities of his grand uncle, and without any experience, besides his immoderate excesses and unbridled licentiousness, Surajud Doulah on his accession to the Nizamut, found himself in circumstances which might have staggered a judgement more mature and wise. His first act was directed against the suppression of revolts of his two relatives, Ghesetti Begum and the nabob of Poornia Shocat Jung, the son of the second daughter of Ali Verdi Khan.

Ghesetti Begum, otherwise named Miharun Nissa Begum as already stated was the first daughter of Aliverdi and the wife of Nawajish Mahomed. Nawajish died in 1756 and was buried in his splendid palace Motijhil not far from Moorshidabad. It was a stately pile being ornamented with many pillars of black marble, brought from the ruins of Gour. The palace with its rich colonades standing on the edge of shining and bright waters of the lake wandering through

the verdant banks all around presents a spectacle of a great and magnificent "pleasure house fit for Kubla Khan"—*Calcutta Review* No. 188 p. 337. *Stewart's Bengal* p. 488. "Noajish's compassion to the distressed, the orphan, the impotent and the friendless, was so extensive, that he surpassed in beneficence every member of a family, where that quality seemed to be of natural growth. "He used to spend 37,000 Rs. per month in charities to old impotent persons. He was fond of living well, and of amusement and pleasures, could not bear to be upon bad terms with anyone; and was not pleased when a disservice was rendered to another. He loved to live with his servants, as their friend and companion; and with acquaintances as their brother and equal. All his friends and acquaintances were admitted to the liberty of smoking their *hooccas* or pipes in his presence, and to drink coffee, whilst the was conversing familiarly with them. Nowajish had adopted before his death Ecrum-ed-Doulah the younger brother of Suraj-ud-Doulah, who, dying in his life time, his infant son Moorad-ed-Doulah was adopted *Seir Vol. 1 p. 642-3*. Not long after Nawajish's death in 1755 his unworthy widow Ghesitti Begam setting up the infant Moorad as the rival Nabob, assembled about 10,000 men at Motighil. Many now began to think and to say, that she would prevail in her opposition against Suraj-ud-Doulah. Mr. Watts was therefore easily induced to oblige her minister and advised the presidency to comply with his request." *Orme's Indoos than Vol. 11. p. 49-50*. Rajbullubh was the Dewan or principal adviser of Ghesitti Begum, with whom he was supposed to be more intimate than became either her rank, or his religion." (*Ibid p. 49*.) Foreseeing the danger of this overt act of defiance he instructed his son Krishna Das, who had been at Dacca and whose imprisonment had been ordered "for being in arrears with his revenue," to set at once on the pretext of a pilgrimage to Jagannath and to find an assylum at Calcutta till the crisis was over.—*Vide Tarikhi Muzzaffari by Muhammed Ali Khan*. "A pernicious custom had for some time prevailed on those countries. The Governors of all the European settlements, took upon them to grant an assylum to such of the natives of the country as are afraid of oppression or punishment. As they received very considerable sums in return for their protection, they overlooked the danger to which the interest of their principals, were exposed by this proceeding." *Abbe Raynal's*

Indies Vol. I, p. 441-2. As Krishna Das had been recommended by the Company's agent at Moorshidabad, he was admitted into Calcutta by the English. Where he took up his residence with Amir Chand, commonly known as Omi Chand, "a man of great sagacity and understanding" *Orme* 11, 50.

Omi Chand was a Sikh and banker of great wealth and a person of great consequence. *Vide Forester's Travels vol. I, p. 337, cf also Cunningham's History of the Sikhs 1849, p. 134.* His commerce extended to all parts of Bengal and Behar. By presents and services he had acquired so much influence with the Bengal Government, that the Presidency in times of difficulty, used to employ his mediation with the Nabob. The extent of his habitation divided into various departments. The number of his servants continually employed in various occupations, and a retinue of armed men in constant pay, resembled more the state of a prince than the condition of a merchant. The company's servants owed him much for their welfare against the terrible Maharatta incursions. This pre-eminence however did not fail to render him the object of much envy and suspicion among the English."—*Orme Vol. II, p. 50.*

At this time the nabob was apprized of the English building new fortifications and improving others at Perins near Calcutta. Therefore he told Mr. Watts the company's agent at Cossimbazar and Moorshidabad that he had great reason to be dissatisfied with the English for their building new fortifications near Calcutta without his sanction or approval. He forthwith insisted on their demolition. He sent also a message much to the same purport to the Governor of Calcutta Mr. Drake, with the further demand to deliver up to him Krishna Dass, who had taken refuge at Calcutta. Unfortunately the bearer of this message, the brother of Ram Ram Sing the head of the spies, entered Calcutta in the disguise of a common pedlar on the 14th April. He immediately proceeded to Omi Chand's residence, to deliver the Nabob's letters to Mr. Drake. On receipt of which Mr. Drake summoned a council, the majority of which being prepossessed against Omi Chand, hastily concluded that the messenger was an engine, prepared by himself to alarm them and to restore his own importance. And as the last advices received from Kashimbazar described the events between Suraj-ud-Doulah and the widow of Nowajish to be dubious, the council resolved that both

the messenger and his letter were too suspicious to be received. The servants who were ordered to bid him depart, turned him out of the Factory and off the shore, with insolence and derision. Letters were despatched to Mr. Watts, instructing him to guard against any evil consequences from this proceeding.—*Orme Vol. II, p. 54.*

The Nabob naturally had great reason to be incensed at this; but his hand was then full in suppressing the revolts of Ghesetti Begum and Shocatjung. In the struggle between Ghesitti and Suraj, the widow of Aliverdi interposed, and prevailed on her daughter to acknowledge him as the Nabob. She had no sooner done that than "she was disrobed of her rank and honor stripped of her wealth, and put under confinement." Besides her palace was seized and the infant son of Eeramwood Doula was captured. *Seir. Vol I, p. 717, Orme 11, p. 55.* Then he marched against Shocut Jung of Poornea, sending at the same time a sharp reprimandary letter to Mr. Drake, to discontinue the fortifications and destroy all those which had lately been added. If not he would come down himself and throw Mr Drake in the river. *Elphinstone's Rise of the British Power in the East p. 266, Orme 11, p. 55.* In reply Mr. Drake said that the Nabob had been misinformed, that the English were only building a wall round the town; that they had dug no ditch since the invasion of the Mahrattas, but as they apprehend a war with the French, they were only repairing their line of guns on the bank of the river. *Orme vol. II, p. 55-6.* This answer threw Suraj-ud-Doula into a paroxysm of rage. The answer indeed was improper, "because it tended to make him believe, that the impending war between the two nations would probably be brought into Bengal, and because it implied that he either wanted power or will to protect the English" *Orme 11, p. 56, c. f. also Mill 111, p. 113, Elphinstone p. 269.* He therefore at once changed the direction of his march against Poornia and proceeded towards Kashimbazar Factory at the head of a large army.

The news of the Nabob's approach created a great deal of alarm at Kashimbazar and Calcutta and the servants of the Company thereof became anxious of their safety. Among those who succeeded at that time to beat a hasty retreat from Kashimbazar was Mr. Hastings "who owed his safety to his Dewan Kanto Babu who concealed him in a room." *H. Beveridge. The Calcutta Review 1892, p. 332.*

The Factory at Kashimbazar was besieged by the Nabab's troops and the hopelessness of its defence became at once palpable against the odds of the invaders. On the 4th of June, the Chief of the Factory Mr. Watts summoned before the Nabob, to confer with him the terms of peace. These Mr. Watts had to sign a *muchalka* a paper of conditions, which required the Company besides others, to destroy the newly built redoubt at Calcutta and within 15 days to deliver up all tenants of the Government, who had taken protection within the Company's establishment. After this Mr. Watts and Messrs. Collet and Batson and two other members of the council who accompanied him were treacherously detained as securities till the Calcutta authorities did confirm and fulfil the terms of the *muchalka*. On the same day the Factory was surrounded by the Nabob's army and it was given up to plunder. Ensign Lieutenant Elliot who commanded a small guard shot himself from despair. Mr. Batson and a young man in the Company's service were permitted to return to the French and Dutch Factories; and Messrs. Watts and Collet were otherwise well treated. And ere long on the urgent request of Mrs. Watts, her great friend Amna Begum interceded her son for their release, which was at once granted. *The Bengal Obituary* 1848; *Orme* 11-57-8.

Within a short time the nabob understanding that the Calcutta authorities would or could not fulfil the conditions signed by Mr. Watts, pressed on with all speed an expedition against Calcutta. Alarmed at this the Calcutta authorities "were now very eager to appease the Subahdar; they offered to submit to any conditions which he pleased to impose, and trusting to the success of their humility and prayers, neglected too long the means of defence" *Mill Vol. 11 p. 115 of Orme 11 p. 58*. Accordingly they sent repeated orders to Mr. Watts to announce their acquiescence in his demands.—*Elphinstone p. 267*. These despatches were intercepted by the van of the army and were conveyed to the nabob, but he was inexorable. Even a sum of money offered to induce his return, the nabob rejected with disdain. *Thornton's History of British India Vol. I p. 189*. At the same time he remarked that "they who are every day using all their policy and their power against what they themselves say is the Law of the Most High, are only to be restrained by force"—*Ives' Voyage and Narrative*. "Beside the Subadar had a wish for triumph which he thought might be

easily obtained, and he was greedy of riches, with which in the imagination of the natives, Calcutta was filled "*Mill Vol. II p. 115.*

In vain Mahatap Chand Ray and Roop Chand Setts the sons of the great banker Jaggat Sett, remonstrated against this movement. They "ventured to represent the English as a colony of inoffensive and useful marchants, and earnestly entreated the Nabob to moderate his resentment against them" On the 9th June the nabab's army began their march towards Calcutta.—*Orme II p. 58.*

The Presidency of Calcutta at this predicament wrote to the Madras Presidency for succours. It even applied to the French or the Dutch for assistance, but they naturally refused to interfere. The Madras Presidency also failing to send assistance, the Calcutta Presidency was left to its own small resources of 264 soldiers and 250 militia of which 174 men were only Europeans, the remainder being Native Portugese and Armenians. These men began to strengthen their position by as much means as they could command. During the terror of the nabob's approach a letter was intercepted on the 13th written by Ram Ram Sing, the nabab's head spy to Omichand, "advising him to send his effects, out of the reach of danger as soon as possible." *Or me II p. 60.* "Though no treasure was discovered all the old suspicions of Omi Chand were aroused."—*Elphinstone p. 262.* The Calcutta authorities learnt with surprise also, that the nabob was accompanied in his march by Rajbullav with whom he was then reconciliated. The English apprehended that Krishna Dass might desert to the nabob's camp and disclose the secrets of their position. Therefore Omi Chand and Krishna Dass were immediately apprehended and put under strict confinement in the Fort. An attempt was made to pursue Omichand's brother in law Hazarimall, the Manager of his state affairs, who had fled into the female apartments. This rendered a collision imminent between the armed retainers of Omichand and the English troops. The Chief of the retainers "an Indian of a high caste set fire to the house and in order to save the honor of the women of the family, from the dishonour of being exposed to strangers, entered their apartments, and killed it is said 13 of them with his own hand; after which he stabbed himself but contrary to his intention, not mortally." *Orme Vol. II p. 60.*

On the morning of the 13th of June two ships of two brigantines stormed the Nizamut's small Fort of Thanna with 13 pieces of cannon, situated 5 miles below Calcutta on the opposite side of the river. Driving by force its small garrison of 50 men the English occupied the Fort and flung its park of artillery into the river. The next morning the English were attacked by 2000 Nizamut's troops from Hooghly, who stormed the fort and drove them back to their vessels, which endeavoured in vain with their cannons and musketry to dislodge the enemy. On the 15th a reinforcement of 30 soldiers were sent from Calcutta, but they too failing to make any impression on the enemy's position, were compelled to return with the vessels to the town. *Orme II p. 59-60.* "Mean while the nabob advanced with such uncommon diligence that many of his troops died of fatigue and many were killed by the sun." *Orme II p. 60.* Thus they arrived at Calcutta on the 16th of June. He called on the Dutch and the French settlements at Chinsura and Chandernagore to assist him with their troops in his attack of Calcutta, but they "pleaded the treaties existing between their nations and the English in Europe." *Orme II p. 61.* "They maintained a strict neutrality inspite of threats and intimidation." *Elphinstone, p. 277.* "So impatient was he to begin his operation, that he fell without inquiry on the only point beyond the barricades where he could have met with resistance." It was a redout raised at the Junction between the river and the Maharatta ditch and it was commanded by ensign Pischard. His defence of the redout was heroic and admirable. "Though incessantly assailed by infantry and cannon, he kept the nabob's army at bay till dark, and at midnight he made oar salley, crossed the Maharatta ditch and put all the part of encampment to flight." Next morning the nabob discovering his error marched round a point where there was no obstacle. On the 18th of June his army advanced to attack the Fort. The English however defended themselves for some time, but at last the fire of the enemy became insupportable. They were forced back within the fort, pursued by the exulting assailants. All was confusion now and a "general consultation decided upon the policy of retreat. It was agreed that the women and effects should be sent on board the ships in the course of the next day; and that the persons employed in the work of

defence should escape in the same manner the following night There was hardly a chance of mishap, for the natives always close operations with the close of the day, but by some strange inadvertance no orders were published respecting the mode in which the plan was to be carried into effect. It was generally known that retreat was intended; when the embarkation next morning began, every person imagined he was to shift for himself and hurried on board by the readiest conveyance." *Mill p. 115.* The principal servants of the Company including the Governor Mr. Drake, Capt. Mincher, Capt. Grant, Mr. Macket and the members at the Council Messrs. Manickham and Frankland instead of controlling this disorder and confusion took the earliest opportunity of leaving their comeraids and hieing to the ships. Justly remarks Mr. Thornton, "the want of concert together with the criminal eagerness manifested by those principal servants of the Company to provide for their own safety, at any sacrifice, made the closing scene of the siege one of the most disgraceful in which Englishmen have ever been engaged."—*History of British Empire Vol. I p. 190.* "The conduct of the Governor was universally blamed, in abandoning the fort so precipitately." *Ives' Voyage and Narrative p. 93.* "The astonishment of those who remained in the fort was not greater than their indignation," when the ships apprehending danger raised anchor and moved away from the scene leaving the remainders to their miserable fates. *Orme II p. 71.* Amidst unavailing threats and execrations against the fugitives, the garrison in hopeless despair choose Mr. Holwell a member of the Council to assume the command. In vain the doomed garrison hauled out flags and signals for the ships to come up again to their rescue, but no appeal could kindle a spark of generous feeling!"—*Elphinstone p. 272.* "Never perhaps was such an opportunity of performing an heroic action so ignominiously neglected; for a single sloop, with 15 brave men on board, might, inspite of all the efforts of the enemy, have come up, and anchoring under the Fort, have carried away all who suffered in the dungeon." *Orme Vol. II. p. 78.* After this shameless desertion the garrison numbering in all to 170 men, persevered for two days in this hopeless defence. On the noon of the 20th the garrison was further reduced by the loss 26 men killed and 70 wounded. Thus weakened no alternative now remaining

the small garrison capitulated. The Fort immediately afterwards and before evening was occupied by the assailants. "Mr. Holwell immediately gave up his sword to a man who seemed to be a commander, the rest of the garrison threw down their arms, and the enemy meeting with no-opposition shed no more blood. *Elphinstone* p. 272. At 5 P.M. the nabob entering the Fort on a sort of litter accompanied by his principal officer and ordered the release of Krishna Dass and Omi Chand whom he received with civility." *Orme* 11 p. 23. Even in the flush of triumph, he asked eagerly for Mr. Drake, but when Mr. Holwell was brought to him, with his hands tied he ordered him to be unbound, and assured him "on the word of a soldier, that no harm should come to the prisoners."—*J. L. Holwell's Letter to William Davis Esq., dated 28th February 1757. Orme* 11 p. 73. *Seir.* 1 p. 720-1. *Tarikhi Muzaffar.*

G. L. D.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF MURSHIDABAD.

The city of Murshidabad, formerly known as Muksudabad, is supposed to have been founded by the Emperor Akbar. The Afghans from Orissa, in the course of their rebellion in 1696, are said to have advanced as far as Muksudabad. The great Dewan Murshid Kuli Khan gave it its present name, and removed the capital here, from Dacca, in 1704. The town was advantageously situated on the river Bhagirathi, then a great trade route. The entrance to the river from the Ganges is now silted up, but efforts are being made to obtain funds to keep the channel clear. In 1759, Clive wrote of it: "The City of Murshidabad is as extensive, populous, and rich as the City of London, with this difference that there are individuals in the first possessing infinitely greater property than in the last city." Little is left of the old city now save the two small towns of Jiagang and Murshidabad, and miles of neglected land, covered with jungle and broken bricks, with the broken-down enclosures of over a hundred extensive pleasure gardens. The history of Murshidabad is the history of Bengal during the eighteenth century; but the place lost much of its importance in 1793, when Lord Cornwallis transferred the supreme criminal jurisdiction to Calcutta.

The Palace of the Nawab Bahadur of Murshidabad is an imposing edifice, very similar to Government House, Calcutta, and stands in a large enclosure, which contains many other buildings. The foundation-stone was laid on the 9th August, 1829, by Nawab Nazim Humayun Jah, in the presence of the Agent of the Governor-General, the Commandant of the British troops, all the European inhabitants of the station, and a large concourse of native inhabitants of the district. The edifice was commenced under the administration of Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, and completed in December, 1837, during the administration of Lord Auckland, Governor-General. It was designed by Colonel Mc

Leod of the Bengal Engineers, and executed entirely by Indians under his sole superintendence. It faces north, and is 425 feet long, 200 feet broad, and 80 feet high. In front, thirty-seven steps lead up to the portico. The banqueting hall is 191 feet long and 55 feet broad. The Durbar, or the throne room, which adjoins the banqueting hall and is surmounted by a dome, is circular and 63 feet high. In this Palace there are some pictures, jewellery China ware, arms, original manuscripts of treaties and agreements entered into between the predecessors and ancestors of the present Nawab Bahadur and the East India Company, relating to the acquisition of trade privileges and of the *dewani* of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa by the British. These documents bear the signatures of Clive, Warren Hastings, Watts, Barwell, Watson and others. Among the most interesting of them of which the originals of some are in the Nawab's possession, and of which photographic copies have been taken and may be seen in the Palace, are the following :—

(1) The treaty and agreement entered into between Mir Jaffir and the Governor-General and Council of Fort William dated 10th July, 1763, by which the East India Company agreed that Mir Jaffir was to be reinstated in the *subahdari* on the deposition of Mir Cossim, while Mir Jaffir engaged to confirm to the Company the grant which had been obtained from Mir Cossim of the revenues of Burdwan, Midnapore, and Chittagong, for defraying the expenses of English troops employed in the defence of the country, and granted exemption to the trade of the Company's servants from all duties, except $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on salt. This agreement bears the signatures and seals of Mir Jaffir, Henry Vansittart, Thos. Adams, John Carnac, J. Watson, Wm. Billiers, John Cartier, and of Warren Hastings, R. Marriott, J. Watts.

Mir Cossim had not been actually deposed when this treaty was signed on the 10th July, 1753. The battle of Geria (a place 22 miles north of Murshidabad), which resulted in his defeat by the English troops, was not fought till the 2nd August following.

(2) Treaty, dated February, 1765, between the East India Company, and Nawab Nazim-ud-Daulah, the son of Mir Jaffir, whom on his death, he succeeded in January, 1765. By this treaty it was agreed that the English should take the military defence of the country entirely on themselves, and the Nawab

was to keep only as many troops as might be necessary for "the parade of Government, the distribution of justice and the business of collections." The Nawab also bound himself to choose by the advice of the Governor and Council a Deputy who, under the appellation of Naib Subah, was to have the entire management of all affairs of Government, and was not to be removable without their consent. Mahomed Reza Khan was appointed Naib Subadar. The Nawab was eager for the nomination of Nundo Kumar. This treaty is signed and sealed by Nazim-un-Daulah, John Burdett, George Gray, J. Spencer, E. V. Playdell, John Johnstone, and Ralph Leycester.

(3) Agreement between Nawab Nazim-ud-Daulah and the East India Company, dated 12th August, 1765. By this agreement, which Clive himself negotiated in Murshidabad, the Nawab resigned the whole management of the revenues to the Company, by whom an annual pension of fifty-three lakhs of rupees was to be allowed to him, subject to the management of their three nominees—Mahomed Reza Khan, Raja Doolab Ram, and Jagat Sett. This agreement is signed by Nazim-ud-Daullah, Clive, Wm. B. Summer, John Carnac, Jh. Verelst, and G. W. Sykes.

It transferred the Dewani to the English.

(4) An Agreement dated 21st March, 1770, between the East India Company and Nawab Mubarak-al-Daulah (a minor who succeeded his brother Seyeref-al-Daulah), by which he was afforded the same allowance for the support of his dignity as his predecessors. This agreement recites that the King had been pleased to grant the Dewaniship of Bengal, Bihar and Orissa to the East India Company as a free gift for ever, and re-affirms the grant, by the Nawab, of the *Dewani*, and of control of the army to the Company. It is signed by the Nawab Mubarak-al-Daulah, Cartier, who was then Governor-General, Barwell, and other Members of Council.

(5) A letter dated 4th September, 1836, from King William IV, to Nawab Mubarak Ali Khan conveying His Majesty's thanks for presents, sending him a full-sized portrait of himself, and conferred on the Nawab, the Grand Cross of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

Within the enclosure of the Palace stands the Imambara built by Nawab Nazim Fureedunjah at a cost of Rs. 60,00,000, a little

to the north of the site of the old and celebrated Imambara built by Seraj-ud Daulah, which was accidentally burnt down during a display of fireworks. The site of the old Imambara is marked by the central dome, called the Medina. The foundations and the ground within were dug 5, 6, deep and filled with earth brought from holy Kerbella in Arabia. When the foundation was being laid, Nawab Seraj-ud-Daulah himself carried the first basket of materials. Near the Nowbatkhana Tripaulia gate, the south entrance to the Palace built by Suja Khan, is the musjid built in 1767 by Mani Begum, wife of Mir Jaffir on the site of the Chehel Satun, the old audience hall of Murshid Kuli Khan; and not far to the north of this are the mosque and tomb, built in 1731-32, of Noseri Banu Begum, wife of Murshid Kuli Khan.

THE RUINS OF GOUR.

The city of Gour, which is now in ruins, was built under the Hindu dynasty by Laksman, the grandson of Adisur, whose successors retired to Nadia, and were later on driven to the old Eastern Capital of Bengal. The conquering Moslems made Gour the seat of their provincial government; and though they twice removed to other cities, Gour was not finally abandoned till 1721, in the reign of Shah Suja, who established himself at Rajmahal. Gour was abandoned, if tradition is to be credited, principally owing to an outbreak of plague; the inhabitants even leaving their money behind, buried in the ground, and up to the present time the natives dig up gold coins in the fields which they sell at the current valuation. The larger coin is about the size and thickness of the rupee, and belongs to the time of Akbar, the inscription being in Persian. The smaller coin is about the size of a half-sovereign and twice the thickness, with the inscription partly in Sanskrit. At the present valuation of gold the larger coin is worth 27 rupees, the smaller (and rarer) is sold for 24 rupees because of its more ancient date. These can both be obtained in silver as well. Handfuls of coins have been found buried in small earthen vessels, but the natives generally try to hide the fact when they discover. After Gour was abandoned, the landholders commenced to sell everything, even the bricks in the walls, and this seems to explain the complete state of ruin to which the city

has been reduced. Even the stones from the temples were removed ; some of these are still to be seen with Hindu engravings on one side. The walls of a Mahomedan dwelling are built partly of great blocks of stone which were once Hindu gods, the reverse side of the image facing outward. A building of note is the Latin temple, so called because of its coloured walls thickly enamelled in blue and white. The Minar Tower is a monument of some height. It had a winding stairway of stone which was partly destroyed in the great earthquake of 1897. It led to a sort of upper chamber, which was the place of "the call for prayer"—built by the Mahomedans. As it stands at present, the ascent can only be made by using a rough ladder against the outer wall. The city is full of tanks ; one in particular is supposed to be about 1,600 feet north to south and about 600 feet from east to west. Unfortunately this tank is now gradually drying up. Very remarkable is the great arch or entrance to the city, called the "Dakal Darwaja," which also partly came down in the earthquake of June, 1897. What is still standing is about 30 feet in height, and about 22 feet in thickness at the base of either pillar. Three carriages could easily drive in abreast under this archway. A fortification extends for about six miles in length, beginning at this arch. It is a sort of mound of considerable height, about 100 feet in thickness at the base, and is made of bricks in some places. The whole is now turned over, and on the summit there is a long line of beautiful tamarind trees said to be 100 years old—also some tall cotton trees, which make a very pretty picture when the large crimson blossoms are in bloom.

According to Montgomery, in his "Eastern India," Gour was the capital of Bengal in 730 B.C.

THE RUINS OF MALDAH.

The first of these is the Adina *Masjid*. One of the portions of the mosque which is still in existence is the pulpit, to ascend which there are light steps, the carved work on each of which is different. The hand-rail, which was made entirely of stone, has been lost, but some designs have been made to replace it, one of which will probably be adopted. The canopy consists of three slabs, elaborately cased with delicate fret-work in most exquisite

designs. The centre portion of the canopy is missing. A design for this has also been prepared. It is proposed to restore twelve domes on the south transept, which is 72 feet long and 34 feet wide. It was once covered with a vault, the apex of which is 65 feet above the ground; the wall being about five feet thick. In the centre of the transperts there was a large *lapis lazuli* stone, which has been removed, but which will probably be restored. The inner surface of the vault, which was over the transept, was richly decorated with floral and geometrical designs in plaster. This vault collapsed 25 years ago. There were originally 95 domes on each of the wings, abutting on the transept. Those on the south side have entirely fallen down, and a greater portion of those to the north. The eastern wing contains the *Badshah-ki-tat*, or raised stone platform, on which the King used to sit and prey. This platform was covered with black hornblende fligging (?) highly polished.

These flags rested on diagonal stone beams, which evidently belonged to Hindu temples. On the inner face of the main wall the designs (floral and geometrical) all vary, no two designs being alike, which is the more striking feature in the vault. In the centre of the transept wall is a lovely prayer niche, very elaborately carved. Strange as it may seem, the four entrances to the mosque are very small and not at all imposing. To the right of the main entrance was a panel or niche, which is no longer in existence. The door-jamps and lintel of the main entrance are prettily carved. Some of these carvings appear to be from Buddhist or Hindu temples. At the back of the mosque there is only one stone gargoyle remaining, which represents the "mugger-march," a sort of mythical monster representing the elephant, the crocodile and the sacred bull. It is about six feet long, and shows the head of the monster projecting from the wall.

The Government have sanctioned a sum of Rs. 69,000 for carrying out the restoration work at Gaur and Pundua. It is estimated that for certain works now in progress at Pundua, a sum of Rs. 23,000 will be required. It is proposed to restore and repair only a very small portion of the mosque. The restoration of the vault over the transept will, it is said, cost about Rs. 70,000. The construction of the vault at a time when the art of centring was unknown, has been a matter of speculation. Tradition says

that the vault must have been constructed by a huge forest of bamboo braced together, the upper surface being shaped to the correct curves, so as to enable the arch to be constructed. The lower pile of bamboos immediately below the arch must have been then removed, thus enabling the workmen to attend to the plastering with ease. The walls of the Adina were constructed of ashlar masonry over rough concrete and boulders. No through stones were employed, with the result that, owing to the unequal construction, the backing detached itself from the facing. A good deal or nearly all of the facing has either peeled away or fallen off. Black stone from Rajmehal appears to have been largely employed in the stone work. In order to obtain thin and neat joins, the ashlar stones were tapered—a further reason why the facing tended to bulge out and fall away. The same remark applies to all the ruins at Gaur and Pandua. The Adina mosque which, according to Sir John Woodburn, is the gem of the ruins, was built by Sekunder Shah, but was not completed during his lifetime. It is said to be 600 years old.

Another prominent ruin at a Pandua is the “Ek Lakhi” mausoleum, which has three tombs. This mausoleum is covered by a dome 50 feet in diameter internally, one of the biggest in India. This edifice is in a fair state of preservation. It is built entirely of brick, the walls being 12 feet thick,—one-fourth the span of the dome. It is proposed to repair the surface of the dome.

The Sona Masjid, on the other hand, has bare walls only left. These are faced with ashlar up to the level of the springing of the arches. This ruin is flanked by four minarets of stone. It is proposed to restore the face stones of the walls and the four minarets, which are in a ruinous condition. The other ruin of interest is the bath at Satisgarh. It is octagonal in shape, and there is a reservoir for water, with earthenware pipes leading to the bath.

OMEGA.

A CONTENTED MIND.

"My mind to me a kingdom is!"
No longer urge that swelling strain;
For who can hope the praise is his
A monarch o'er himself to reign?

Nor boast that thus in cold content
Thou bear'st a calm and careless mind,
Nor deign'st to laugh or to lament
For joys or sorrows of thy kind.

Such lonely life may lurk apart,
Unreached by tainting passion's stain,
And what was once a human heart
May lose the touch of human pain.

But heavy is the blame he bears
Who, flying vice, flies virtue too;
Whose fields, devoid of corn or tares,
Lie barren in his Maker's view.

And greater bliss it were to groan
With all whose sufferings ask a sigh,
Than, thus congealed to conscious stone,
Unwept, unweeping, live and die.

L. H.

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THE HINDU WISDOM.

(THE TRIAL OF MAHARAJA YUDHISTHIR.)

(*A sketch from the Mahabharata.*)

During the days of his exile, Maharaja Yudhisthir was, for sometime, residing at the forest of Sura Sena with his younger brothers and wife Droupadi. Here Srikrishna, the King of Dwarka, who alone befriended the unfortunate princes in their troubles, took leave of them for his capital assuring them of his undying love for them. At the time of parting, the heroes of the great Mahabharat war gave way to feelings and broke into sobs. Truly the poet has sung, "Parting has a pang, the hardest heart to wring." However, the feverish moments having passed, the brothers felt a little comforted, and the Maharaja expressed his desire to have a drink of water, as naturally happens during the hours of mental anguish and depression, and enquired of Bhima, if he could procure a quantity of water for him. Bhima at once started to find out if he could procure water. Many a weary miles he passed but found no water. Suddenly Dharma, the God of righteousness, to test the mind of Yudhisthir who was known to be the most pious amongst men, formed a large *jhil* at a little distance from Bhima, bedecked with innumerable lotuses of different colours and other aquatic flowers blown up all over, where shoals of birds were swimming merrily all round and pursuing one another in the way of "hide and seek," and a number of working bees, raising a pleasant humming tune very

agreeable to hear, were sucking honey from flower to flower. The shadow of the light clouds tinged with different colours by the rays of the sun, on the liquid breast of the *Jhill* below, danced with the waves that were raised by the gentle and refreshing breeze. These and other pleasing objects captivated the admiring heart of Bhima, who hurriedly went to the place and taking a glance over it, was just going to draw a pot of water, when lo! a crane that was sitting on the bank of the *Jhill* addressed Bhima in the following way in the language of man,* and asked him to answer four questions he liked to put, and then draw water and cautioned him that otherwise his death was imminent as soon as he touched water. But Bhima, himself being awfully thirsty, and proud of personal strength, and prowess, disregarded the tiny creature altogether, and wanted to have his drink first. And no sooner he stepped into water than he fell down dead and lay floating.

Yudhisthir and others in their cottage were expecting the return of Bhima every moment, but he was not seen. A considerable time thus passed in expectation. Soon their expectation grew into anxiety, and anxiety into excruciating fear. Yudhisthir asked Arjun, the third brother, to be instantly out on the lookout for Bhima, and if possible, to fetch a little water. Arjun, fully armed, left the cottage, and after he had gone a good way, he perceived cranes and other water fowls flying over at a distance. He hurried to the spot, and found a very beautiful *Jhill* with transparent water. The long way Arjun hurried off to reach the *jhill* made him thirsty and weary. He was about to step into water to have a drink, when the crane addressed him saying that unless he first answered his questions he was to put to him, he too would have to follow the path of his brother, Bhima, whom the crane pointed out floating at a distance. The scene was too much for him. He could not realize how Bhima could die so horrible and ignominious a death. As a young man full of hope; the throne of Hastinapur, that had been wrenched out from them with injustice and oppression, was a beacon-light of life to him that was inviting his immediate approach. But to attain to his object Bhima was his chief help and right-hand man. But while he found Bhima was gone, he conceived all his hopes gone for

* In the early days of truth, purity and honesty the lower animals even could speak like men.

ever with him. At this shock, he resolved that it was better to die than to live without Bhima. He stepped into water in a frenzy, and fell down dead. Both Bhima and Arjun were now dead, and had no notion what a smashing anxiety were the others thrown to. There was delay and Yudhisthir grew beside himself in anxiety. But there was no help. He asked Nakul to see what the matter was with Bhima and Arjun. Now, Nakul, the fourth brother, hurried off to see whether or not the Maharaja could be relieved of his feverish anxiety. And directing his look to the view he obtained of the flying water fowls in the sky at a great distance, Nakul hurried to the spot and soon reached the *jhil* almost in suffocation, unmindful of whatever around him. Nakul went straight down to the edge of the *jhil* with a mind to drink water and get a little of it for the Maharaja. But the crane prohibited him from having his drink before he answered his questions. But Nakul did not mind what the tiny bird had said, and no sooner he reached the water than he dropped down dead.

Now, three out of five brothers went out to fetch a little water, but none returned. It was indeed a matter most mysterious to Yudhisthir, who conjectured what could possibly happen to such mighty generals as his brothers were. But he could arrive at no definite conclusion; and in his utter helplessness, he asked the youngest of all, Shahadeb, to see what the matter was with his brothers reminding him at the same time to realize his awful position. Shahadeb, taking the dust of Yudhisthir's feet for he realized his journey to be most perilous, left to find out the whereabouts of his brothers, and soon reached the bank of the *jhil*. He, too, felt an inordinate thirst, and was rushing to have a drink when he was cautioned by the crane against drinking water before he gave answers to the questions he was going to put to him. But the tiny bird failed to draw any attention of Shahadeb, who, too, no sooner he reached the water than fell down dead. Now the four brothers lay there floating driven here and there by the winds.

Now, while it grew too late for his brothers to return back, Yudhisthir asked his wife Droupadi to procure for him a little water as he felt extremely thirsty. Droupadi, loyal to the wishes of her lord, sallied forth with a pot to fetch water and in quest of the four brothers for whom she had grown disconsolate.

However, she reached the bank of the *jhill*, and the moment she touched water she dropped down dead. It was now almost dusk; besides, there was none to be sent in search of those that had gone out, but did not return. Yudhisthir, however, proceeded in search of his brothers and queen, and tracing his way through which Bhima had passed, as was indicated by the broken branches, the up-rooted trees and the levelled rocks that lay in his way he reached the bank of the *jhill*, and espied the floating carcasses of his brothers and wife. The sight was too much for him. He fell down quite senseless. But although a prince himself, his was a lot to suffer and not to enjoy. He regained his consciousness, as his troubles were not yet ended. There was none to help him, none to offer him consolation. He called aloud the friend of the Pandavas, the kind-hearted and divine Srikrishna, in his distress. He called out to him at the top of his voice, because he was beside himself with grief, saying, "Friend, Lord, Brother, where are you now? Don't you know how I have been beset with unexpected troubles? Don't you feel, how I am doomed? Is Maharaja Duryadhan following me here too? My brothers, the great heroes—each a mighty general—your friends, the pillars of my strength, the future hope of this vice-trodden country, and the beautiful and virtuous Droupadi, are all dead, and now, who besides you may help me? Are you not alone the stay of the sufferers in this world?" So saying, Yudhisthir fell again to swoon. But naturally none came to his help in times of his grief. He rose up, but could suffer no more. He determined to drown himself. Oh, how much could a tiny man of flesh and blood endure? Now the God of Righteousness, the crane, appeared to him and asked him to be comforted saying that nothing on earth was lasting, and that his brothers and wife, having run the span of their lives, had gone to their last and long home as was the lot of humanity. There was nothing substantial and undying to be had for a man there on earth besides virtue; father, mother, brother, wife and children could render no help to a man; besides, the world was illusory. The crane further said, "I had put a few questions for answers to your brothers, before drinking water, but having disregarded me they have reached to this pass." The Maharaja wanted to know what his questions were, and Dharma, the God of Righteousness, in the guise of a crane, said:—

Q.—“কা চ বার্তা কিমাশ্চর্য্যং কঃ পস্থাঃ কশ্চ মোদতে ।

মমৈতান্ চতুরঃ প্রশ্নান্ কথয়িস্বা জলং পিব ॥”

A.—(a) “মাস্তদুদববীপরিবর্তনেন সূর্য্যাগ্নিনা রাত্রিদিবেন্ধনেন ।

অগ্নিন্ মহামোহময়ে কটাহে ভূতানি কালঃ পচতীতি বার্তা ॥

(b) অহগ্রহনি ভূতানি গচ্ছন্তি যমমন্দিরং ।

শেষাঃ স্থিরত্বমিচ্ছন্তি কিমাশ্চর্য্যমতঃপরং ।

(c) বেদা বিভিন্নাঃ স্মৃত্যো বিভিন্না নাসৌ মুনির্বত্ত মতং ন ভিন্নং ।

ধর্ম্মস্ত তত্ত্বং নিহিতং গুহ্যায় মহাজনো যেন গতঃ স পস্থাঃ ।

(d) দিবসস্তাষ্টমে ভাগে শাকং পচতি যো নরঃ ।

অনুগী চাপ্রবাসী চ স বারিচয় মোদতে ।

(a) What is the news of the world ?

(b) What is the most strange affair that occurs daily ?

(c) What are the ways that men are to tread upon, and

(d) Who amongst men is most happy ?

The Maharaja replied as follows :—

(a) The all-powerful Time (Kāl) is ever boiling in the cauldron of Illusion (*Māya*) all creatures with the assistance of the sun as fire, months and seasons as ladles and days and nights as fuel.

(b) Though the creatures are dying every day yet those that are still alive, wish to remain for ever in the world. What can be more strange and wonderful than this ?

(c) The *Vedas* differ with one another as do the *Smritis*. There is not a single sage (Muni) who concurs with others in opinion. The purport of religious teachings is shrouded in mystery. Hence the beaten paths of saints and sages are the most just and proper to follow.

(d) Men, who live on most simple diet, reside at their own homes withal, and pass their days without incurring debts, are most happy.

Dharma, the God of Righteousness, was very glad, and told the Maharaja, who he himself was, and asked him to pray boon in having one of his younger brothers restored to life. The Maharaja, prayed for the life of his youngest half-brother Shahadeb. Dharma

expressed his surprise at what the Maharaja had prayed for, and how could he desire to have his step-brother brought back to life, than one of his own brothers ; and asked him to pray for the life of Bhima as he alone would serve his purpose better during his troublesome period of war with Duryadhan ; or if he liked, he might ask for the life either of Arjun or his wife Droupadi, as their services were of immense value to him. But the wise Maharaja said, that Sahadeb was as much his brother as Bhima besides, without the life of the former, his maternal father would not enjoy the funeral cake ; consequently he could not wish for the life of his other brothers at the sacrifice of his conscience.

Dharma the God, was highly gratified with Yudhishthir, and restored the dead to lives and went away.

BIJOY CHANDRA GANGOOLI.

SOME DANGERS OF THE SWADESHI MOVEMENT.

BY A LOVER OF BENGAL.

Standing on a lofty peak of the Himalayas, gazing over the plains of Northern Bengal, men sometimes see a cloud on the horizon. It is no bigger than a man's hand—but grows as it comes, and comes as it grows. With mysterious movement, controlled by the unseen, and dead in the teeth of opposing winds, it spreads athwart the azure blue, rolls forward in billowy blackness like the waves of a mighty sea, darkens the earth, prophecies its own strange power of far-reaching destruction—then suddenly the lightning flash, the pealing thunder,—the raging storm. Sometimes it comes after Mother Earth has longed for rain of heaven, and though the danger of its presence makes hearts of men to quake, the blessings of its gifts abide. The storm passes—the azure blue again appears. Men smile, and thank God. Thus has the Swadeshi Movement seemed to one whose circumstances have placed him far from the country he loves, the people of his choice, and the land in which, God willing, he hopes to die. He has gazed from a lovely height, in amazement and trembling, in admiration and fear on a storm arising in the heart of a nation—spreading with subtle rapidity over a horizon that has seemed for years a placid immutable quietude; a storm big with eternal blessing if guided aright, big with crashing disaster, if it turns to channels of self-destruction.

What then, to leave the language of poetic license, and come down to common prose, are the dangers of the Swadeshi movement? The first is that its leaders develope it on the basis of a racial antagonism. Woe to the man! Woe to the day that gives birth to hatred in a human heart. For weal or woe, Briton and Indian have been wedded together. United they stand, divided, *one* falls. There are some who know Bengal, and love her well,

who cannot but mourn the trend on the modern spirit of her patriotism. There is no finer virtue under heaven than love of motherland, but true patriotism cannot grow on hatred, veiled or expressed. If therefore the Swadeshi spirit is to breed antagonism to the powers that be and to have at its heart a poisonous racial animosity against British commerce, and British men, it is a menace to the land, forbodes naught but ill to its own advocates, and carries the weapons of self-destruction in its own hands.

But equally there is danger in the spirit in which the Britisher treats the movement. The economic problem is of all Indian problems the hardest, and yet the most acute for the millions whose life is a long struggle against keen poverty. No man who knows the hardships of the poor, and has a heart to sympathise with woe, whenever and wherever found, but must give a large-hearted welcome to any movement the direct result of which must be the material prosperity of those to whom unsatisfied hunger is an almost daily experience. It has been made clear however, in more directions than one, that some of the rulers of Bengal have not disassociated the political from the economic character of the Swadeshi cult and have treated the movement with opposition instead of sympathy, with satire instead of appreciation, with punishment instead of aid. Moreover in commercial circles where the outstanding principle of progress is every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost—swadeshiism has met its sternest foes:—bitter words have preceded bitter deeds and so fuel has been added to the fire of social hatred. Every Britisher who treats this modern effort after a national life, with contempt, scorn or open hostility wrongs himself, his fellow man and the best interests of his country. Surely it is cause for rejoicing that the rich seek at last, to use the hoarded wealth of ages in developing the material prosperity of their motherland—that the dignity of honest though humble toil now begins to be realized, that idle hand finds work to do, and homes are cheered by the dawn of a brighter day. Let the movement have the European's warmest sympathy.

Another danger looms ahead of the Swadeshi movement. Unless its foundation stones be laid deep true, its history will be brief, and its epitaph—Failure. Some of its leaders have acted as

though the College Student the lad of 15—was the nation and good seed has found lodgement in stony ground. It has quickly sprung up and can as quickly wither away and die. Now no one devises to underestimate or undervalue the student life of Bengal. The hope of the Nation sits in the class rooms of the land—and no lads on earth are keener, brighter, more responsive to right treatment than the boy of Bengal. But boyhood's danger is its inexperience—and while character building proceeds, the stress and struggle of a wider life is neither desirable nor wise. Ten years hence will find hundreds and thousands of young men mourning the fact that they were drawn into a whirlpool of excitement that interfered with their studies, excited wrong passions, and drowned their otherwise certain prospects. The Swadeshi movement of 1906 was for them a curse and not a blessing. Surely the events of the past few months suggest a caution. The movement to be permanent must be man-made, man-controlled, and man-supported. Make it a school boy cult and you doom it and him.

A fourth and last danger to which reference will be made lies in making the movement too diffusive in allowing it to men in channels that do not legitimately belong to it. Its deepest and greatest benefits lie in the commercial sphere. It has now widened its horizon and seeks to breathe an Educational atmosphere, not satisfied therewith we shall soon be listening to religious Swadeshi-ism preached at the street corners—puffed in the press. And the undercurrents of that stream will be as muddy as tortuous, and as dangerous, as the undercurrents of the mighty stream that flows through the capital of the Empire—cutting into the sand banks of tradition, and sweeping away the hoary customs of the past. Let those at the helm study the chart—and beware of the shallows. Keep to the narrow channel and all will be well. Get outside, and there will be—a wreck.

H. ANDERSON.

THE THEORY OF TRANSMIGRATION.

"Lead me in thy Truth, be thou also my Guide."

The human body is composed of the five organs, the five senses, the five winds, together with thoughts and understanding. The winds or the breaths are Pran (life) and four others; which can be regulated by the process of measuring respirations that is supposed to prolong life for an uncommon period. The thoughts and understanding are treated by Logic and Metaphysics. Sages Kanada and Guatama soared high by dint of logic or Naya. Sankhya and Patanjali attempted similar flight through metaphysics. The Hindu *Darsanas* included Logic, metaphysics, Psychology and Ontology. Logic, in the sense of *Naya*, treats of proofs admissible *i.e.*, sensations, analogy, inference etc. Sankhya resolved the origin and continuation of creation into two potent energies in close affinity. He also treated ontology explaining the principles and causes of the nature of the *nomen*. Vaisishika taught that perception and inference are the true sources of knowledge. Like metaphysics it investigates also into the functions and substance of mind. Yoga is the art of the concentration of the mind, and the science of the laws of such concentration. Western Psychology deals with the mind as part and parcel of the human Soul, *i.e.*, the moral and emotional portions of human nature. "It is the mind that makes the body rich." Guard well your thoughts they are heard in heaven; but a soul without reflection runs to debasement and pollution. A man depending for his happiness on another soul bespeaks of poverty lamentable and worse than begging for the daily bread. Mind is the source of all subjective creations. Thoughtful souls see that this world is a mere phenomenon and no real substance, those who attempt to shew the ultimate conscious Spirit coexistent with Eternity view life in the same light. Some philosophers assert that animals and trees do possess in common with man, the psychic

powers. Matter being only the possibility of sensations, do not explain the feelings and sentiments evinced by such creatures. It is said of the Soul,

" Within fed * * *

So shall-thou feed on Death *

and Death once dead, there is no more dying then."

Souls should not die, but exist and unfold. Idealism in religion connotes both Monotheism and Pantheism, proving the two extremes meet in Truth. Natives of Madagascar may not have a word for Soul, but they have the conception of duality in a man. But the Fijijies have some distinct notion of the Soul. Savages, says the author of the Primitive Culture, generally see consciousness in Natural forces, but their ideas of them are anthromorphic. In India, Egypt and Greece the general belief was that souls of men do transmigrate after death. Pythagorus and Pindar also beleived in transmigration. Most ancient nations beleived that human souls return to bliss after there unblemished lives. The Egyptians fixed the cycle in three thousand years, but Plato extended it to ten thousand years.

What is transmigration of Soul? The passing of the psychic powers of an individual from one body into another for the purpose of further development. In religion it means the doctrine of the passage of the Soul from one body into another, including metempsychosis. It is said that Viswarup the brother of Gouranga entered into a separate body to personify Nittyananda in order to help the Reformer in his mission to the world. Sankar entered into a dead body to learn in disguise a certain *Sastra*. However some savages believe that ancestral souls do impart their likenesses to the descendants and kindreds. The Hindoos believe in the transmigration of soul from the lowest worm to man, reaching the goal in eight millions of birth. The Jews had very indistinct idea of the doctrine which is obvious from the Bible and Apochryphal stories. For instance in Mathew we find ; And if ye will receive it this is Elias. In Luke, and he shall go before him in the spirit and power of Elias. In John, and his disciples asked him saying, Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind. In his system of religion STylor preached a similar principle of evolution, when he recognised the growth of organic life developing into man in its successive stages. This theory shews that

transmigration of Forces (Psychic) is not only possible but probable also. The law of conservation of Energies does also support it.

The Greek and the Romans like Hindus believed in the three phases of the Soul,—Shades, Manes, and Spirit. The Greek *Psyche*, the Sanskrit *Prana*, and the Latin *anima*, signify the same spiritual Force. Phrases like “out of oneself,” and “besides oneself,” found in almost all formed languages, prove the duality in the human Ego. Most savages believe in Soul and its future state, which prompts them to active worship of ancestor spirits. The modern Japan is also partial towards the doctrine. Fijijies with other wild tribes sacrifice widows and slaves of a deadman in order that they may serve the departed. The custom of suttees among Hindus may point to a similar origin! Even the Hottentots of South Africa got a fable that the moon sent a message to man on earth, that as she gets life after death (meaning the light phases after new moon) so shall man live after death. The story is very significant for our present doctrine. The terms Soul and shadow are synonymous in the languages of many a savage people. Karen and others believe that souls go out of the body during sleep, and come in contact with objects that they observe in dreams. The Hindoos also believe in a similar theory of dreams, and elongation of soul. I have often met with men and objects I had been familiar with in my dreams. The speculation of modern spiritualisms seems antagonistic to the principle of transmigration of souls. The spiritualists believe in *mahatmas* living in astral or mental bodies for ever. But once the immortality of soul is conceded the doctrine of its transmigration shoots up spontaneously; once the duality of man is shewn the existence of soul separate from the material frame becomes apparent. The inner man calls aloud, and the individual soul comes into actual existence.

The question is, has the individual soul a separate existence from Universal soul—the God! The Christians and the dualists conceive that human soul is merely reflexion of the original source. But most of them believe in God-man as well as man—god! An individual soul may find out a process to dive into the vast Fountain; the act of merging himself would be simple, but for the strong environments of humanity which divert it or press upon on the other way. Obstruction from objects and sentiments or feelings which form the Ego itself, may prepare the man to dive, but until

he merges into the fountain head, he cannot speak out "I and my Parent are one." It is like throwing a bottle of ink in the ocean; the ink is transformed, the properties of the bottled-liquid changes into the qualities of the sea-water.

All environments of mankind may be divided into objective and subjective—adopting a subjective state of consciousness, we can neglect the objective circumstances. But to get rid of the passions, desires and aspirations a man shall cultivate spiritualism, Man shall learn to dive deep into the spiritual fountain to get the state of beatitude by culture or grace. The tranquility of the mind is then obtained and the physical man grows to a spiritual saint. "Blessed are the poor in mind for they shall find Heaven" For to emulate to develop the physical man to God, or to conceive the Almighty pent up into the small frame of man, are both disastrous Krishna, Christ, Mohamet and Ramkrishna merged themselves into spiritualism, but never aspired to God-hood. They claimed sonship, but not the father's throne. A man god as well a godman would limit Divinity to anthropomorphic attributes, We have heard a saint to assert that God is not only both visible and invisible, but he has other indiscribable attributes incomprehensible by relative knowledge of matters. The magnitude of the Universal soul can hardly be conceived within a mortal frame. Vedantists may argue *unfoldment* and *expiration* of psychic principles, but nevertheless it is incomprehensible. Such an idea, would create vanity, and destroy the tranquility of mind. The Jewish conception of Satan, the proud insubordination of the creature to his creator, prompts him to utter "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven." Whereas a true saint would most piously pray, "Thy will be done." For no separate existence is possible in such a holy man. He sings :—

"Than he none greater, next him none

That can be, is, or was ;

Supreme He singly fills the throne."

Men do perceive in such superconscious state,

"And is there care in Heaven, and is there love

* * * * to the creatures base,

That may compassion of their evil move ?
There is, else much more wretched were the case
Of men than Beasts ”
He feels within and realizes—
“ There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

Until man reaches this subject state in the economy of Nature, she takes him to task, and goads him to advance. But as a body cannot live long to achieve the marvellous deed, the soul migrates and enters into different vehicles to suit for its future evolution—souls may remain temporarily in the mental or astral body to take a turn of progress, but rebirth is a *sine qua non* to learn knowledge absolute, which jnan alone do qualify the soul for permanent release. Attained to this blissful condition by education, culture or grace, the Ego breaks up, and the rebirth becomes unnecessary.

If soul is immortal which most civilized nations believe, where shall the departed remain? Without a body to suit for further progress. Men long for to see their separated friends—Poets sing—“ Congenial spirits part to meet again ”—

These may be sentiments, still they indicate the direction of the wind—Souls cannot but migrate so long the desires aspirations of the Ego exist to the door of Death. Forces do not die—annihilation of matter or mind is inconceivable, change or progress is the only philosophic conception under the regime of science.

The belief that *mahatmas* living in astral body in continuous progress, without having recourse to a fresh human frame, may be possible, but the doctrine clashes with transmigration of soul proved by many a wise men. The Hīndoos, indeed have a similar idea in the *Pitris*, but the conception is essentially different from the other. The *manes* of ancestors composed of the shades of the departed collectively, and solidified into a group of worshipful *ancestorkhood* is the aryan conception. They worship the *pitris* very often and propitiate them before undergoing each sanskar or pilgrimages, or proceedings of special importance to a family. The response from the *pitris* are known by the success or otherwise of the undertaking. But the spirits are invoked as

Book of reference on occasions of curiosity or importance. The oracular answers by them could be often resolved into the passing ideas of the clairvoyant medium, or of an elongated living mind. The transference of thought of one man to another is longoner a miracle. Hypnotism, mental healing are based upon such a principle. The psychic powers of a man may develop in a variety of ways. The knowledge of evolution, unfoldment or transmigration does alone solve all the varied phases of the soul.

A. K. GHOSE.

BRAHMACHARYA OR LIFE OF CELIBACY.

Though the Hindu Scriptures have in many places pointed out the necessity of marriage, nay, though they have declared that people by not marrying are constrained to go to hell, still they have accorded greater reverence and esteem to the *Brahmacharya* mode of life. The regulation in favour of a marriage holds good in the case of such persons who live ordinarily like householders,—of course a blind, lame, or a mad man are never allowed by Scriptural authority to marry. But a capable householder must marry for procreating children, for such is the commandment of God. But for a young man, who, before celebrating nuptials in this world, falls in love with the God, he commits no sin thereby and is held in the highest esteem by the people. The Rishis have always spoken in high terms of the Life of Celibacy, and the Brahmacharins have been described by them as celestials living on this earth. The Lord Shiva has thus expressed himself on this subject:—

ন তপস্তপ ইত্যাহ্বত্রীক্ষচর্যাং তপোভ্রমম্ ।

উর্দ্ধরেতা ভবেদ্যস্ত স দেবো নতু মানুষ্যঃ ॥

“Asceticism is not asceticism, but Brahmacharya is the highest penance. One who leads the life of celibacy is a god. And although he lives in this region of mortals he is not to be designated a man.”

In the beginning of the creation, before Marichi, Atri and other Patriarchs were born, there flourished four Rishis who led lives of celibacy. They were Sanaka, Sananda, Sanatana, and Sanatkumar. They have been described in various scriptural works not as ordinary mortals but celestials in human forms. The superiority of Brahmacharya has thus been described in various works of the Hindus. In the celebrated Epic of the *Mahabharata* the following dialogue took place between the Rishi Shuka and the royal sage Janaka. Approaching the saintly king, the Rishi

put the following questions :—“What are the duties of the Brahmans in this world ? What is the true nature of emancipation ? Knowledge and penance ? By what means can emancipation be acquired ?”

To these queries the king Janaka replied thus :—“Hear I will describe the duties of the Brahmans from their very birth. After the ceremony of tonsure they must study the Vedas, practise penances, revere their preceptor, pay off the debt to the celestials by Brahmacharya and that to their departed manes by procreating children. First of all, they must study the Vedas in the house of their preceptor. Then with his permission and making him presents a Brahmana must return to his house. Then forsaking envy, preserving sacred fire and knowing his own wife he should procreate children. Then returning from the world he should live in a forest, perform Homa and attend upon the guests. And gradually being shorn of worldly attachments and happiness and sorrow he should immerse his own self in the Supreme Self and lead the life of a Sanyasin.”

Then the Rishi Suka again asked, “O Monarch, if while leading the life of celibacy one acquires the knowledge of Brahman, should he follow the other modes of life ?”

King Janaka again said :—

হৃদায় লোকানামহুচ্ছেদায় কৰ্মণাম্ ।
 পূৰ্বেৱাচৰিতে ধৰ্মশ্চাতুৱাশ্ৰম্যসঙ্কটঃ ॥
 অনেন ক্রমযোগেন ইহজাতিবু কৰ্মণাম্ ।
 হিত্বা শুভাশুভং কৰ্মমোক্ষো নামেহলভ্যতে ॥
 ভাবিতৈঃ কাৰণৈশ্চায়ং বহুসংসারয়োনিবু ।
 আসাদয়তি শুদ্ধাত্মা মোক্ষং ইব প্রথমাশ্রমে ॥
 তমাসাদ্য তু যুক্তস্ত দৃষ্টার্থস্ত বিপশ্চিতঃ ।
 তিষ্ঠাশ্রমেষু কোৱৰ্থো ভবেৎপরমভীপ্সিতঃ ॥

Mahabharata, Santi Parva.

“The Rishis laid down the fourfold modes of life so that people may receive religious instructions and snap the fetters of action. By practising religion according to those rules and renouncing good and evil fruits of action men attain to emancipation. One,

who by virtue of religious discipline carried on in many births succeeds in controlling his senses and purifying his intellect, attains to emancipation even while carrying on Brahmacharya. If one can acquire emancipation in the Brahmacharya mode of life he need not follow other modes."

In the same *Parva* of the same work. Narada thus advocated the importance of the Brahmacharya mode of life to the Rishi Suka :—

অলং পরিগ্রহেণৈ দোষবান্ হি পরিগ্রহঃ ।

কুমিহিকোষকারঃ স বধ্যতে অপরিগ্রহাৎ ॥

পরিগ্রহং পরিত্যজ্য ভব তাতজিতেন্দ্রিয়ঃ ।

অশোকং স্থানমার্তিষ্ঠ ইহ চামত্র চাভয়ম্ ॥

"Marriage is productive of many evils, and, therefore, it should be avoided. As a worm is fettered by the saliva of its mouth, so a man is fettered by marriage. Take refuge with Him by placing yourself under whose shelter you will not experience grief or fear either in this world or in the next."

Narada again said :—

দ্বন্দ্বারামেষু ভূতেষু চ এষো রমতে মুনিঃ ।

বিক্টিপ্রজ্ঞা ন তৃপ্তং তং জ্ঞানতৃপ্তো ন শোচতি ॥

"One who can live alone in the midst of numberless persons who are satiated with the pleasures of conjugal lives is really the person who has been satisfied with knowledge. He is never constrained to grieve."

Sankaracharya has been rather too hard on married people and has taken a rather cruel view of the position of women in the society. He has described them as the roads to hell. He has said :—

"দ্বারকং কিমাহো নরকস্ত—নারী "

Such is not however the case. The Rishis, though they have spoken highly of the Brahmacharya mode of life, have not spoken any thing against the other modes. They have on the other hand assigned relative importance to the various modes in the spiritual

culture of a man. If one acquires the knowledge of Brahman while leading the life of a Brahmacharin he, in fact, attains to emancipation and need not follow the other modes of life. The true import of the four modes of life according to the Hindu Scriptures, signifies the four stages of life through which a man must pass to qualify himself to attain to emancipation in the long run. And every stage is invested with its relative importance in a man's passage to emancipation.

OMEGA.

MARRIAGE OF ADULT BRAHMAN GIRLS.

In order to throw light upon the subject of enquiry, it will be necessary to obtain glimpses of the social life of the Hindus from the earliest to the present period—the Vedic, the Epic, the Buddhistic, the Pauranic and the Modern period. Shashtra or religious ordinance is meant to promote the true welfare of society. Judged by this high standard which was unquestionably the inspiring motive of the Hindu Sages to prescribe rules for the regulation of social practices and customs, it is evident that the validity of such rules depend upon their conformity with such standard. The value of Shastric sanction for any social practice will be enhanced if it can be shown that such sanction is not only reasonable and beneficial but that the practice sanctioned has been prevalent from time immemorial. Such a procedure appears to be necessary to satisfy the scientific and enquiring spirit of the present age as well as to invest the treatment of the question under enquiry with the authority of history and traditional usage.

In the absence of any Vernacular or Sanscrit history of the early times, except what can be known from the Sanscrit works on religion, literature and romance, we are constrained to refer to modern writers on Hindu social usages and practices. Mr. R. C. Dutt's History of Aryan Civilisation has thrown light upon such usages. The authenticity and true value of history, however, depend upon the extent to which it agrees with the actual state of things. If a writer does not confine himself to a faithful picture, but gives only a coloured version according to the light of his own opinion, it ought to be thoroughly examined before we accept it. Besides, to do justice to our venerable Rishis, we should always bear in mind that as their glorious achievements introduced into

India an unparalleled civilisation, and as they have left to us imperishable monuments of their genius and extraordinary powers, our business should be, not so much to adversely criticise as to clearly understand them. Haphazard and careless conclusions upon insufficient data serve no useful purpose. It will not do to say that the Aryan Hindus were beef-eaters, *Soma-rasha*-drinkers, and worshippers of the planets and the elements and thereupon jump to the conclusion that they were a superstitions and barbarous people. To rise from Nature to Nature's God is the most natural and approved form of Divine worship. Neither nature-worship or worship of God in nature, nor image-worship or the worship of God through an image is idolatrous. The Hindu does not worship the clay or stone image before him, but conceives the attributes of the Deity through the medium of an image which serves only to fix his mind. As Carlyle says, "idol is eidolon, a thing seen, a symbol. It is not God, but a symbol of God." The Hindu welcomes all modes of worship, the progressive stages being from image-worship to mental worship, and from mental contemplation of the Deity to union with Him. So long as there are diversities in intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement in a society, there must be diverse methods of worship and various conceptions of the Divinity. To adopt one uniform system for persons of different culture, is practically to do away with worship altogether. Again religion enters into the very minutest details of Hindu life. Eating and drinking, in what at first sight appears to be a bestial form of self indulgence, being associated with religion, can seldom produce that degradation and demoralisation which follow when they are indulged in for the gratification of the passions. The history of Aryan Hindu civilisation forms a bright chapter in universal history. Ancient Hindu culture and progress have been pronounced by competent authorities to be unique in the history of the world. No other nation of ancient or modern times can exhibit so brilliant a record of thirty centuries of progress. It contains all the essential features of what is called the philosophy of history through successive stages—the religious, intellectual and political advancement of the Hindus, as well as the excellence of their social and domestic customs and institutions. It presents, in short, a faithful picture of their successes, failure, and struggles in forming and developing a national life. It is not correct to say, that the Rig Veda was the beginning

of Hindu civilisation. "Even before the Aryan Stock," says Professor Max Muller, "was separated and dispersed to all the corners of the world, they had nearly all the ingredients of a civilised life."

Hinduism, according to Mr. C. B. Clarke, consists in the observance of the manners and customs of a particular place at a particular time, and necessarily varies from day to day, and from place to place, like the colours of a rainbow. This remark, if unchallenged, is likely to produce a misconception leading to erroneous conclusions. For upwards of 3,000 years Hinduism has lasted, defying the ravages of time, the revolution of empires, the vicissitudes of Governments, the iconoclastic spirit of the Mohamedans and the Missionary zeal of the Christians. The true basis of Hinduism, as a religious alliance and a social league, is solid and strong and not liable to destruction by any changes in the mere outward form of its observance. The ancient Aryans used to worship Nature, the modern Hindus are image-worshippers; there was no caste-distinction in ancient times; it is now rigorously observed; but such differences in the mode of worship, or in the social constitution, do not affect the fundamental principles of Hinduism as a great humanising force, a firm basis of religious culture and social unity. In the Vedic period, (B. C. 20,000 to B. C. 1,400) the Aryans had advanced beyond the rude existence of the hunter to the settled industry of the cultivator of the soil. Their domestic customs and laws of inheritance were nearly the same as those which now prevail in India. In fact some of the customs have undergone changes for the worse. The women were treated with greater respect and were not kept in seclusion. They performed rites and ceremonies and composed hymns. Hindu matrons were careful and diligent in exercising supervision over domestic affairs. Girls often married at an advanced age and there were no restrictions against widow-marriage. The practice of *Sati* or widow-burning was unknown. The manners and civilisation of the Hindus during the Epic period (B. C. 1,400 to B. C. 1,000) may be gleaned from two celebrated epic poems the Mahabharata and the Ramayana. Such manners and civilisation are briefly described in Dutt's Ancient and Modern India thus. The Mahabharat has a great historical value, not as a true account of the incidents of the war which forms the subject, but as a picture of

the manners and civilisation of the early Epic Age. We see in this venerable epic how the Hindus lived and fought, acted and felt three thousand years ago. We find that young princes were eagerly trained in arms, and that Kuru mothers, sisters and wives came out in public and witnessed with pride the tournaments in which their sons, brothers, and husbands distinguished themselves. We see how girls were married at an advanced age and princesses famed for their beauty often selected their husbands from among the princes who came to seek their hands. We see how jealousies among neighbouring Kings broke out into sanguinary wars and how the bitterness of such feuds was restrained by the laws of honour and of chivalry. Victors in such wars performed the Asvamedha or the horse-sacrifice, and all the princes of the Hindu world were invited to these grand imperial festivities. In the Ramayana, we find how different races like the Kosalas and the Vedahas lived side by side along the fertile valley of the Ganges, and how the whole of Southern India was still inhabited by those barbarian aborigines who have been described by the poet as bears and monkeys. We see how Kings strove to secure the happiness and good-will of the people and how the people were devotedly loyal to their Kings. Young princes were trained in arms and also in all the learning of the age, and princesses famed for their beauty attracted numbers of suitors from whom the bravest and the most skilful in arms were selected. Kings not unfrequently had a large number of wives; the mutual jealousies of rival queens often disturbed the even course of administration; and a favourite and strong-minded queen secured the succession to her issue to the throne and the banishment of rival princes. Although the caste-system introduced in this Age failed to produce good economic results and unite society, the social life of the Hindus was highly civilised. Girls were married at an advanced age, and child-marriage was yet unknown. There was not only no restriction against widow-marriage, but it was expressly sanctioned, the rites and ceremonies which a widow had to perform before she was re-married being distinctly laid down. The females enjoyed perfect liberty and obtained equal advantages of education with men. There were lady-Rishis who composed hymns of the Rig Veda, and it is stated by a high authority that the *Gaitri*, which is held as a sacred hymn of daily prayer for Brahmans, was composed by a lady-Rishi.

Cultured ladies such as Visvabara, Romasa, Lopamudra, Atri, Gargi, Maitrayi and others composed parts of the Rig Veda and were ranked as Vedic Rishis. In their Charans and Parishads like the Grammar Schools and Universities of modern Europe—some of the highest chairs were, according to Professor Max Muller, creditably occupied by lady-professors. Ladies in those days attended social gatherings at which they took part in the discussion on religious, social or literary subjects. The Zenana system has been the outcome of Mohammedan rule in India.

The accounts of India during the Buddhistic period (B.C. 1,000 to A.D. 500) given by Chinese travellers are in perfect accord with those of Megasthenes, a Greek ambassador at the Court of Chundra Gupta. He observed with admiration the absence of slavery in India, the chastity of the women, and the courage of the men. In valour they excelled all other Asiatics; they required no locks to their doors; above all, no Indian was ever known to lie. Sober and industrious, good farmers and skilful artisans, they scarcely ever had recourse to a law-suit, living peaceably under their native Chiefs. The kingly Government is portrayed almost as described in the Code of Manu. The village system is well described, each little rural unit seeming to the Greek an independent republic. The marriage of girls at a mature age was looked upon with disfavour, and, with the frequent invasion of foreigners and the insecurity of the times, the custom of early marriage, *i.e.*, of placing little girls under the protection of their husbands came into vogue. Widow-marriage which was freely allowed in ancient times, was now discouraged, though not prohibited. Intercaste marriages were still allowed under the old restriction, *viz.*, that a girl of a higher caste should be confined by marriage to a family of her own caste. The inhuman custom of *Sati* was not yet known in India. Thus, though some unhealthy customs were gradually creeping into Hindu society with the gradual decline of national vigour and life, women were still regarded with respect and honour.

In the Pauranik period (A. D. 500 to 1,200) Hindu religion underwent a gradual change until the Vedic system was thoroughly replaced by Pauranic Hinduism. Elaborate religious rites and ceremonies took the place of the Vedic sacrifices, and image-worship was introduced. Glimpses of the social life of the Hindus during this period may be obtained from the classic literature of the

Vikramadityan age. Girls were not married at an early age; they were taught to read and write. Music and painting were also considered as female accomplishments. The marriage of widows was strictly prohibited in the later Pauranik period. It was then that the cruel custom of *Sati* came into vogue.

We have given an account of the religious and social practices of the Hindus from the earliest to the present time without confining it to the single case of the prevalence of advanced female marriage. And our reason is that unless a society is exhibited as a whole, it is not easy to establish the existence of any one of its particular practices and customs. As a garment sits loosely upon a person not accustomed to wear it, so a particular practice unless it fits in with the general constitution of the society in which it is stated to have prevailed, comes with a questionable shape and is hard to believe. Besides, any Shastric sanction which can be shown to have been given for marriage of Brahman girls after puberty presupposes a state of society suited to the grant of such sanction. For instance, Manu's Code, although it seems rather to be the work of a learned man designed to set forth his idea of a perfect commonwealth under Hindu institution and therefore is supposed to show an ideal rather than an actual society, nevertheless depicts it as correctly as a legal code, since it is evident that it incorporates the existing laws, and any alterations it may have introduced with a view to bring them up to its preconceived standard of perfection, must still have been drawn from the opinions which prevailed when it was written.

The Consent Act has provided a partial remedy against the injurious consequences of early marriage. No doubt, it was a matter of regret that the Legislature had to step in, in order to stop the tide of a growing evil, and that our society did not see its way to reform its abuses so as to obviate the necessity of such interference which has cast a great reflection upon its internal constitution. In this case also the religious plea is put forward as an excuse for culpable negligence. The absurdity of such a plea becomes apparent when we call to mind Raghunandan's clear opinion contained in the following passage of his *Jyotishwatta*. "If a man of twenty years of age approaches a woman of the full age of sixteen years when she has been purified after a certain event, in the expectation of offspring, good offspring is born; below those

ages the offspring is bad—thus says the Smriti.” This explains what reasonable construction is to be put upon what he has laid down in this respect in his Sanskar Tattwa. Further it rests upon the authority both of Susruta and European Medical Science that children born of immature parents do not attain to a high standard of excellence. “If a man not having attained twenty-five years of age, impregnates a woman below sixteen, he endangers the child in the womb. If it is born, it does not live long; if it lives, it becomes weak of organs of sensation and action. Therefore, let there not be impregnation of very young girls”—Susruta.

It would appear from this that both Hindu medical science and Hindu religious authority unite in fixing sixteen years as the proper age for a woman to enter upon the duties of maternity; and in this they are supported by the medical science of Europe. If the State is unable to fix the minimum marriageable age, it cannot be denied that the indirect and educative influence of the Consent Act will co-operate with the forces in our society in slowly pushing forward the present age of marriage. In respectable families girls were seldom given in marriage before they attained the age of twelve years before the passing of the Act, which has now furnished an additional motive, if not to enlarge, at best to adhere to, that period of a girl's life as the minimum marriageable age. It is hoped that the paramount considerations of good health and proper physical development will weigh with all classes of society in India to maintain a yet higher limit of marriageable age. We have already shown that from the Vedic to the modern period, Hindu girls were disposed of in marriage at an advanced age. It was only in the Buddhistic age that child marriage was introduced on account of the frequent invasions of foreigners and the insecurity of the times. Now, as perfect security of life and property prevails in India under the British Indian administration, it is highly desirable that this obnoxious practice should be discontinued and abandoned. Besides the express authority contained in the Smriti, referred to above, for the marriage of Hindu females after puberty, the peculiar character of the Hindu marriage, its indissolubility, and the serious duties cast upon the married couple, all tend to lead to a reasonable inference that the Shastras contemplate that the marriage should only be contracted when the parties to it have attained an age of

descretion sufficient to enable them to realise its nature and duties. With the exception of the cases provided for by Legislative Enactments and Case-Law, the Hindu marriage creates an indissoluble bond, which is a sound basis of abiding interest, strong affection, and religious culture of the married parties. The Hindu wife is called *সহধর্মিনী* (Sshadharmini) *i.e.*, a partner with her husband in religious observances. *পুত্রার্থে* ক্রিয়তে ভাৰ্যা পুত্রঃ পিণ্ড-প্রয়োজনঃ। The wife is sought for the procreation of a son, and a son is necessary for offering funeral cakes. *পুত্রাম নরকাৎ জায়তে ইতি পুত্রঃ।* The son delivers the parents from a hell called *put*. From this it is evident that marriage, according to the Hindu Shastras, is regarded as a sacred institution, conferring an equality of status on the wife with the husband, considering her necessary for the attainment of the noblest objects of life, and enjoining upon the son a holy mission of attending to the spiritual welfare of his parents and perpetuating and honoring their names. A tie which is considered so sacred and strengthened by so many chords of domestic felicity, religious sanctity and agreeable prospects, is seldom allowed to be sundered by caprices and whims, temporary inconveniences or untoward circumstances difficult to avoid even in the most respectable families.

Above all, it is imperatively necessary that whatever is catholic and rational should demand our best consideration; whatever is illiberal and irrational ought to be rejected. There should be no misconception of the true nature of Hindu religion and social customs. Of such customs, some are universal or invariable such as, Marriage, Upanayana, Sradh, &c. and others are local or variable, such as Garbadhana, Pumsavana &c. The former are intimately connected with Hindu religion. They form, so to speak, the backbone of the Hindu social and individual life. A Hindu, ceasing to observe them ceases to be a Hindu. But the latter class of rites and practices is of a local or rather festive character: and their observance is merely optional. It behoves us, therefore, that in our investigation for Shastric injunctions we should exercise proper discrimination and caution so as not to mistake the shadow for the substance, the chaff for the kernel, the base for the genuine metal. The best touchstone for examining the

soundness and validity of a custom is its moral and material efficacy. And as marriage after puberty satisfies such a condition shastric sanction for it, which cannot be meant for anything which is improper and injurious, must be presumed even if it cannot be established by positive and direct evidence. Any such sanction for child-marriage, which medical opinion, both Indian and European, has clearly pronounced to be dangerous to life, even if it is found, must be considered to be obsolete, unscientific and obnoxious and its non-observance is not only consistent with the spirit of true religion but absolutely necessary in the best interests of humanity which such religion can never ignore or disregard.

SHASTRIC SANCTION.

I have already referred to the Smriti quoted by Raghunandan in his *Jyatishtwatta* which has prescribed 16 years as the minimum marriageable age of a Hindu girl. In addition I quote a couple of verses from *Manu Sanghita*, Chapter IX. 89, which sanctions the marriage of a Hindu girl after puberty. The couplet runs thus :—

কামমামরগাভিষ্ঠেদ গৃহে কন্তুর্মতাপি ।

নচৈবৈনাং প্রবছেত্তু গুণহীনায় কহিচিৎ ॥

It is desirable that a daughter even if she has attained her puberty should up to her death remain unmarried at home but should never be given in marriage to a person without merit. Again, another authority may be cited in support of the disputed point.

প্রাগ্‌ব্রজো দর্শনাৎ পত্নীং নেয়াৎ গতা পতত্যধঃ ।

ব্যর্থো কারেণ শুক্রশ্চ ব্রহ্মহত্যাম্ অবাপ্নুযাৎ ॥

(A man) shall not approach the wife before the appearance of catamenia; approaching becomes degraded, and incurs the sin of slaying a Brahmana, by reason of wasting the virile seed.

Asvalayana cited in the *Nirnayasindhu* (Golap Shastri's *Hindu Law* p. 80.)

Now it may be contended that this text prohibits the consummation, and not the ceremony of, marriage, before puberty

of the girl. But if the consummation is postponed till after the attainment of puberty, the mere ceremony is immaterial, and of no moment. Besides when a heavy penalty is attached to approaching a wife before the appearance of catamenia, the object of the ordinance is evidently to discourage and discountenance her marriage before the occurrence of that event. Also it is quite reasonable and safe that a girl should not be given in marriage until she is fit to enjoy the company of her husband.

In Manu Sanghita again there is another text which reads thus.

ত্রিশদ্বর্ষী বহুঃ কস্তাং হুত্বাং দ্বাদশবার্ষিকীং ।

ত্র্যষ্টবর্ষোষ্ট্রবর্ষাং বা ধর্মে সৌদতি সত্ত্বরঃ ॥

Let a man of thirty years marry an agreeable girl of twelve years, and a man of thrice eight years a girl of eight years, one marrying earlier deviates from duty. Manu, IX, 94.

In the same chapter on page 89, as has been already shown, Manu has provided that a girl even after her puberty should remain unmarried rather than be given in marriage to an unsuitable person. From this it appears that there is no hard and fast rule as to the age of marriage of a Hindu girl but that great care should be taken that she is given in marriage to a suitable person. As there is a very great disproportion of age between a husband aged 24 and a wife aged 8 such a match cannot be called a suitable one. As the Shastras cast a duty upon a Brahman to espouse only when he has finished his studentship (Yajnavalkya I, 52, 53) it necessarily follows that a girl of tender years will be quite unsuitable for him to marry. This circumstance coupled with the interdiction in the Shastras against the marriage of a girl below eight years of age (Manu, IX, 94) and consummation of marriage before she has attained her puberty, leads to the conclusion which is at once logical and reasonable, that the Hindu Shastras contemplate the marriage of a Brahman girl after, and not before, puberty. I have now, I think, established that the authority for the marriage of Hindu girls after puberty rests upon (a) the Inmemorial Customs, (b) the Smṛiti, (c) Manu Sanghita, and (d) the Nirnoysindhu. It has already been historically traced that the custom of the marriage of Hindu girls at an advanced age or after puberty has been prevalent in India from the Vedic up to the present period of

Hinduism. I now proceed to show that immemorial custom is regarded as one of the sources of Hindu Dharma or Law. The word *dharma* is generally rendered into Law and includes all kinds of rules religious, moral, legal, physical, metaphysical or scientific, in the same way as the term Law does, in its widest sense. The word is derived from the root *dhri* to hold, support or maintain, and it means law, or duty, or the essential quality of persons or things. By the term *dharma* is understood the rules whereby not only mankind but all beings are governed; it also imports duty or distinctive feature of beings implying subjection to, or control by, the rules. The term *Shashtra* is derived from the root *shas* to teach, enjoin or control, and means teacher. The term source of law is used in two senses: in one, the Deity, according to the Hindus, and the sovereign, according to modern jurisprudence, is the fountain source of law; and in the other sense, the term means that to which you must resort to get at law, in other words, the evidence or records of law, which we are to study for the purpose of learning law. In this sense the sources of Hindu law are the Sruti, the Smriti and the immemorial and approved customs by which the divine will or law is evidenced. Golap Shastri on Hindu Law Part I p. 11.

The Sruti is believed to contain the very words of the deity. The name is derived from the root *Sru* to hear, and signifies what was heard or the Revealed Law. The Sruti contains very little of lawyer's law: they consist of hymns and deal with religious rites, true knowledge and liberation. It comprises the four Vedas, the six Vedangas and the Upanishads. The Smriti means what was remembered, and is believed to contain the precepts of God, but not in the language they had been delivered. The language is not of human origin, but the rules are divine. The authors do not arrogate to themselves the position of legislators, but profess to compile the traditions handed down to them by those to whom the divine commands had been communicated. The Smritis are the principal sources of lawyer's law, but they also contain matters other than positive law. The complete Codes of Manu and Yajnavalkya deal with religious rites, positive law, penance, true knowledge and liberation. Manu has drawn a broad distinction between Sruti and Smriti thus:—

শ্রুতিস্ত বেদো বিজ্ঞেয়ো ধর্মশাস্ত্রস্ত বৈ স্মৃতিঃ ।

By Sruti is known the Veda and by Smritis the Dharma-Shastra. Golap Shastri says that of the three sources of law, the Sruti, though of the highest authority, is of little practical importance; the Immemorial Customs are of very great importance, as being the rules by which the people are actually guided in practice, and their value has come to be specially recognised by the British Courts of Justice in India. The time-honored customs override the Smrities and their accepted interpretation given by an authoritative commentator, should these be inconsistent with the customs. They prove that the written texts of law are either speculative and never followed in practice, or obsolete. The Hindu commentators have not, except in a few instances, devoted much attention to these unrecorded customs and usages, though they recognise their authority as a source of law. They have confined their attention to the Smrities alone, which constitute the primary written sources of law. Again the doctrine of *factum valet* which means that a fact cannot be altered by a hundred texts, has made custom of superior validity to Shastric texts. But such a custom must be reasonable and of time immemorial. Manu and Yayhavalkya declare (সদাচার) approved custom or usage to be evidence of law. Divine will is evidenced by such customs indicating rules of conduct, in other words, such customs are presumed to be based on unrecorded revelation. We believe it has now been made abundantly clear that the custom of marriage of Hindu girls after puberty falls under the category of approved customs.

K. C. KANJILAL B.L.

GREAT MEN.

It is a patent fact that force rules the world. Every atom is held to every other by force. The world moves round the sun and keeps its path by force. And by force man is the monarch of the earth. There are two kinds of force evidently; one force without reason, or brute force; the other, the force of reasoning or mind force. The latter always the superior. It is by mind force that man ploughs the field, tames the elephant, cages the lion, and brings down the electric fluid from the skies to act as a servant. This mind force possessed by men makes them great men or men of force. There are five kinds of such men. Firstly, there are men of ideas; secondly, men of action; thirdly, men of character; fourthly, men of feeling; and lastly, men of faith.

Amongst the ancients, Socrates and Plato were men of ideas. The great idea of Socrates was self-knowledge, which is the key of all knowledge, and which has opened to his successors the great treasure-house of universal wisdom. The idea of Plato was the universal spirit that ruled all things and the hearts of all men.

In modern times, Mr. Gladstone was a man of ideas. His idea is to give political, social and religious liberty to all the people of Great Britain. In trying to give liberty to all his fellow-subjects he has made the name of England great and his own name great also. Another man of ideas in our time is John Edison, the electrician, who has made the wonderful force of electricity serve man in ways never known before. Electricity carries our news, transports as in our voyages, photographs our music, rings our bells, drives our conveyances, cooks our food, and no one knows what it is going to do besides, in the near future. Edison has discovered and used these marvellous possibilities. Another class of ideas are those which inspire the Fine Arts. The idea of beauty is the source of painting and sculpture. The idea of harmony is the source of music and poetry. And some men when they come to the

world bring these ideas with them. Like the poet, the painter and the musician are never made but always born. Take the instance of Handel, the great musical composer. When he was a little boy he showed a strange curiosity for musical things, and cultivated little besides this faculty of music. It not only made him famous, but gave him great independence of spirit. It is said that after his great oratorio of "The Messiah" had been composed and sung for a first time, coming out of the theatre, he saw a royal equipage waiting for him, sent by the King. When he was conveyed to the monarch's presence, George II accosted him thus: "Why, friend Handel, you have greatly obliged us by your piece, what can I do to serve you?" "Give a place to the first tenor" replied Handel; the young man who sang the first tenor was immediately provided with a place. But the King persisted in asking: "Now Handel, what can I do for *you*, because you have entertained us much." A flush of anger mounted to the face of the great musician, "Entertained Your Majesty?" he exclaimed. "Why, I never tried to entertain you, but to instruct you." The whole court was shocked, and the King went back a pace or two, but immediately recovered himself and said: "Friend Handel, you are a tough old man; in spite of what you say I hope we shall keep friends to the end."

Michael Angelo, the Italian sculptor and painter, had such an innate idea of beauty and form that when a solid block of marble was brought to him by some one, directly he saw it he exclaimed "Behold, what a handsome being lies imbedded in that stone." But no one could see where the handsome being lay. On this he sent for a mechanic, had certain chips of the marble struck out, had certain other points smoothed and polished, when everyone beheld the outlines of a beautiful statue in the block of uncut marble. The fact of the matter was that the genius of the great artist had in itself ideas of beauty which readily reflected themselves upon marble and canvas.

But men do not work on canvas only. Men are the materials on which men work sometimes. Men of ideas work upon society,—work upon religion with certain models. Buddha Gautama was a man of ideas; he made a society, he made a philosophy and a religion. In our own day Keshub Chunder Sen was a man of ideas. He too left his impress upon other men.

In the next order come men of action. Good ideas are almost like dreams without great actions. Napoleon was a man of action. His energy was so incessant that in a few years he made the force of his genius felt from one end of Europe to another. In our country men have ideas much oftener than the power of action. Clive, Hastings, Wellesley have proved in recent times what men of action can do in founding, extending and ruling an empire. But there are other kinds of actions besides founding an empire. Howard and Clarkson proved what activity in relieving the sufferings of men can accomplish. Thomas Clarkson was at one time an undergraduate at Cambridge. The Principal of his College gave for the theme of the annual essay, "The Morality of Negro Slavery." Clarkson read his essay at the Senate House and got the prize. Soon after on his way to London his thoughts were deeply engrossed by the subjects and sentiments of his essay. He felt so agitated and affected by the sufferings of the Negroes that he devoted his whole life to wipe out the English slave trade, which after nearly seventeen years of devoted labour he succeeded in accomplishing. Howard was the friend of the prisoner, of the soldier, of the invalid at hospital. Burke in his praise of Howard said: "Howard was a man who traversed foreign countries, not to see grand temples or stately palaces, but to plunge into the infections of hospitals, to survey the mansions of misery and pain, to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all climes" In our own country the great Saukaracharya was an example of intellectual activity. He was the chief worker in upsetting the social and religious structure of Indian Buddhism. He wrote books, held controversies, founded monasteries, made pilgrimages, converted thousands of men and women, and died after accomplishing his mission at the youthful age of thirty-two. In our own days Father Damien, the friend of lepers, who died at Moloki in the South Sea Islands, showed the force of incessant action in the cause of humanity. He not only worked for the leper, but died of leprosy, the foulest disease on earth; thus laying down his life for the sake of those whom he loved.

In the third place let us speak of men of character. *Character is a force which conquers where ideas and actions fail.* Let us reflect on the character of Brutus in Roman times. A man whose justice is famous all over the world. He had his two sons' exe-

cuted in his own presence for having violated the law of the land. Have you heard the name of Abraham Lincoln, the President of the American Republic during the anti-slavery war of twenty-five years ago? He was the son of log-splitter in the backwoods of America, and had to shoot down game for the support of his mother and himself. By sheer force of character he rose from step to step till he became the ruler of the greatest Commonwealth the world has ever seen. Never was there a greater crisis in the affairs of his country, never was a man exposed to graver temptations, but he got through it all without the slightest reproach against his principles or his private life. But his uprightness brought him his death. And after he had fully done his duty he was killed by the assassin's hand. This brings to our mind the example of another noble and upright public man whose similar death has plunged all France in the deepest grief. President Carnot was not perhaps a great administrator, but his character, his faithfulness, his patriotism, and the purity of his private life made him great. John Bright was the example of political honesty in party-ridden England. Deep as his convictions were they were never deeper than the *Quaker purity* of his character. And lastly General Gordon has proved how pure-minded, self-devoted, disinterested and God-fearing a military man of the present day can be. Whatever be your profession or your place in life, your public duty or your private circumstances, be pure in character, because pure men are always strong men. Sir Gallahad in Tennyson's "Idyls" exclaims:

My sword pierces the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is the strength of ten,
Because my heart is true.

The fourth in order come what we may call men of feeling. They have great and good impulses, which powerfully affect others and themselves, such men are found all over the world, but never in such numbers as in oriental lands, especially India. Feeling is the source of poetic language, powerful eloquence, patriotic sympathy, and philanthropic life. The power of feeling makes knowledge enjoyable, stimulates study, provokes research, kindles aspiration and sweetens conduct. *The man of feeling when he worships God prays fervently.* When he mixes with his friends

makes warm friendships, shares the sorrows of sufferers and redoubles the exultation of those who are in joy. Hafiz, the great Persian poet, was a man of feeling. He not only loved God but loved man; he loved the bird as it sang from the branch; he loved the flower as it bloomed on the plant. He was the lover of all nature and of all nature and of all spirit. So great was the power of his feeling that he became wholly careless of his own comfort or interest. He wandered in the streets of Shiraz like a mad man, but whatever he wrote or spoke was sweet as a song, and the flame of his love kindled fire in the hearts of all that came near him. Chaitanya, the great religious and social reformer of Bengal, was also a man of over-powering emotions. When he preached, great crowds were intensely excited; when he sang, he was thoroughly over-powered by his own emotions; the whole secret of his missionary success in Bengal, and outside Bengal was the enthusiasm of his religious feeling. The Hindus are an impulsive race, and none but men of impulse can truly educate them or lead them to great actions. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism was a man of great feeling. He laboured nearly for sixty-four years to establish his system, writing and preaching, and lecturing and converting thousands to his own views. He was persecuted by the Church, ill-treated by the mob, hunted and driven, but his zeal never flagged, and his love never failed. He spent nearly three parts of his income in charity, but he was still suspected of having hidden riches. When there was a heavy tax in England on all silver goods, the Government assessor wrote to him saying that information had reached his office to the effect that Mr. Wesley possessed heavy silver plate. The assessor, therefore, called upon him to furnish at once a list of his silver goods that they might be duly taxed. Mr. Wesley wrote in return: "Sir, I have two silver spoons in London, and another two in Liverpool. I will surely buy none other so long as thousands of my brethren are in want of bread." In our country, Iswarchandra Vidyasagar was a man of strong feeling. He was indeed a reformer and a founder of schools, but he had an intense affection for those on whose behalf the schools were founded, or the reforms set agoing. He was indeed a man of wonderful energy: he was a self-made man in every sense, but all his energy was the result of his *uncommon force of feeling*. The

widow and orphan always found in him a father, whose bounties, never tried, the poor student found in him a friend and helper who not only educated him, but fed and clothed him and ministered to his wants. Many of our countrymen have plenty of feeling, but they had not the practical benevolence which has made Vidyasagar's name so great.

It is so late now that I must conclude with a few words on men of faith. The strongest men in the annals of our race are men who have trusted in God. They were not only great in their own age, but they are great in all ages. They are the founders of religion, the preachers of religion, the makers of history, and the authors of nationalities. Only a little over three hundred years ago, Guru Nanak was a man of Sikh nationality, and though Nanak was a man of peace, the Sikhs are the hardest warriors that India ever produced. Mohammed not only wrote the Koran, but was the author of the powerful Mohammedan nationality. So was Buddha; so were all religious prophets and apostles. You must remember that out of religion, a hundred streams of human progress always flow. From religion comes philosophy, comes music and art also. Therefore, men who have trust in God have a hand in every kind of progress. Undoubtedly this is so in the history of the Hindu race, if indeed it is not so in the history of other races. Our young men might learn athletics, might go volunteering, might imitate the English, but as a people they cannot shine until they are true to their natural and national instincts, *viz.*, the love and worship of God. When religious force is added to the force of ideas in the mind, the force of feeling in the heart, the force of purity in the conscience, and the force of action in everything, then truly man becomes a great man, who establishes his sovereignty over material nature, over brute nature, and over spiritual nature.

ALPHA.

*THE TWO CIVILIZATIONS, EASTERN AND
WESTERN.*

(Conclusion)

There are certain practices in vogue in English Society which should be adopted with much caution. There is an inclination on the part of many of our educated brethren to introduce which they call reforms into Indian society by extending full liberty to the female sex and decorating the persons of their ladies with all the fineries of English women.

The society in England is not what it should be. There the charms of the females are utilized in various ways. To quote from the "Gossip about America and Europe."—"The owners of shops understand the value of female charms and leave no stone unturned to engage pretty girls to stand behind their counters and sell their goods. The hotel-keepers are aware that they cannot attract fashionable and therefore free-handed people to their establishments except by employing pretty girls who can cequette as well as serve, and taverns—don't mention them! Even the refreshment rooms on the Railway lines are in the hands of pretty girls who induce you by their good looks and pleasant conversation to drink an extra cup of tea, and if you are not a tee-totaller, an extra glass of liquor. But, it is in places of public resort, the famed shrines of pleasure, that you see the science of facilitating sales by means of bright smiles and significant glances carried to perfection." The writer then says that even a place of scientific interest like the Royal Antiquarium has become the resort of pleasure-hunters. To quote the writer's own words, "I found science thrown into the back-ground and things fitted to attract devotees of pleasure on the fore ground."

Some of the civilized nations of the West have given excessive concessions to women: and the result is anything but

desirable. Woman has become the tutelary deity of a house, and men are seen lying prostrate before her. How to dress herself properly, how to decorate her person have become her principal objects: and in order to carry these out, she would put her husband to any amount of expense not caring his poor circumstances. Matters have now come to such a pass that, considering the difficulty of attending to the whims of the fashionable ladies of the period, there is an inclination on the part of men to pass their lives as bachelors.

Our young man should take a lesson from the baneful result that has come out of the undue liberty given to women among some of the civilized nations of the modern world before they think of introducing any reforms in India. They should not, moreover, confine themselves to England, but extend the sphere of their experience by visiting other countries. An insight into the state of society in Germany, for example, will imbue them with liberal ideas.

In Germany, the performance of domestic work is considered to be the principal duty of a woman, and that lady is considered to be commendable who looks to the interest of the family and is obedient to her husband. German ladies pass the greater part of their time with their female companions, and although there is no objection to their conversing with their male friends, they do so to a limited extent, and with the permission of their husbands. In a large gathering, there is to be seen an assembly of females quite distinct from the males, though of course in the same hall. The Germans say that the English are doing a great wrong by giving undue liberty to their women.

The condition of our women is not very different from what it is in Germany. The women of Southern India are allowed greater freedom than what is conceded to their sisters in other parts of India, and in this respect their condition is almost identical with German ladies. Although the concession of greater freedom to our women does not seem expedient, there can be no question as to the advisability of giving them good education, and imbuing their minds with practical lessons of morality. Whilst deprecating the undue liberty given to English women and their adoption of the fineries of the modern world, we cannot but admit that there are among them angels of purity,

where noble deeds should be imitated by our women. To what extent, soever may we admire the good qualities with which our women are adorned, it cannot be gainsaid that the active philanthropy which some of the English women display give them a very high place among the females of the world. There are among them preachers of religion, advocates of social reform and relievers of the helpless. There are to be seen among them women, who unmindful of their health and comforts, cross tumultuous oceans and boisterous streams to relieve suffering humanity in a foreign soil. There are others who, regardless of their lives, repair to the battle-fields to minister to the wants of the wounded. Such examples are wanting in India, and it is not a wonder. Owing to the insecurity of life and property and want of facility of journey, our women have hitherto been forced to confine themselves into narrow grooves. Moreover, the inroads of the barbarous hordes who hesitated not to trample female honour under foot, led to the introduction of the *zenana* system. But, our contact with the civilized nations of the west has changed the present state of affairs: and we now see a few Hindu women stirred up by patriotic feelings. *Mohila-Somages* have been established in different parts of India to ameliorate the condition of Indian women. Instances have come to notice of Hindu women delivering lectures on interesting subjects. A long and perilous journey did not prove to be a hindrance to two daring ladies Anandi-bai and Pandita Rama-bai, who crossed the ocean and submitted to the inconvenience of sojourn in a foreign soil, with the object of doing good to their sisters in India.

In pointing out the desirability of the sojourn of our countrymen in England, I made a remark to the effect that the isolated location of the English in India does not admit of a free intercourse being carried on between them and the people of this country, and that the relation between them being mostly that between superiors and inferiors—between masters and servants. The much-desired interchange of liberal ideas and sentiments cannot be expected. But, it must be admitted that, if we fail to obtain any direct help from our European brethren residing in India, the manner in which they conduct themselves cannot fail to give us lessons of an elevating nature. We notice in them certain traits of character which have made them great. They have

placed before us examples of their energy, perseverance, courage, enterprise, patriotism, power of organization and spirit of self-sacrifice. These qualities have been displayed by them in the construction and working of Railways, establishment of workshops and manufacturies, organization of corporations and banks, working of mines, formation of companies for carrying on trade, and opening of Institutes for public good. We see the working of these great undertakings, but we remain unmoved, being content with a common clerkship or a teacher-ship. The iron-horse runs daily before us and exhorts us to be up and doing, but we give no heed to its exhortations. We remain unconcerned spectators of all that is passing before us. It has been well said that example teaches better than precept: and our brethren of the West are teaching us a good deal by their examples. Let us then give up our lethargic habits, let us be up and doing. Let us shun the fairy land of romance and speculation. Let us lead a life of activity and earnestness. We have hitherto been taught life is but a dream, and we are like the lilies of the field soon to vanish away. Whilst appreciating this teaching which leads us to think of the higher concerns of life, let us not forget to profit by the brilliant examples placed before us by our enterprising brethren of the west, and let us say with the great poet of America—"Life is earnest, life is real."

Whilst thus deploring our lethargic habits, it is satisfactory to observe among our countrymen, at the present time a strong inclination to revive some of the industries of India. This is a move in the right direction. But, will our brethren have the perseverance to continue the work they have taken up in earnest? Sustained work is very much wanting amongst us. We have seen the starting of glass and match factories as well as their collapse in a short time. We have also seen the establishment of banks and corporations and their failure. Let us ponder over these and see that our present efforts do not meet with a similar fate. The *Swadeshi* movement is not a new thing. It existed in Bengal as well as in other parts of India. The Indian Industrial Association, which was established in the year 1891, did much towards the removal of the decaying industries of India and the introduction of new ones. In this movement, we noted with pleasure the guiding spirit of some of our European brethren,

among whom we may specially mention the names of Sir Edward Buck and Sir George Worth. Sometime ago, this Magazine published an elaborate programme of work necessary towards industrial progress formulated by our eminent countryman Shri Trailucko Nath Mukhopadhyaya (known as Mr. T. N. Mukerji) who did much towards the development of the resources of the country. A fresh impetus has been given to the cause by two bodies, one named "The Association for the advancement of Scientific and industrial education of Indians," which was established two years ago, and the other named "The Swadeshi movement." They should work in concert. The former is sending students to foreign countries for training in different industries, and it should be the work of the latter to employ those students profitably on their return, in the different industries started in this country. Our countrymen should take help from European experts in their endeavour towards the material progress of the country. Seeing that, for the first "Indian Industrial Conference" held in Benares in December 1905 some of our European brethren wrote interesting papers on industrial undertakings, there can be doubt, our countrymen will receive their help in their efforts towards Indian progress. The Government, as well as high English officials have shown eagerness to help them. Sir Andrew Fraser showed his sympathy with the movement by not only attending the meeting at which the students received instructions and benedictions from their countrymen, but wishing success in their training in foreign lands. In addition to his personal interest in this matter, His Honour through the Bengal Government has taken steps towards the improvement of agriculture and other industries, and to crown all, the Government has in a recent resolution pointed out to the officers concerned the necessity of attending to the Government order of several years ago, about not indenting for such articles from England as can be procured in India.

In furthering the *Swadeshi* cause our countrymen should understand the real meaning of *Swadeshi*. The mere use of *Swadeshi* articles is not true *Swadeshim*. They should bring back the *Swadeshi* ideals from which they have estranged themselves. Gratitude to benefactors is a special tract in Indian character. Whilst trying to better their own condition, our countrymen

should not fail to show their gratefulness to their European brethren to whom they owe their present improved state, and who have taught them the value of self-help.

Above all, our countrymen should raise their industrial structures on a religious and moral basis. Whilst showing their inclination to the products of the country, they should not be attached to luxurious things because they are country-made: and again, whilst rejecting foreign spirits and cigars, they should not imbibe the habit of using country-made wine and *Ganga*. They should always remember that, student-life in ancient India was based on *Brahmacharya*: and our young men, who are now showing a great zeal towards *Swadeshism*, should always manifest a spirit of reverence to their superiors and benefactors, and humility to their fellow-men at large.

Shri Narendra Nath Sen, the revered president of the Association for the Advancement of Scientific and Industrial Education of Indians, set a very good example by offering prayers to the Almighty Being, to crown the efforts of the students going to foreign countries with success. And, we hope that, on all occasions of starting new industries or transacting any business in connection with them the, "Mother of the Universe" should be invoked for blessing. We would say more. Instead of deifying our mother-land by the utterance of "*Bande Mataram*," we should offer our prayers to the *Adya-Shakti* (original force) concluding the same with shorts of "*Jai Vishwa Mataji Ki Jai*."

Shri Surendra Nath Banerji, the respected leader of the *Swadeshi* movement recognises the value of Industrial undertaking having a moral basis. In the course of an address at the annual meeting of the Indian Industrial Association held in association held in Calcutta in September 1894, Shri Surendra Nath is reported to have said:—

"It is the moral greatness that lies at the bottom of the English people. English people are remarkable for their great qualities of head and heart, and because of the possessions of these great and noble qualities that they are the great industrial and political nation of the Earth. We hear a great deal above the Hindu revival at the present moment. Gentlemen, Hindu revivalism will do a great service if it can gain for us some of these moral qualities. If the Hindu revivalism is capable of bringing about

this glorious result I wish it God-speed. * * I hope and trust that this Institution will prosper, and that it will be a centre of great many noble conceptions with regard to industrial movement in this country which will ultimately lead to our political and industrial advancement."

So that, Shri Surendra Nath's hope has been realised, at least to a certain extent, by the present development of the industrial cause under the name of *Swadeshi*.

But the movement should be *Swadeshi* in every sense of the term. It should lead not only to the material but to the spiritual progress of India,

DENONATH GANGULI.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE BUDDHISTS.

Buddhism was a portest against Brahmanism. If the priest-craft had not been predominant, the system of caste, which was originally on the principle of the division of labour, would not have grown into a social evil; and if the consumption of animal food and intoxicating drinks had not increased, it is doubtful whether Buddhism would have been conceived, and matured as a creed. It took admirably, because the popular mind had been debased morally and socially, and a re-action was called for. The first thought of those who were the primitive Buddhists was how to effect the annihilation of pain. Buddhists did not originally believe in God, but in *karma* (merit and demerit) giving birth to new existence. They admitted, however, that intelligence "subsisted as self, and in that view only, it was (*ātma*) self or soul." There are other proofs of its virtual recognition of the soul. Its leading doctrine was to rise above *upadana*, *i. e.*, attachment to sensuous objects. Its conception of heaven was that it consisted of two conditions, *viz.*, *Rupa Loka*, or beings of form, and *Arupa Loka*, beings of no form, or spiritual beings. In this heaven there is no material reward, but ecstasy of real existence. This is the heaven for those who arrive at *Nirvana*. In the Dhamapada the word immortality occurs. There is also mention of "divine beings."

There is a very little doubt that Buddhism grew from the Sankhya Philosophy. One similarity is that both were originally atheistical. Both aimed at emancipating the soul from earthly bondage, and arriving at the spiritual life. The *modus operandi* for the attainment of this object, both in Buddhism and Sankhya, are the same, *viz.*, the practice of *yoge*, or intense contemplation. The Buddhists, like the Aryas, practised *yoge* for suppressing bodily vitality, subjugating the external senses, bringing on abstraction, tranquility and intense contemplation.

The numerous forms of mysticism and the different stages of somnambulism and clairvoyance clearly show the innumerable states between the brain and soul and the state receiving the impress of the soul, or partaking of its essentiality, is the state in which we begin to have clear knowledge. "*Samadhi* is the ideal indentification with the object of meditation devoid of individual nature." The soul rises from the personal to the impersonal; from the sensuous to the supersensuous; from the finite to the infinite, in the attainment of the void or nothingness of the mundane and the arrival at the "other shore," or the state of the *nirvana* or *jeeban mukti*—the spiritual state. Mrs. F. W. R. Davids observes that "the attainment of *Samadhi* is looked upon by Dr. Carpenter as not only possible, but as having actually taken place in certain instances given."

Lassen affirms that the early Buddhists acknowledged the supreme mind. Bastian finds that the Buddhists of Central Asia worshipped *Abida* as the highest and most perfect god. A well-known prayer of the Buddhists is, *Om ! Mani Padmi !*—"Oh, the jewel of creation is in the lotus—heart or soul of the universe, the all-pervading self, or the all in all." The following prayer was sung on hearing the convent bell :—

"Produce in all a perfect rest and quiet from every care,
And guide each living soul to lose itself in Mind Supreme."

It is said that the true idea of God is in the "inner self." "The Amitebha is eternal, omnipresent, Adi Buddha; and one form of existence, the supreme nature of the first cause; beyond that we can ascertain nothing." Again, "There is a supreme power; but not a supreme being." The theistic Buddhas of Nepaul think that the self-existent God is the sum of perfection, infinite, eternal; without members or passion; "one with all things (in *priyriti*) and separable from all things (in *nivriti*),* as form, formed, and formless—the essence of *priyriti* and *nivriti*." Gotama, arriving at *nirvana*, assured his disciples that there is a divinity in man which for ever works for universal and remedial ends. It appears from several of the above passages that the Buddhas were largely importing Vedantic ideas. In Hodgson's *Literature and Religion of the Buddhists*, we find that the soul, or *pran* and *jiva*, is a particle of the essence of the Adi Buddha. Soul is unchangeable. In Beal's *Catena*, we find

* *Priyriti* means action and *nivriti*, non-action—The one refers to the Mind and the other to the Soul.

further proof of the Buddhists being saturated with Vedantic doctrines. "The contemplative soul views God by a light which is the divine essence, and even the soul is that divine light." With regard to Vedantism, Vans Kennedy says, "It cannot but excite surprise that man at that remote period should have been capable of entering into such abstruse speculation and forming conceptions to the sublimity of which no philosopher of Europe has ever attained." Sir William Jones adds his testimony that it is "a system wholly built on the purest devotion."

The Buddhists, like the Aryas, valued the soul as the best source of knowledge. They say, "the various kinds of knowledge: ear-knowledge, eye-knowledge, taste-knowledge, and all things that exist in the phenomenal world, are as unreal as a phantom." Again, "all lust removed, all wicked acts up-rooted, all within calm and pure, without any blemish, who is acquainted with all things that have not yet transpired, who knows and sees and hears all things?" Such universal wisdom is rightly called "illumination." The soul has "divine eye or divine vision."

The word *nirvana* has been variously interpreted. The author of the article on Buddhism in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th edition, gives the following definition:—"Happy seat, the excellent external. Place of bliss, where there is no death or decay, the end of suffering, the home of peace, the other side of the ocean of existence, the shore of salvation, the harbour of refuge, the medicine of all evil, the transcendent, the tranquil state, the truth, infinite, the inseparable, the everlasting." "The fruits of *nirvana* are supreme wisdom, complete deliverance and essential body." Various terms have been used to denote this state. *Amrita* (immortality); *apavarga* (conclusion, completion, or abandonment); *nisreyas* (excellence), the sweet food and heavenly drink of the wise; *caiwalya* (singleness); *nihsarava* (exit, departure); *mukti* or *moksha* (emancipation, deliverance from evil, liberation from worldly bonds, relief from further transmigration); *ananda* (unmixed tranquil happiness, or ecstasy). There are many other terms. The word *nirvana* or *jeeban mukti* was also used by the Aryas and meant the *spiritual state*, which it is clear the Buddhist also meant. *Nirvana* literally means the extinguishment of the brain or natural life, and the attainment of the spiritual state.

The Buddhists describe this state as *void*.

Shlagintevit, in his *Buddhism in Thibet*, observes :—"Perfection in abstract meditation is indispensable for final salvation ; the perfection guarantees an energy not to be derived from the mere practice of simple virtues. Voidness alone is self-evident and perfect."

Burnouf says :—"The expression 'void,' which occurs in what are indirectly the oldest monuments, has led me to the supposition that Sankhya saw the highest good in the complete annihilation of the thinking principle. He represented it to himself according to an oft-repeated simile like the extinction of the flame of a dying lamp."

D'Alwis defines *void* as a state above all desire and fear. In Samuel Beal's *Catena of Buddhist Scriptures*, it is said that in this mysterious state of *tathagata*, the state of wisdom is the same as the substantial void, and the state of emptiness is the same as the substantial wisdom, ever pure and unconditioned, universally diffused."

Void means the absorption of the brain in the soul, when this is done, the spiritual life is attained. This is not only the teaching of the Aryas and Buddhists, but Christian Mystics have said, "In nothingness is all." Charles Kingsley says, "Empty thyself, and God will fill thee."

The Arya and Buddhist teaching is :—"The more the self, the I, the me, the mine—that is, self-seeking and selfishness—abate in a man ; the more does God's I, that is God Himself increase in him."

Buddhism was originally atheistic, because the predominant idea was the extinction of pain. Intense contemplation vivified the conviction of the existence of the soul or the immortal and divine principle in the human being and through the soul, the Soul of Souls was made vivid. Buddhism although originally atheistic, was eventually Vedantic in the conception of God, of the soul and the means of attaining *nirvana* or soul-life.

P. C. MITTRA.

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MRS SHERWOOD'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The life of Mrs. Sherwood with extracts from Mr. Sherwood's Journal, edited by her daughter Sophia Kelly. London, Darton and Co., 1857.

Mrs. Sherwood's daughter tells us in her preface that she possesses fifteen volumes of her mother's Journals. It is to be hoped that they still exist and that some day further extracts from them will be published for they must contain many interesting notices of India a hundred years ago. Mrs. Sherwood had a woman's faculty of observation and she had a fluent pen. Every now and then we come upon instructive or pathetic passages in her autobiography though as a whole it is a somewhat ponderous production. It looks as if she had never quite made up her mind as to whether she was writing for the public or for her daughters and their children. There is too much detail about her father who seems to have been an amiable man with a turn for literature, but not remarkable either for ability or character. He lost his early love—a beautiful girl and then consented to marry a little and ugly woman, who was marked with the small-pox, for the sake of her fortune. He was foolish enough to tell his daughter that she was a genius, and insisted on publishing her juvenile work in spite of her reluctance and of the strong remonstrations of a sensible friend of the family. This was a Dr. S. of Kidderminster. According to Mrs. Sherwood he was a hardened infidel and so her parents afterwards withdrew from his society, but on this occasion at least he was a better counsellor for her than her

own father "I stood by," she says, "and heard all that Dr. S. said and felt its truth, and often, too, have I since that time experienced how great the injury to me, in a worldly point of view, was this measure of printing and making public my crude, gushy fancies. But somehow or other, Dr. S. could not prevail, the work went on, the subscriptions were solicited, and I stood before the public as an authoress before my nineteenth birthday." Occasionally Mr. Sherwood falls into an amusing bathos when expatiating upon the virtues of her idolised parent. For instance, while recording that her father and she stopped at an inn in Quatford she gravely says, "My father, as usual, all benevolence and love, went into the little parlour and called for refreshment; they brought eggs and bacon." This can only be equalled by the "In the name of the Prophet! Figs" of the eastern hawker. As a set-off to this, however, we may quote a pretty passage where in speaking of the relation between them she says he was "like a bright beam of sunshine shed on a young rose bush."

Mrs. Sherwood was of a good family and she complacently sets out her pedigree. Her maiden name was Butt and she was the daughter of a clergyman who was connected with Sir Nicholas Bacon's family and with Sir William Butts who was the physician of Henry the VIIIth. This Dr. Butts has been immortalised by Shakespeare and Holbein(1) and he is also referred to by Macaulay in his essay on Southey's Colloquies.

"The advice and medicine which the poorest labourer can now obtain, in disease, or after an accident, is far superior to what Henry the Eighth could have commanded. Scarcely any part of the country is out of the reach of practitioners who are probably not so far inferior to Sir Henry Hallford as they are superior to Dr. Butts." Her mother was a Sherwood, and though she seems to have thought that her father rather demeaned himself by marrying into a family which like Bingley's in *Pride and Prejudice*, had made its fortune in trade, yet it too had ancestors with honoured names. Among them was William Whittingham who fled to the continent during the Marian persecution and married

Note (1) Mrs. Sherwood says that Dr. Butts' portrait appears in a picture preserved in Bridewell Hospital. There is a portrait of Dr. Butts in the National Portrait Gallery described as of the school of Holbein.

the sister of John Calvin. Afterwards, in Elizabeth's time, he became Dean of Durham. Mrs. Sherwood was born at Stanford rectory in Worcester-shire on 6 May 1753 and on 30th June 1803 was married to her cousin Henry Sherwood. He had an exciting boyhood for she went through the French Revolution, and the narrative of his early experience is by far the most interesting thing in the first 200 pages of the Autobiography. It is so good that it is difficult to make extracts from it.

Henry Sherwood's father was an unsatisfactory character and gave his family much trouble. He took up revolutionary principles and though probably he was more right than his father, for the latter was a supporter of the American war, yet it appears that he was more influenced by the spirit of opposition than by his reason. Though he was to a great extent dependant on his father he went off to France in 1781 or earlier, and there bought a large and newly-built Benedictine Abbey at St. Valery on the Somme 12 miles N. W. Abbeville.

His first wife had died in England and her two children, Henry and Margaret remained there with the grandfather. The latter, however, died in 1790, and being incensed with his son on account of his political opinions he passed him over in his Will, and left everything to the two grandchildren. The son meanwhile had married again, his second wife being a cousin of his first, and had some five children. The effect of the grandfather's Will was probably precisely the reverse of what the testator had intended, for the son at once sent for Henry and Margaret in order to profit by the allowance for their board. His second wife too was so indignant at the provisions of the Will that she could never bear to see the children of the first marriage. She shut herself up in a room in the abbey called the Prior's room and there, says Henry, 'I never was allowed to visit her.'

"He was placed, says Mrs. Sherwood, at school in a monastery where the monks could not understand him, or he them. After a time however he found a kind friend in a gardener who kept a garden for Henry's father about a quarter of a mile from the town; and soon French became so much his language, that he no longer even thought in English. After awhile his father bought a share in an old, worm-eaten brig called *L' Etoile Mignon*, and Henry, now an active boy of thirteen took to it at once. He passed his time for several months in daubing his hands in tar and pitch and in sailing on the estuary of the Somme from morning to night."

In July 1792, he sailed in this brig on a voyage to Marseilles. He arrived there about the 22nd August and heard from the pilot of the massacre that had taken place in Paris on the 10th. On the Sunday he went to see the chapel of Notre Dame, so well-known to P. and O. passengers, and as he was returning he fell in at a street corner with a mob who were dragging some men to execution.

"One of these doomed men was so tall that his head appeared clearly above those of the populace; he had no covering on it, and was otherwise dressed like a sportsman, in a short shooting-jacket and spatterdashes. He was pale, but looked with contempt on the crowd around. I followed this mob without knowing what they were about. I saw a man let down a lamp which hung from a rope suspended across the street. Having taken down the lamp, they hung their prisoner in cool blood with the same rope, fastening him to the place from whence they had taken the lamp. It was a dreadful sight; but when I would have fled, the people caught me by the arm. They hung another of their prisoners (whose name I heard was Vasque) by the feet, and afterwards cut him down, opened his body and dragged it round the city, singing and dancing in their mad and cruel excitement. As soon as I could get away unobserved, I fled to the brig and in my way saw several bodies hanging to the lamp cords, the frequent cry on these occasions being "A la lanterne, a la lanterne".

Afterwards the sailors deserted, and there was nobody left on board but the mate, Henry, and another boy. "These three took down all the rigging, tarred it, and put it up again." When this work was finished Henry went to look for the Captain who had remained on shore. "I stayed on shore a few days and had an opportunity of being at the play every evening. The acting was very good, and the entrance-money very small; indeed a person might almost go in for nothing". "From Marseilles the brig sailed to cette and there one of the sailors left at Marseilles was replaced by an Englishman. It must be recollected that the English were still in high favour, not the slightest appearance of any disagreement between the nations being manifest". This reminds us of the experiences of Wordsworth who was in France at about this time and who says in the Prelude.

"We bore a name
Honoured in France, the name of Englishmen
And hospitably did they give us hail,
As their forerunners in a glorious course."

The ship took in a cargo of wine and brandy at Cette and did not leave till 9th January 1793. On Shrove Tuesday they arrived opposite Fecamp in Normandy and then learnt from a fishing-boat that France was at war with all the world "What! with England? We asked. "Yes, with England" was the reply.

"We steered for the harbour and soon entered. What a curious scene then ensued, with congratulations on our escape from the enemy! All the town seemed on the quay pulling at the tow-rope to get us into the harbour as if we had an enemy close at hand. Such a gabble was there that no one could hear himself speak. But the day was fine, and almost a dead calm, so no damage happened, though we did bump against the pier by mere force of the hauling. Scarcely had we been secured to the quay when the sailors jumped on shore; the mate endeavoured to prevent them until all the sails were secured, but the lowest was now the highest in the scuffle. The mate was beaten and covered with blood, and was carried away to prison for daring to show authority".

The voyage was now over and Henry left Fecamp on the same evening by diligence, eventually reaching St. Valery in a baker's cart on 22nd February 1793. His father and family were to all appearance as he had left them, and the people of St. Valery did not, as yet, show any excitement. But the old priest had been changed and the new vicar had sworn to obey the Nation, the Law and the King. Henry was now about sixteen, and troubles began to fall thickly upon him. One was that communication with England was cut off, and that there was a consequent want of money, and another was that neither his father nor his stepmother took any notice of him. The father's whole time was taken up with politics and the stepmother shut herself up in her room and did not allow Henry to see her. At last his father was compelled by the authorities to remove further from the coast.

"He pretended he was going to Paris but he really only moved to a small village between Abbeville and Amiens. He did not seem to wish that I should go with him; and as it chanced that a poor, old washerwoman called Toinette offered to take me in for a while, in hopes, no doubt, of a remuneration at the peace, I accepted her offer, for I wished to stay at St. Valery, as its retired situation was such that the enrolling men for the land-service had not reached it. Had they done so, I must have chosen between that and the sea-service, for, though I was nominally attached to a gunboat, as the vessel was not built, there was no immediate call upon me for duty. But still I thought peace could not be far off, and so I did not much distress myself at the state

of affairs. Picture me, then, living on cabbage soup, sleeping in an outhouse, my clothes worn out and extremely shabby, but still all gay and easy, acting in the character of a National Guard; for I was called one, though I had no uniform, and had no duty, but parading and firing with a company of artillery I had almost forgotten I was English, and thus months passed with no apparent change, excepting in my attire, which became worse from day by day; and now I had to tie on my shoes with pieces of pack thread, and my only coat, an old black one of my father's was pronounced past repair. By the bye, the tailor's bill for turning this same was presented to and paid by me somewhere about the year 1820".

September however came, and by this time all the English had become suspected, so that a decree of the Convention passed for their imprisonment. Accordingly, Henry was arrested about the end of September 1793.

"In those days, if not now, the French were fond of effect; they had solemn fetes, oathtakings, meetings of all kinds, planting of trees of liberty, and processions of all sorts; and such an occasion as the taking of us English to prison could not be passed over without a scene. So I was paraded through the town, with a drum beating before me, my arms (I believe as a joke) tied with a hay-band, while two gens d'armes walked one on each side of me, with drawn swords in their hands. As to myself I was half laughing, half-crying, for my old companions treated it as a good joke, and they probably would have done the same if I had been going to be hanged. After me came my young sister, aged fourteen, supported by an old servant of the family; for besides us two, there were only two young English girls in the town—the nieces of a brewer who had spent some times in England and married their aunt."

These young ladies came under the decree of imprisonment but were not made to walk as prisoners, probably on account of their French connection. After perambulating the town and singing *Ca ira (sic)*, Henry and his sister were taken to the town-hall. The Municipality having obeyed the decree of the convention about arrests seemed not to know what to do with their prisoners for they left them in the building under the charge of a gens d'arme and went off to their dinners.

It did not occur to them that their prisoners were hungry, but the kind gens d'arme gave Margaret a piece of bread. As there was no proper prison in St. Valery the brother and sister were sent off to Abbeville, ten or twelve miles distant. Poor Margaret said she could not walk so far, and the kind gens d'arme tried to get her a horse, but failed. So they set out on foot and by 5 P. M.

had reached half-way. Both of them were exhausted for Henry had had no food and his sister had only the bit of bread that the guard had given her. She was unable to walk any further and fortunately, at this point, a horse arrived on which she was set. It had been sent after them by the brewer M de Latre the uncle-in-law of two other two English girls. It was soon quite dark and Henry could hardly crawl into Abbeville. Here he was taken to the Procureur Syndic who ordered that he should be supplied with food and money. They were now taken to the temporary prison which was an emigre's house called the Hotel St. Blimond and situated in the Place d'armes. Here they were made over to the concierge; and for a time Henry walked about in the court-yard. Seeing a light, he opened a door and found several men sitting before a peat-fire. These were the guard, and at a little distance from them were some Englishmen occupied with cards, round a butcher's block which served as a table. Bricks piled on each other were the only seats visible. Henry got his food from the concierge. His sister also was cared for, but as she wished to pass for French altogether she kept away from the English and her brother saw very little of her. The other English young woman associated together and Henry was admitted to their company. In spite of his hardships he enjoyed his captivity.

"I was very happy," he says, "We had always one of our guards who could scrape the fiddle tolerably, and we danced away in our guard-room the young ladies joining us under the pretext of keeping themselves warm. Though it must have been a very trying situation for these young girls, yet I have every reason to believe that they all conducted themselves with the greatest propriety. As for myself, as might be expected, I chose one as my idol, and was, as far as my situation allowed, in love."

At the end of December Sherwood was present at the "Feast of reason." An actress represented the goddess of Reason and stood with a torch to set fire to an immense pile of wood on which was a monstrous figure called Superstition together with many pictures, images, crucifixes and Madonnas from the churches. Sherwood was now sent for by his jailor who told that at his age, which was only sixteen, he could not be responsible for the crimes of his country and that Dumont, the representative of the people, was going to release him and many other prisoners. The young

philosopher observed that liberty was of no use to him without bread, and to this M. Picot replied "Take your liberty at all events, and if nothing better offers, you can return to prison."

"After the exhibition in the place d'Armes the procession moved on to the principal church where there was another platform erected over the site of the altar. Here stood Dumont addressing the people and on his right was the goddess of Reason. "When he had finished his oration all those detainees who were to be released advanced to the platform. I was one on the rank, and we were directed to ascend some steps on one side of the altar, pass across it, receive the accolade, and descend on the other side. The goddess of Reason, dressed like Minerva, with a spear in her hand, gave us this accolade, which was a touch as he passed, it being supposed that by this touch our fetters were to fall off. The owl was exchanged on her helmet for a cock, and on the point of her spear was the cap of liberty; her train was held by four of the Municipality, and as she moved, the persons near fell on their knees, as they do at the passing of the Host in Roman Catholic countries. At the moment that my turn came to receive the accolade, the stage cracked and gave symptoms of falling. We all, with the goddess, rushed to the side of the platform to save ourselves. As I was the youngest of our party, I mean of males, more notice was taken of me than of the others, and her goddess-ship embraced me twice. Dumont asked me if I would serve in a French ship; but he did not press it, which was well for me, for I was at the moment so excited that I began to speak of and defend my country, scarcely knowing what I said. Strange to say, he also praised the English, but regretted that we were governed by a tyrant".

Sherwood now set off with the other released prisoners towards Boulogne but his sister returned to her old quarters at St-Valery. She was in no danger of wanting for she could embroider beautifully and had plenty to do in embroidering for the officers. But at Feremontier the party of fugitives broke up and Sherwood, having no other resource, went back to his Abbeville prison. Possibly the attractions of the young lady (Miss Knowless?) whom he calls his idol had to do with this step. He remained a long while at Abbeville, but eventually his father came for him and took him to St. Valery where he was enabled to repay the old washerwoman Toinette. Sherwood with her father and stepmother and fine young children set off for Amiens and Paris. His sister Margaret was detained in France by the republicans as a possessor of property. She became a ward of the State, and "I must add, eventually was not unkindly used by them."

"My poor father seemed stunned by the responsibility of his situation. My step-mother was helpless from fear and want, and her children were so young that they were nothing but brothers in our difficulties. Thus it fell that all the real management was left to me, a youth scarcely eighteen."

The adventures of the family in France, Switzerland and Germany are interesting, but must be read in the original book. Eventually they all succeeded in crossing over from Bremen to Hull. Here Sherwood got some of his grandfather's money and left his family and proceeded to his guardians at Coventry. But the ill-luck that had dogged him so long did not desert him yet. He fell ill on the way and when making the last part of his journey on foot he had to lean against a milestone for support.

"A postchaise passed in which were two young ladies and a gentleman. The young ladies laughed at me, pointing me out saying "See that drunken lad" I was very much hurt at this remark; but I met these same young ladies at my grandmother's within the week, and they had no idea I was the same poor wretch leaning against the milestone, and I kept the story to myself."

Mrs Sherwood was married to her cousin who was now in the army on 30 June 1803, she being eighteen months the elder of the two. Their first station was Sunderland and here Mrs Sherwood learnt that man is one thing as a lover and another as a husband. She read the Bible every day, but this did not content her for she must have her husband do so also. Sherwood now showed that he had not had a heterodox father and been embraced by the goddess of Reason for nothing for he was unwilling to read the Bible and said that he was not sure it was all true. "It was on a Sunday evening, I well remember, that he made this startling observation, on which I became excessively angry and asked him, if such were his opinions, therefore he had not told them to me before we were married for during the days of our courtship he had made no objections whatever to hearing the Bible read, or to any religious observances whatever". However she seems to have afterwards succeeded in quite converting him for she says that if Mr Sherwood had not been the Christian he proved himself to be, she never could have become intimate with Henry Martyn, Corrie and other holy ones of the earth. Indeed Sherwood seems to have been a very kind and indulgent husband, and was perhaps of a sweeter and gentler nature than his wife. Mrs. Sherwood tells a pathetic story of his childish

years. His mother had died at Walthamstow when he was very young and he had never been told where she was buried. One day when he was eight or nine he saw a number of the common people running to see some sight. He too must follow and he kept on running till he reached Walthamstow churchyard.

There, being tired ; he turned in and threw himself on a tomb to rest himself and to take breath and at last fell asleep upon it. On walking and looking round him on his strange bed, his eye rested on the inscription, and he read these words " Sacred to the memory of Margaret Sherwood." The child had actually been sleeping upon his mother's grave !

Sherwood was Paymaster to the 53rd Regiment and in April 1805, he and his wife sailed with the regiment to India. Mrs. Sherwood's sorrows as a mother had begun by this time for she was obliged to leave her elevenmonths old baby behind her and she did not see her again for many years. The voyage was a long one and Mrs. Sherwood's cabin was a wretched one. Yet she was too good a soldier's wife to say much about her hardships and acknowledges that she spent many happy hours on board. There was the excitement too of a naval battle with the French when some men were killed, and all the women were sent down to the bottom of the hold to remain there in darkness and considerably under water-mark for several hours. They stopped at Madras and then went on to Calcutta where they seem to have spent the first night at a tavern called the Crown and Anchor. Afterwards they got rooms at the Fort. From Calcutta, the regiment was sent up to Dinapore. The Sherwoods liked the place, though it was so unhealthy that the regiment lost fifteen men in the first fortnight. It was at Dinapore on Christmas Day that Mrs. Sherwood's Henry, the original of Henry and his Bearer was born. Next summer the regiment was ordered down to Berhampore. The Sherwoods hired a sixteen-oared budgerow and got leave to drop down before the fleet. They set sail on 1st. July and had a tempestuous passage. As Mrs Sherwood says " We arrived at Berhampore at eleven in the forenoon, having made a voyage of about 308 miles, including windings, in eight days, and in those eight days encountered more perils than in our voyage from Europe. We had made a miserable exchange of climate, and I cannot now reflect on Berhampore but as on a region of miasma à place of graves.....

Immediately on arriving at Berhampore we got letters from home which cost us upwards of two guineas, from their having followed us from Madras." Poor lady ! She had cause to dislike Berhampore for it was there that her Henry died in July 1807. And yet she had some happy days at Berhampore. She found a friend in Mr. Parson, the chaplain, and exerted herself in looking after the soldiers' children. Her second daughter was born there, and was a comfort to her for a while though she too eventually succumbed to the Indian climate. Mrs. Sherwood also honestly enjoyed the gala-day at Murshedabad, of which she has given an interesting account. As she herself says "There appears, in many portions of my old Indian diary, a sort of discrepancy. In one passage it appears as if I had been the most miserable of human beings; and in the next, perhaps, I speak of the pleasant manner in which my days pass, and of my many enjoyments, both passages, having probably, been tolerably correct copies of my feelings at the time they were written." At p. 310 of the autobiography there is a reference to a Mr. Clayton of Malda who came to Mr. Parson's while Mrs. Sherwood was staying there (for she never went back to her own house after her boy's death) and who died shortly afterwards. I suspect that Clayton is a mistake for Creighton and that the person meant is Henry Creighton of Goamalti, the first artist who made drawings of the ruins of Gaur. He died at Berhampore on October 2, 1807 and is buried in the same cemetery as Henry Sherwood. If this is so, Mrs. Sherwood's notice of him is interesting and adds to our information the fact that Creighton was a native of Coventry and that he was converted by a sermon that he heard in Trinity Church there.

The Sherwoods left Berhampore on September 9, 1807 and with the rest of the regiment were royally entertained at Jungypore by Mr. Ramsay, a son of Lord Dalhousie. He however scandalised Mrs. Sherwood by having a ball on a Sunday. After there days feasting, to which all the great civilians had been invited, the regiment continued its voyage to Cawnpore *via* Patna and Dinapore. It was on a Sunday in this voyage that "my beloved husband for the first time read prayers with his family; and, praised be God, we contrived to do so every Sunday in India since". This entry is immediately followed by a touching incident.

Henry had been weaned some months before his death and his

nurse had been sent to her home at Dinapore. The budgerow halted under a green bank at Deega and Captain Sherwood walked on to Dinapore with a letter of introduction from Mr. Parson to Henry Martyn. Mrs. Sherwood was left alone in her boat and looking out of the widow she saw a native woman sitting under a solitary tree there and with a quantity of gaudy toys lying about her. She looked again and saw that it was her Henry's *dhya* or wet nurse! "Alas," says Mrs. Sherwood, "it was the nurse of my departed child. She had been aware of our approach, and had sat waiting to see her boy"(2).

The tears flow when I think of these things, and the same reflections occur to my mind in this place as did when I first recorded this circumstance in my diary. There are moments of intense feeling in which all distinctions of nations, colours and castes disappear, and in their place there only remains between two human beings one abiding sense of common nature. When I saw the beloved nurse of my Henry brought into the boat and unfeignedly weeping for her boy, I felt in truth that she was a human being like myself, and as dear to Him that made her as the most exalted saint that ever existed in the Christian world".

On a previous page Mrs. Sherwood speaks in feeling terms of another native "a black woman to whom Henry had taken a fancy." By day she walked incessantly with him, always singing to him lullaby. Both the words and the air are still fresh in my mind, and in after years I sung them in the original Hindustani to every little beloved one who rested on my knee.

Sleep make Baby
Sleep make
Sleep little Baby
Sleep oh! oh
Golden is thy bed
Of silk are thy curtains
From Cabul the Mogul woman comes
To make my master sleep.

This woman, of whom Henry was fond, though then a *Mih-terani*, had once been a dancing and singing girl. Her voice was

Note. (2) The incident is also described in Mrs. Sherwood's *Indian Orphans*, published at Berwick in 1839, P. 52.

sweet, and a more affectionate creature I never knew. For hours and hours she used to pace the verandah with my boy". It is a pity that Mrs. Sherwood has not given us the original words of this cradle-song.

At p. 467 Mrs. Sherwood in giving an account of her long voyage down country from Meerut writes tenderly of her child-bearer Jivan in describing a halt that they made at a beautiful but unhealthy spot by the river-bank."

In this unhealthy spot my infant was taken alarmingly ill, and it was while fearing for her life that we came to anchor one evening in a jungle covered with flowering shrubs, amidst which I discovered a small white tomb, and infant's tomb, over which stood a lofty palm-tree. The tree had no doubt been wounded too deeply for its sap. It was in a dying state; its beautiful crown had fallen and hung on one side of the still upright stem; the vast leaves were turned quite black, and drooped like the sable plumes of the hearse; and a more striking emblem of death and of funereal pomp nature could surely nowhere supply. When the front of our budgerow touched this point I thought of Pompey, who, when the beak of his ship pointed to a tomb on the shores of Africa, was much troubled at the omen, and (1) ordered that the vessel should be passed on a little further". And here I must say one word on the wonderful love and devotion of the Indian bearer of my baby, for it must be understood she had not at that time a black nurse. For one long, weary night did Jivan, kneeling beside the cot where the infant lay, watch her with the most unfeigned interest, awaiting the critical moment when the fearful fever of the jungles might effect its most terrible purpose, or pass away, as we hoped, without any consequences. He it was who waited on her as the tenderest mother, and never shall I forget his soft, musical cry of Babaji, Babaji".

The baby was Sophia who lived to edit his mother's autobiography. Jivan accompanied her as far as the "black water" going with the family in the budgerow which took them down to the ship's anchorage." Our children cried most bitterly when they saw the India shores receding, and truly we were all very sad".

At Dinapore Mrs. Sherwood met with Henry Martyn(3), who afterwards became one of their dearest friends.

"I perfectly remember the figure of that simple-hearted and holy young man when he entered our budgerow. He was dressed in white, and looked very pale, which, however, was nothing singular in India; his hair, a light brown, was raised from his forehead, which was a remarkably fine one. His features were not regular, but the expression was so luminous, so intellectual, so affectionate, so beaming with Divine Charity, that no one could have looked

Note. (3) He came over to see her on the evening of the day that she met her nurse, took her and her husband to his quarters.

at his features and thought of their shape or form—the outbeaming of his soul would absorb the attention of every observer. There was a decided air too, of the gentleman about Mr. Martyn, and a perfection of manners which, from his extreme attention to all minute civilities, might seem inconsistent with the general bent of his thoughts to the most serious subjects. He was as remarkable for ease as for cheerfulness When he relaxed from his labours in the presence of his friends, it was to play and laugh like an innocent, happy child, more especially if children were present to play and laugh with him”.

Mr. Birrell writes in his *Obiter Dicta* “I shall never forget the start I gave when, on reading some old book about India, I came across an after-dinner jest of Henry Martyn. The thought of Henry Martyn laughing over the walnuts and the wine was almost as Robert Browning’s unknown painter says “too wildly dear” and to this day I cannot help thinking that there must be a mistake somewhere”. Mr. Birrell is a smart writer, but he did not know Henry Martyn. There was no mistake about Martyn’s enjoying a joke, and an anecdote about Sabat his wild Bedouin Arab which he told to Mrs. Sherwood shows that he had a sense of humour and enjoyed the flavour of a good story. Sabat, says Mrs. Sherwood, often made one of our company at Mr. Martyn’s table. He was at that time married to his seventh wife. Amina was a pretty young woman though particularly dark for a *purda nishin* She lived on miserable terms with her husband and hated him cordially.

She was a Musalman, and he was very anxious to make her a Christian, to which she constantly shewed strong opposition. At length, however, she terminated the controversy in the following extraordinary manner. “Pray,” said she, “will you have the goodness to inform me where Christians go after death?” “To heaven and to their Saviour” replied Sabat. “And where do Mahammadans go?” “To hell and the devil”, answered the fierce Arab. “You,” said the meek wife, “will go to heaven, of course, as a Christian”! “Certainly” replied Sabat. “Well then, she said, I will continue to be a Musalman, because I should prefer hell and the devil without you to heaven itself in your presence!” It was like Sabat who ended his days by being sewn up into a sack and thrown into the sea as a traitor, to tell this story to Martyn is a proof of his wife’s hardened spirit.(4)

The regiment arrived at Cawnpore in the end of November 1807 and for some months enjoyed the glorious Indian cold

Note. (4) In vol III of the periodical called the *Asiatic Journal* there is an interesting letter from Sabat dated March 7, 1816 to the editor of the *Penang Post*. He there calls himself a Bedouin Arab. It was in *Burmah* that he met his death. See *Indian Orphans* P, 152. He had by this time apostatised, and I suppose had relinquished his name of Nathaniel.

weather. It was here that Mrs. Sherwood adopted the Indian little girl Annie Childe of whom she has given so interesting an account in her "Indian Orphans". It was also here that she took charge of Sarah Abbot. But the hot weather and the rains were very trying at Cawnpore. In September Mrs. Sherwood lost her little Lucy and when in the August following (1809) another girl was born to her she felt that she must take it to England, especially as the doctors said that it was the only way to preserve the child's life. "I was terrified, I well remember, at the responsibility of the voyage to England, with a very little baby, and yet still bent upon making it; such horror I had of seeing the child dying like the rest, and at the same time being quite assured that she would die if I kept her in India". Her indulgent husband sympathised with her distress and accompanied her to Calcutta to engage her passage. But difficulties which she regarded as providential, arose, and at the last moment she resolved to stay with her husband. The resolution, in which they were supported by medical advice, gave great happiness to both of them. "With what joy, what peace of mind did we prepare to go up the country. In a very short time we were established in our handsome and commodious abode, our elegant pinnacle; and having laid in provisions, we dropped down the river just so far as to clear all houses and to be anchored on a quite and solitary shore, where we remained two days. Let not any one assert that there is not such a thing as happiness in this present life. It is impossible to give an idea of our peace, our joy, our delight during the two days we passed on that solitary shore; we who had so long anticipated a fearful separation. I remember even now our walks upon that quiet beach, our baby being carried by a black nurse by our side our little, fair and smiling Lucy". They now returned to Calcutta, (to Chandpal ghat) and after some stay there proceeded up country, and for a time were settled at Cawnpore. Mrs. Sherwood was happy there, and in words which now sound strange in our ears she exclaims "Sweet Cawnpore, farewell! Place ever dear to me, for there is the white tomb wherein the mortal remains of my elder Lucy sleep, and there my younger Lucy(5) and my Emily

Note (5) It is pleasant to know that this Lucy did not die on account of her mother's changing her mind about going home, and that both as she and Emily lived to be married and to become mothers.
(Indian Orphans 160).

were born, and there I became acquainted with dear Mr. Corrie, and Mr. Martyn, beloved children of our heavenly Father". There too, we may add, she did excellent work in looking after Indian orphans, being indeed the pioneer in the matter of the educating of Eurasian children. It would be impossible to notice all the interesting points in the Indian portion of the autobiography. Suffice it to say that there are some amusing notices of Begam Samru, and references to the attack on Kalingar in 1812 and to General Gillespie's death at Kalunga in the end of 1814 where her husband's regiment suffered so severely. There is also an interesting account of a riot between the Hindus and Mahamadans in Benares.

At P. 458 Mrs. Sherwood mentions a curious military practice which prevailed in the old days of the Company's European regiments. This was that the white men in barracks were allowed to take each of them a black woman as a temporary wife. "There women, for the most part, live in huts near the barracks and act as servants to the men, and the only idea these poor creatures have of morality and honour is that while thus engaged to one man they are to be faithful to him; and faithful many are, perhaps following him for years, bearing him many children, and, may be, standing with those children on the sands of the river, to see the last of him, and of the vessel which bears him away. I have scenes of this kind described to me by such of these poor creatures as have themselves gone through them, and I cannot recall the recollection of them without tears".

The Sherwoods(6) landed in England on 1st June 1816 for the autobiography seldom gives the year of occurrences. Their ship was the first East Indiaman to enter the port of Liverpool, and so was received with great ceremony. Mrs. Sherwood had several Indian children with her, and when they saw the small room of the inn, so different from the large empty rooms to which they were accustomed one of them remarked that it was like a box lined with coloured paper. Captain Sherwood and his wife lived many years after their return to England, he dying in 1849 and she in

Note (6) It appears from "Indian Orphans" 229 that the Sherwoods witnessed in December 1815 the illuminations in Calcutta for the victory at Waterloo. They sailed in the end of December for in the following January.

1851. Their Indian experience were after all but a small part of their lives not more than ten years.

The autobiography goes down to 1847 but the latter pages do not, I think contain much of general interest. She became widely known as an authoress, and was liberally paid for them, though Henry and his Bearer, perhaps the best thing she ever wrote, and only fetched five pounds. She had interviews with Mrs. Fry, Irving the preacher, Malan and other distinguished persons, and she saw Sir Walter Scott on the continent in his sad decline. She records with just pride that she was privileged to lend him her writing materials when he on board the *Batavier* called for pen and ink. She also with her husband paid an interesting visit to the ruins of the Abbey at St. Valery where her husband had spent his early years. "My heart was full. I could have liked to have lingered longer there, for it was a place of immense interest to me, and if to me, how much more to Mr. Sherwood".

On one occasion Mrs. Sherwood had the honour, as she justly calls it, of being summoned to Worcester to meet Mrs. Fry. "We went first to a public breakfast, and afterwards to the jail and in the drive Mrs. Fry kindly selected me for her companion in the carriage.....On arriving at the jail there was an immense crowd to meet her, and many of the principal county magistrates to hand her out and conduct her though the courts and offices. She was a fine, composed, majestic woman, and it was most interesting to hear her address which she gave from the chapel, in the preacher's place, a clergyman of the Church of England standing on each side of her.

It was shortly after this that Mrs. Sherwood had one of the most pleasing incidents in her life—her meeting with her old regiment, and seeing the children whom she had cared for and taught in their infancy now grown up and become soldiers.

"It was when my three elder daughters were just advancing to womanhood, that we had an invitation from Major Mr. Caskill to visit our beloved 53rd regiment, then stationed at Weedon Barracks (in Northampton), and we took these our daughters with us. We found our friends residing in large and elegant quarters in the same building as the Colonel and we were most warmly welcomed and hospitably entertained. What a strange revulsion, what a violent flood of old feelings burst upon my mind; the past, as it appertained to my Indian life, seeming to roll itself into one with the present. On the

Friday, in passing through the hall, I found it half filled with officers, and as many as eight members of the band, all waiting to see me. The youths stood together, and as I went up to them they gathered round me and formed a circle, their eyes sparkling with pleasure. They were all full-grown, tall, military men, finely drawn up, and well acquainted with what was due from themselves to me.

For an instant, I knew not one of them, but soon I recognised in them the babes I had nursed and dressed, and lulled to sleep, and the boys I had taught, whilst yet scarceable to lisp their letters. The finest, or at least one of the finest among them, for they one and all looked well, came forward and told me who was "Flitcheroft William Coleman". Then came Flitcheroft, who had been one of my particular nursling; Elliott, who had the same special claim on my regard; Roberts and Ross, Hartley and Ross, Hartley and Botheroyd and not one of these had even one parent.

I cannot say what I felt, but I own I was relieved when the meeting was over and I could retire to pray and weep for my orphan boys. Our first introduction was in the far-off East, our second in England, and once more we shall be united, through our blessed Redeemer, in glory, when together we shall join in one eternal song of praise. Such a minute is worth many, many petty annoyances,

How gratified was I to hear the most favourable accounts of these boys, and that they did credit to the very great care that had been bestowed on them.

The band played opposite our rooms, for it must be remembered we had the Colonel next door, but when Auld Lang Syne was played, we knew well that it was addressed to ourselves and to do us honour".

Mrs. Sherwood's literary reputation has faded. Her Fair-child Family long one of her most noted works is frankly unreadable by adults and is probably unattractive to modern children. But her efforts on behalf of Indian children, and her reminiscences of men like Henry Martyn and Corrie will not soon be forgotten. The list of interesting Englishwomen who have been connected with India or who have written about it is not a large one but among the few Mrs. Sherwood has an honoured place. She will be remembered along with Maria Graham (Lady Calcot), Fanny Parkes, Marianne North and Mrs. and Miss Manning.

H. BEVERIDGE.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE JAPANESE.

Collected from the Dutch accounts of Japan and the German of Dr. Von Sirbold in the first half of the Nineteenth century.

The position of women in Japan seems to be unlike what it is in all other parts of the East ; and to constitute a sort of intermediate link between their European and their Asiatic conditions. On the one hand, Japanese women are subjected to no seclusion ; they hold a fair station in society, and share in all the innocent recreations of their friends and husbands. The fidelity of the wife and the purity of the maiden are committed wholly to their own sense of honour, somewhat quickened, perhaps, and invigorated, by the certainty that death would be the inevitable and immediate consequence of a detected lapse from chastity. And so well is this confidence repaid, that a faithless wife is, we are universally assured, a phenomenon unknown in Japan. The minds of the women are as carefully cultivated as those of the men ; and amongst the most admired authors, historians, moralists and poets, are found several female names. In general, the Japanese ladies are described lively and agreeable companions, and the elegance with which they do the honours of their houses, has been highly eulogized.

But if thus permitted to enjoy and adorn society, they are, on the other hand, held during their whole lives in a state of tutelage, and complete dependence upon their husbands, sons, or other relations. They are without legal rights, and their evidence is inadmissible in a court of justice. The husband may not only introduce as many subsidiary, unwedded helpmates as he pleases into the mansion over which his wife presides ; and these women, though inferior to her in rank, and domestic authority—in proof of which they are not permitted to shave their eye-brows—are not deemed criminal or dishonoured ; he has also a power of divorce, which may be called unlimited, since the only limitation is, his sense of economy and expediency. A husband must support his repudiated wife according to his own station, unless he can allege grounds for

the divorce, satisfactory to a Japanese tribunal ; among such grounds, barrenness is one that leaves the unfortunate, childless wife, no claim to any kind of maintenance. Under no circumstance, upon no plea whatever, can a wife demand a separation from her husband. At home, the wife is mistress of the family, but in other respects, she is treated rather as a toy for her husband's recreation, as the rational, confidential partner of his life. She is to amuse him by her accomplishment, to cheer him with her lively conversation not to relieve, by sharing, his anxieties and cares. So far from being admitted to partake the secrets of his heart, she is kept in profound ignorance of his affairs, public or private ; and a question relative to any such matters, would be resented as an act of unpardonable presumption and audacity.

Turn we now to the life of a Japanese, and the ceremonious observances that nearly fill it. These begin prior even to birth, and, indeed, with the very incipency of existence.

Upon the first symptoms of pregnancy, a girdle of braided red crape is bound round the future mother's body, immediately below the bosom. This is performed in great ceremony, with religious rites appointed for the occasion, and the selection of the person who presents the girdle is a point of extreme importance and dignity. This singular custom is, by learned Japanese, said to be practised in honour of the widow of a *mikado*, who, some sixteen centuries ago, upon her husband's death, being then in an advanced state of pregnancy, this girdling herself, took his vacant place at the head of his army, and completed the conquest of Corea. Both mother and son are deified. The more vulgar opinion represents the girdling as a mere physical precaution, by which the unborn babe is prevented from stealing the food out of the mother's throat, and so starving her to death ! But whichever be the course, the red fillet must remain, as at first fastened, until the birth of the infant.

Upon the occurrence of this happy event, the mother is relieved from her long-endured binding ; but her sufferings from ceremonious or superstitious observances are not yet over. She is forthwith placed in an upright sitting posture upon the bed, fixed in it by bags of rice under such arm and at her back ; and thus is she compelled to remain during nine whole days and nights most sparingly fed, and actually kept wide awake, lest, by dropping asleep, she should in some way alter the prescribed position. Perhaps the most

extraordinary part of the whole transaction is, that no ill-consequence is said to ensue to the patient. It is to be observed, however, that Japanese women recover more slowly than those of other countries, from parturition; probably, in consequence of this severe treatment. For one hundred days after her delivery, the recent mother is considered as an invalid, and nursed as such; at the end of that period only, she resumes her household duties, visit the temple frequented by her family, and performs her pilgrimage, or any other act of devotion that she may have vowed in her hour of peril.

The infant, immediately upon its birth is bathed, and remains free from all swathing and clothing that could impede the growth and development of body or limb. Upon one occasion only is this early state of freedom interrupted, and that occasion is the bestowing a name upon the new member of society. This takes place on the thirty-first day of a boy's age, on the thirtieth of a girl's. Upon the appointed day, the babe is carried in state to the family temple; the servants follow, bearing a whole infantine wardrobe, by the abundance of which the father's wealth and consequence is estimated. Last in the procession walks a maid-servant, with a box in her hand, containing money for the fee of the officiating priestess, and a slip of paper, in which are inscribed three names. These names the priestess submits, with prescribed rites to the god to whom the temple is dedicated; then announces which of the three is solicited and confers it on the child, whom she sprinkles with water. Sacred songs, chanted to an instrumental accompaniment, conclude the naming ceremony. The infant is then carried to several other temples, and, for its final visit to the house of the father's nearest kinsman. He presents it with a bundle of hemp, destined symbolically to spin it a long life, talismans, relics, and other valuable; to which he adds, if his new-born relation be a boy, two fans (as representatives of swords), implying courage; if a girl, a shell of paint, implying beauty.

In the unconfined state above described, the child continues for three years, at the expiration of which the clothes are bound at the waist with a girlede. Religious rites accompany this first girding, and the child is now taught to pray. At seven year's old the boy receives the mantle of ceremony, and, what could hardly have been anticipated from the great importance apparently attached to

the choice of the name given the baby, a new name. For this change, likewise, there is an appropriate religious ceremony, and to avoid repetition, it may be said, once for all, that every change, every epoch in Japanese life, is consecrated by the rites of the national religion. After the reception of the month of ceremony, a boy is permitted to perform his devotions regularly at the temple.

Children are trained in habits of implicit obedience, which independently of any beneficial effects on the future character that may be anticipated, Japanese parents value as obviating the necessity of punishment. Children of both sexes; and of all ranks, are about invariably sent to the inferior or primary schools, where they learn to read and write, and acquire some knowledge of the history of their own country. For the lower orders, this is deemed sufficient education, but of this much, it is positively asserted that not a day-labourer in Japan is destitute. The children of the higher orders proceed from these schools to others of a superior description, where they are carefully instructed in morals and manners, including the whole science of good-breeding, the minutest laws of etiquette, the forms of behaviour, as graduated towards every individual of the whole human race by relation, rank and station; including also a thorough knowledge of the almanac, since it would be as vulgarly disgraceful as it could be disastrous, to marry, begin a journey, or take any other important step, upon an unlucky day. Boys are further taught arithmetic and the whole mystery of the *Hari-Kari*, or abdomen ripping by which a well-born man is often compelled to terminate his existence. They are taught not only the proper mode of performing the operation and the several accompanying ceremonials, varying with the occasions *i.e.* of the causes and situations, which render this form of suicide imperative upon a gentleman. Girls, in lieu of this fearful indoctrination receive lessons in the craft in the needle, with every species of ornamental work, in the service and management of a house, and in whatever it is taught may be useful to them as mothers and mistresses of families.

During this period of their lives Japanese children are very-ill-dressed. Even when accompanying their splendidly-attired mother through the streets, their shabby appearance offers a disagreeable contrast to hers. The object of this is to prevent the noxious effects of the admiration which, if well-dressed, their beauty might

excite, and it is not a little curious thus to find the same strange superstition of the evil age, in the most remote and dissimilar countries.

At fifteen, education is deemed complete. The boy, as a man's estate, now takes his place in society, his head is shaved in Japanese fashion, and again he receives a new name. But even this third name is not destined to be permanent. Upon every advance in official rank—and half the Japanese above the working classes appear office the place-man take to hold a new name. Nor is it only upon an occasion thus agreeable, that he must change his designation no official subaltern may bear the same name with his chief; so that whenever a new individual is appointed to a high post, every man under him who chances to be his namesake must immediately assume a new denomination. The system of changing the name with the post, extends even to the throne, and occasions great perplexity to the student of Japanese history, whose undivided attention is requisite to trace, for instance, the progress of an usurper though all his varying appellations.

A. J.

THE DUTIES OF THE HINDU WOMAN.

(*A Sketch from the Mahabharata*).

A DISCOURSE BETWEEN DROUPADI AND SATYABHAMA.

The lofty scale of civilization to which the Hindu society attained, the high standard of morality which governed and still governs the daily works of the Hindoos, the ideal religious writings and the two great epics which still guide the works of the present day Hindoos, conclusively prove that the Hindoos are pre-eminently, even to this day, the most moral, god-fearing nation on the earth, although it is denied by some through ignorance, and by some through prejudice. The recent work of Sister Nivedita, the "Web of Indian Life" coming as it does, from such an unimpeachable source may better go to dispel the clouds of doubt as to the position accorded to the females by the Hindoos. Let me today for the edification of our critics, who criticise not in the spirit of an unbiased critic, but that of a vilifier, show what does the Mahabharata, the highly venerated epic lay down to be the duties of women, and which still faithfully guide the relation between a man and his wife in the Hindu world.

Satyabhama one of the consorts of Sitkrishna, asked of Droupadi—the queen of the mighty Pandavas as to how, she could keep her mighty and conquering husbands into total control—whether she took recourse to medicine, incantations or jugglery or not. In reply she said as follows:—

"Husbands are neither controlled by medicine, incantations nor by jugglery. Vicious women only resort to those; but they only do more harm than good. I behave with my husbands in the following way:—I serve them and my rival co-wives, quite indifferent to my own passions. I am used to entertain my husband most lovingly, never taking recourse to vanity. I never use harsh words to them, and am ever careful lest I am found wanting in my duties. I never walk hurriedly and I sit very carefully. I shape my conduct according to the inclination of my husbanda.

No god or man, be he exquisitely beautiful, dressed or highly intelligent, I never think of. As long as my husbands are not bathed or fed and have not taken rest, I do never take a morsel of food or a little of rest. Whenever they return from a distance, I instantly stand upon my feet, and supply them with seats to sit upon, and water to wash their hands and feet with.

"I cleanse houses and utensils and arrange furniture very carefully every day; I myself cook and give every body their food; and protect corns most methodically. I do never keep company with bad women. I do never utter filthy language. I have sympathy for every body and are not subject to idleness. I do not laugh except when I am in a mood to humour. I do not always stop at the threshold of the house, or at filthy places or at gardens. Not giving way to excessive laughter nor violent rage either, I practise truth and serve my husbands. I do not feel happy for a moment as long as my husbands are out of my sight. Whenever my husbands are away on a visit to a friend, I do never enjoy flowers or never use anointment or scents, but practise austerity and religion. Things that are not drunk, eaten or enjoyed by my husbands, I do never enjoy them myself. I put on such apparel as I am advised. I often restrain myself, and earnestly apply to do good to my husband.

"I mind to all whatever my venerable mother-in-law told me of our kinsmen, and of her instructions as to my duties, to those whom I should respect, and about religious observances. All these I perform day and night with great self-restraint.

"In my opinion the utmost virtue that could be practised by women is to faithfully serve and adhere to husbands, in his happiness and sorrows. Husbands are the only gods to their wives; and are the only attainable objects in life. I never put on apparels never take food nor lie down to rest, unmindful to the comforts of my husbands. For all these, and for my ability and capacity of serving my revered relations, my husbands have been subdued."

"Ye, Satyabhama! I myself serve my revered and good mother-in-law every day with food, drink, and clothes. I do never enjoy better food, clothes and apparels myself than her. While my husband Yudhisthir could afford he fed innumerable Brahmins and their attendants and many thousands of other men every day. I alone prepared their food, drink and supplied them with their clothing. Maharaja Yudhisthir had thousands of female dancers

and dancers and singers. I knew every one of them by their names and complexion and words. I supplied them with their food, drink and clothing."

"The Maharaja had a host of attendants and numberless cowherds and shepherds. Them I knew and I took interests in them all.

"I was alone who knew the Maharaja's income and expenditure. My husbands laid on me their anxieties about their dependants, and calmly devoted to religious duties; and in refusing my personal comforts I performed their business. I myself managed the vast treasury of the Empire, and served the Kouravas with equal warmth day and night. I left my bed early and took it late; I always speak the truth."

"Satyubhama! there are the only means I know of subduing my husbands, and further I know of no artifices of the frailer women. Besides I do not like to adopt them."

"Dear friend! husband is the greatest of Gods and is the giver of every desired things on Earth, At his sight anger subsides of itself. From him we get sons to lift us to heaven, enjoyment, beds, clothes, scents and above all eternal lives and good name. Chaste women first undergo sufferings and then enjoy happiness."

"I am sure, the greatest of God Srikrishna will be devotedly attached to you, if you will serve him by occasionally offering gifts of fine clothes, food, scents and garlands. As soon as you have your lord in the portals, you must stand up; and as he enters you must supply him with seat to sit on and water to wash his hands, if he asks a maid servant to do him a piece of work, you must get up and do him the work yourself; and I am sure your lord will court you to be sincerely attached to him. Whatever your husband speaks to you, be it in secret or not, do never give it out."

"Those persons who are friends to your lord, and greatly attached to him, and given to render him services, you should occasionally feed them with good eatables; and strive hard to drive him back from the company of the envious, insincere and unfriendly, if he has any. At the presence of a man who is not known to you, you must very carefully observe silence. You must not live with your own grown-up sons in absence of your husband. You must make friends with the virtuous, chaste and pious ladies of blood, and must shun the company of women who are insincere, quarrelsome,

gluttonous and given to thieving and serve your lord always putting on apparels and being anointed with scents."

These are the most valuable pearls of advice that mould the character of the females of the Hindu society in domestic life. I ask, is it possible for those of the most god-fearing of people, who believe the Mahabharat, to be of divine origin, to disobey the instructions as laid down in it? Let all those beyond the pale of the Hindoo Society, ponder and judge.

BIJOY CHANDRA GANGOOLI.

AVEDI OR THE SPIRITUALIST :

A SPIRITUAL TALE.

CHAPTER I.

ANYESHAN CHANDRA SEES SHOOTING IN THE JUNGLE—HE
CONVERSES WITH THE JUNGLE PEOPLE AND MEDITATES ON
RELIGION.

Anyeshan* was a person of noble birth. He was young in age, not given to much disputation, generally reticent, but, when speaking, he at all times spoke concisely and with marked serenity. He was now travelling for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of mankind and enlarging his religious views. In the course of his journey, he entered a dense forest filled with huge trees and every kind of vegetation. The wild flowers, thickly strewn about his way, charmed his sight with their varied colors, and as they were kissed by the wind, their diversified hues seemed to unite and form one mingled color of entrancing beauty. Wonderful to him was the sylvan scenery, adapted as it was for awaking ennobling thoughts in minds of a meditative turn.

What silence and serenity came with the evening shadows! But silence, like fortune, is changeable. In a few moments the heavy tread of an elephant was heard, and as the massive animal came in view, he beheld seated upon it two young military officers and an old clergyman. The former were out for the purpose of hunting tigers, and were intently looking through their field-glasses to discover the object of their search. From cigars in their mouths they puffed clouds of smoke, which soon, much to the satisfaction of their companion, vanished from sight. The old clergyman was somewhat like our Brahmans, well versed in teaching and performing religious duties. The thoughts that

* Which means Enquirer.

filled his mind at this time were in this wise : " I have never seen the shooting of a tiger, and have, therefore, come that I might see it done, talk of it to my friends at home, and give a graphic description of it in my book. But the sight of the tiger might appal me and bring me to the ground, and if I died I would die without the aid of the clergy."

The two military officers, observing signs of fear in the clergyman's face, began to exchange glances indicative of their enjoyment of the fun. The clergyman, noticing this in his companions, called forth all his power to show a heroic face. What arises in the mind is not always expressed by the lips. There are many mental surges, between the rise and fall of which the interval is very short, and what is expressed is owing to an external cause. For this reason one does not know or cannot read all the states and feelings of the mind.

The elephant moved at a slow pace, the trunk half-lifted, and an occasional voice disturbed the silence of the forest. Suddenly the fierce cry of a tiger was heard at a distance, and the savages, who inhabited a part of the jungle, shouted, " It is coming ! it is coming ! Brothers, let us advance and destroy the beast ! " Then they began to beat their drums and to arouse their enthusiasm with song :

" Brother, let us march to kill the tiger !
Brothers, look at the wild *chalta fruit* ! "

The savages had no elephant, no horse, no gun, no spear. They had only bows, arrows, and swords, but with these they advanced courageously to the conflict. The tiger, seeing them approach, began to fling its tail with great fury as if to challenge them to the combat, and fixing its eyes glaringly upon the savages, was about to spring, or leap upon them, when they darted a shower of well-aimed arrows at him, and having by this means wholly disabled the animal, they came upon it and beheaded it with their swords. Whereupon, the European *shikaris*, admiring the valor and bravery of the savages, penetrated into the jungle.

Anyeshan observing all this from a distance, approached the savages, and they asked him who he was. He said :

" A traveller, overwhelmed with wonder at your valour."

The savages replied :

"What you have seen, we do daily. The tiger in the mind is more fierce than the tiger in the jungle. Night is fast approaching. On the top of yonder mountain we live. Come, and partake of our hospitality. To-morrow morning you can depart."

The traveller, thus invited, ascended to the top of the mountain and beheld there a number of well-constructed cottages. As soon as he was seated, all the mountaineers and their wives treated him with affectionate hospitality, and placed before him wholesome fruits of various kinds, and filtered water, pure as crystal. The traveller expressed his gratitude for their kindness, and observing several families, inquired in what manner a dispute was settled if it arose. An old savage replied: "We are all engaged in agriculture, and live by our daily labour. We never quarrel with each other. We never speak anything but truth, and purity of life is the aim and purpose of us all, male and female. We are, therefore, very happy. We all worship one God, and constantly pray to be kept from greed and lust."

Anyeshan was highly delighted with the conversation. He thought, though these men of the jungle are looked upon and treated as barbarians, they are superior to those who claim to be civilized people. True civilization consists in rising above that which is sensuous.

"I must now collect," said he, "what is most instructive. Reading is no doubt suggestive, but the lofty thought cannot be kept long. We get solid instruction by the study of man. Pious meditation in solitude is doubtless the best means of exalting the soul; but I would like to ascertain the purpose of existence before engaging in this spiritual exercise. I have read much, and my mind is filled with varied information not digested. What should be retained, and what discarded, must be decided by clear thinking, and such thinking must be from the voice of the soul."

The next morning the traveller descended the mountain, and, invigorated by the balmy breeze, pursued his onward journey.

CHAPTER II.

SATI—THOUGHTS ON THE SOUL.

What a tumult on the banks of the river! What a concourse of people! Young and old of both sexes were there, subdued by grief and in tears. Beneath the shadows of a many-branched

Religio-Ficus tree there was a dead body on a cot, and upon it was seated a well-developed, charming girl, clothed in silk, her forehead being decorated with vermillion and a branch of that tree held in her hand.* Her two children were on her lap, saying, "The grief caused by the death of our father we cannot bear; what is to become of us, and where shall we go, if you, mother, be also lost to us?"

The mother, unmoved by the heart-rending expressions of her children, said :

"By the unbounded goodness of God you will get from others the affection of a father and the love of a mother. Be serene. Do not weep."

Friends and relatives used their utmost efforts to dissuade the lady from burning herself, but she was inflexible. She folded her hands and looked upward in a spirit of perfect resignation. To others her soul appeared as if separated from her body and had ceased to receive external impressions. When the dead body was bathed, she walked around it several times, pronouncing the name of God, and then placed herself on the *funeral pyre* as peacefully as a child lays itself in its mother's arms. The fire was applied, and the dead body of her husband and her own living body were consumed by the flames. During this process her body exhibited no contortions. Unmoved, calm and serene, she held her hands folded together in humiliation and devotion to God. On her face rested a benign smile, and her eyes mirrored the state of her soul—absorption in the Deity. Until the soul was separated from the body, God and God alone was uttered by her lips.

Anyeshan, having witnessed this scene, was aroused to think on the soul, and to soliloquize thus: "Socrates showed no fear of death when he drank the juice of hemlock. Christ, while dying, was calm and free from enmity, but the agony of crucifixion shook his faith in God as he exclaimed, 'Father! hast thou forsaken me?' Heroes cheerfully sacrifice their lives on the battle-field, showing utter contempt of death. There have been saints, who, by the power of their will, have been free from the fear of death.

* It was customary with women wishing to be burnt with the dead bodies of their husbands to be decorated with vermillion (a distinction to which widows were not entitled) and to hold a branch of the religious *Indicus* in the hand.

It is one thing to show a total disregard of death when in a state of frenzy, or under a great excitement, but quite another in a calm, thoughtful, and tranquil spirit to allow one's body to be slowly consumed by fire. This is, without doubt, heroism of the highest type, but in what manner can this spirit of heroic faith be acquired?

“There are many who are highly educated and learned in science, who deny the existence of the soul. To them death is the extinguisher of life, and life is the regulator of all the functions of the body. ‘The soul has never appeared to any one,’ say they, ‘and whatever the eye cannot see, cannot be said to exist.’

“In all the religious codes there is a mention of the soul's immortality, but this is done with a view to impart a decree of hope, and to prevent mankind from going astray. It is considered that if the immortality of the soul be not believed in, there will be no end to immorality. And yet no one can clearly show that we have souls. Learned divines can only argue the existence of the soul historically, presumably, inferentially and analogically. The scholar, being once told of the existence of soul, asks no questions, dares not seek further evidence, lest he be considered an atheist.

“But I must do my utmost to obtain light. If I succeed in this, I shall know God more clearly; otherwise what we now look upon as truth is, after all, creedism—the offspring of weak impressions, from which proceed so much diversity of opinion, so much contention, so much wrangling, so much sectarianism. I have read much, reflected much, but still I am quite unsettled. I have inquired of different men, and they have expressed to me their peculiar ideas, which, being analyzed, are vague and shadowy.

“God's will be done, I will continue my search.”

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF LALBUJHAKAR IN PINGALA VILLAGE, AND OF THE RELIGIOUS SECTS.

In the village of Pingala Lalbujhakar lived. He was renowned for sharp practice. He was born in the North-Western Provinces. For a long time he had resided at

Soudabad, and the language he spoke was partly Hindi and partly Soudabadi. He had the ability of making himself agreeable to every one, but no one could fathom his real designs. He was clad in trowsers and turban, and carried in his hands a string of beads. He was accustomed to talk largely upon all matters, and spoke of the past as a time of grandeur, in comparison with which the present is an age of great inferiority. He always interrupted speakers, and broke in upon their remarks before they had finished what they had to say, with the impertinent inquiry, "What do you know?"

Whatever the subject of conversation might be, whether on education, religion or law, he obtruded his own views and silenced all others by his vehemence. His real name was Parmanand, but, in consequence of his strange manner of interfering on every possible occasion, he was nicknamed "Lalbujhakar," which sobriquet he accepted from a pure spirit of egotism.

Whenever any difficult question was discussed, the people jocosely said :

"Who can solve this problem except the great Lalbujhakar?"

He professed to be deeply versed in astrology, palmistry, astral influences as foretold in horoscopes, counteracting the evil influences of planets, and in appeasing gods; in charms, amulets, and in exercising spirits. He was always busy in some one of the numerous avocations he professed an acquaintance with. The Hindus respected him, as did also the Mussulmans. In this world what cannot brass and braggadacio do? Brass is everything, and extolled to the skies. God is disregarded, and cast aside as naught.

Pingala village was full of sectarianism. Wherever this exists, the conception of God must be of a like character. Those who believe in a creed, believe in the truthfulness of its dogmas, and are prepared to die, if need be, for their maintenance. For this reason no harmony can exist between one sect and another, and each sect is positive that truth and true religion are in its hands. In this village Idolatry, Conservative Brahmoism and Progressive Brahmoism were being inculcated. There was a *musjid* in a remote part of the village. There was also a church for the propagation of Christianity. To whichever of these one wished to go, he went; but this only indicated the fickleness of the mind,

the diversity and various phases of faith calculated to intensify sectarianism. Every sect was trying to secure followers, and strangers were continually going from one sect to another. The Christians were attacking the Brahmos, and the Brahmos were attacking the Christians. They were trying to convert each other. The idolators, instead of attacking any sect, were merely saying :

"Alas ! our ancient faith is gone. We knew such would be the case. It is high time that we should die, that we may depart without being shaken in our faith and ceremonies."

The Mussulmans were like serpents confined, afraid of being punished for endeavouring to inculcate their faith with sword in hand. What they could do by guile, they were doing.

The progressive Brahmos were lamenting that little or no progress had been made. The Brahmos were deficient in energy ; they were mere automata. What good can result from insufficient study and a limited practice ? It is not proper to teach Brahmoism alone from the Vedas, Upanishads, Puranas and Tantras. We must seek for it also in the Bible, the Koran, Zend-Avesta, and other sacred works. The true practice does not consist in merely changing the ritualism. How can we expect improvement unless we abolish caste, countenance the marriage of widows, intermarriages, prevent early marriages, promote female education and introduce females into society ? Those who say these reforms will come in due time, speak vaguely, because until we take action in these matters, the evils will go on increasing. The investiture of a Brahman with sacred thread tends only to the perpetuation of bigotry and superstition. Where, then, is the Brahmoism ?

Animated discussions upon these various points were constantly being held, resulting in awakening interest throughout the village. The waves of sectarian spirit were rising and surging upon all sides. Measures were being adopted by the orthodox community to punish heterodox persons by expelling them from the pale of caste, by prohibiting the barber and washerman* from serving them, and by neglecting to invite them to public and private assemblies. The independents—those who were not attached to any of the contending parties—were greatly amused at the

* The prohibition of the barber and washerman to the excommunicated exists to some extent even at this time.

proceedings of Lalbujhakar, and facetiously said to him, "You are the grand depository of *all* wisdom. Why do you not settle these differences and bring harmony out of all this confusion?"

CHAPTER IV.

ACCOUNT OF BABOO SAHIB AND JEKO BABOO (CONCEITED BABOO)
—THEIR IDEAS OF SOUL—THE TRAVELLER ENTERS PINGALA VILLAGE.

There was a large plain on the south side of the village. In its vicinity stood a well constructed house, facing a nice garden. A cool and pleasant breeze was constantly blowing. But few persons passed the house. Occasionally a cart passed by, rattling like an oilman's pressing machine. The cattle drawing the cart could scarcely move on account of their heavy burden, but the drivers urged them on by twisting their tails, and in this way they managed to advance slowly to the end of their journey. A few marketmen, with loads of vegetables on their heads and bathed in perspiration, walked along with greater speed. The *uriya* bearer carrying water in jars was seen and heard singing his song as he trudged along. In the house of which we have spoken, lived Baboo Sahib. His real name was not known. Having long fraternized with the Eurasians, he had adopted their manners. He dressed like them, talked like them, and walked like them. When alone, he placed his legs on the table, or, standing on legs apart, indulged in revery which he cheered with whistling. His long intercourse with the Eurasians and Europeans had engendered in his mind a strong aversion to his own countrymen, whom he contemptuously designated ignorant Bengalis. Baboo Sahib entertained a large number of visitors; but his most familiar friend was Jeko Baboo, a man who possessed a smattering of information on general matters, and claimed to know all the sciences. But of the science of soul he was wholly ignorant. His superficial knowledge of things he ostentatiously paraded for mere popular applause, a custom very common with those who do not drink deep from the fountain of wisdom.

Those who do not apply themselves to a study of the soul, who, neglecting to probe for hidden causes, glance only at the external workings of Nature, possess a very imperfect knowledge

of God and the next world. They reject substantial and enduring knowledge, and content themselves with the unsubstantial. Baboo Sahib and Jeko Baboo busied themselves continually in the acquisition of external and ostentatious knowledge. They had no idea of a spiritual life, but were thorough materialists. When the subject of the immortality of the soul was mooted, they assumed an air of great wisdom and said :

“ What cannot be proved, ought not to be accepted. The soul is like a lamp : so long as there is oil and no wind, it burns and gives light, but when it does not burn, it gives no light. There are some who say they have seen the spirit of such a person. This, which they consider to be a reality, often proceeds from an hallucination of the brain. If the existence of the soul after this life cannot be proved, then there is no proof of a world beyond this. Some say the next world is in the moon ; some say it is in the milky way ; some say it is composed of different spheres, that the soul rises higher as it progresses in love and wisdom. All this is simple nonsense. Where is the proof ? Those who do not study physical sciences properly, and do not know the exact modes of ascertaining truth, are always plunging themselves in the dark abyss of error. The physisists ought to dissipate such error by the light of their exact knowledge. But as this is not done, the village is going to the dogs ! ”

Thus spoke and reiterated the self-styled wise men, Baboo Sahib and Jeko.

Anyeshan, in the course of his journey, arrived at the village of Pingala. It was a beautiful evening in spring. In the gardens and fields were numerous trees and shrubs loaded with fruits and flowers ; birds of rich plumage flying from branch to branch, making the air melodious with their songs, and the soft, silvery light of the moon combined to render the time and place unusually lovely. The temples were brilliantly illuminated, while from their open doors and widows came the soothing perfume of *dhupa* and *dhuna*.* The sacred music of the *sankya*, *ghunta*, drums, &c., was heard in various quarters, and occasionally the tones of a loud prayer to Shiva. Solemn thoughts are suggested by time, place and circumstances. Anyeshan walked amid these scenes in calm and deep meditation. Proceeding a few paces, he

* Fragrant substances burned in the temples.

beheld a Brahmo Somaj, where the Brahmos, full of veneration, were praying. The preacher was delivering a sermon on the immortality of the soul. The view which he took had reference to the history of the past, and he argued that man would be miserable without a belief in his own immortality. It was evident from the expressions on the face of his auditors that his effort was not appreciated, and the half-closed eyes of some and the nodding heads of others indicated that the service was tedious.

After the service was concluded, the traveller asked some of the Brahmos, "What Somaj is this?" They replied, "It is the old Somaj. Go on a short distance further and you will see the Progressive Somaj."

While passing on, as thus directed, he encountered a procession with red flags flying, and accompanied by music that pierced, as it were, the sky, and the chanting of songs was so animating that it maddened the hearer. The Brahmos composing the procession walked with eyes closed, clad in silk, but barefooted. On reaching the *mandir* (temple) they were seated, and the prelate spoke upon repentance, the spiritual character of the saints, Choityna, Nanac, Christ, &c. But of all these Christ was described as having possessed the highest love-principle, and other superior excellences.

CHAPTER V.

BAISTAB'S HOUSE AND HIS INSTRUCTION ON THE SUBJECT OF THE SOUL.

The house of Baistab was rather dark and dingy. There was a long hall running through it, having a room on each side, facing a yard or small field in which there was a cow-shed. Baistab had risen early, and, having performed his religious devotions, was engaged in teaching his disciples. Some were reading Bhagavat Gita, some Kusumanjali, some the Bhasya by Sankara.

Anyeshan approached him and said :

"Sir, I am fortunate in being brought in contact with you. Kindly give me your light on the science of soul."

Baistab replied :

"Whatever I know I will state; but I consider myself as a cow with the bag of sugar on the back. Whatever I know I know from reading. I can argue and discuss, but I have no light

from the internal source. Such light can be had only from the *jogis* or those who have emancipated their souls from bondage. The general belief is that the soul dies with the body. This is a mistake. You know how emphatically Gita teaches the immortality of the soul. I will give you the teachings of Srimat Bhagavat : death is nothing but the separation of the subtle from the gross body. Soul is distinct from body. It is pure light, or spirit, devoid of the qualities of matter. It is cause ; the creator of the *nonego*. It can go wherever it pleases, and wherever it goes it sees with full light. If one while in flesh can know the soul, he is free from the bondage of the body. Soul is immortal free from partial views, pure, all-knowing, single, and unconnected. The phases of the moon do not represent the actual condition of the moon itself ; so, when to earthly sense it may appear the soul does not exist, this appearance of non-existence is due to the state of the body, and not to an absence of soul. As long as this bodily supremacy exists, our state is phenomenal, and the soul is fettered, and while thus fettered, we manifest a fear of God. Grief, joy, fear, anger, greed, darkness, birth and death do not belong to the soul."

Anyeshan was grateful for this instruction, and, thanking him for having imparted it, took leave of his instructor.

CHAPTER VI.

ANYESHAN HAS NEW THOUGHTS ON THE SOUL, AND HEARS THE VOICE OF HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT.

It is noon. The sun shines with great power. The cowherds go for their cattle grazing in the field and put them at work, ploughing deep the hard soil. Soon these cattle become exhausted by their labours, and are thirsty for want of water. Yet the plough-men do not heed this, but compel them to work on. Thus greed induces man to be cruel to the dumb creation. There is no shade of any extent in the field, though here and there is to be seen a single tree. On one side of the field a shepherd is leading a flock of sheep, and, from another side, a herd of buffaloes are rushing with great speed. Clumps of decayed trees are seen at various points of this field on the broken branches of which numerous sparrows and other small birds, in quest of flies and

blades of corn, chirp their simple notes. The shepherd, to relieve his exhaustion, incident to the heat and fatigue of the day, chants songs in wild, monotonous tones. There was a tank on the north of the field, and on its bank a *bakul* and *kadamba* tree, whose broad and shading foliage gave shelter to travellers weary of their journey. Anyeshan seated himself within the shade of these trees and was engaged in the following meditations :—

“ Many of my friends and relatives have gone to the next world. But where is that world? What state do you reach after death? No answer to this momentous inquiry comes to us from Socrates, Plato, Christ, Paul, Vyas or Upanishad.

“ Paul says, when the natural body dies, we have the spiritual body. The Hindu psychologist tells us that when the gross body is gone, we have the *linga sarira*. But how are we to be assured of this? The cremation of the lady I have seen, clearly proves that the soul or spirit is distinct from the body, because the suffering it endured did not trouble her. The *yogis* show similar freedom from whatever the body may undergo,—If it be lacerated it gives them no pain. Mesmerism and clairvoyance render the body insensible, and, freeing the soul from the bondage of flesh, enable it to reveal startling truths. What Baistab said has deep meaning: the soul has wonderful powers. If the soul can be known, then we enjoy a blessed life; we know God clearly; we know what is to be our destiny in the next world, and what we should do in this. But this most desirable attainment is only vouchsafed to those who meditate deeply on God.

“ The worship of God, through the soul, is the most desirable, but at the same time the most difficult. What we see, hear and do, is all shadowy and fleeting; the soul is replete with what is real and enduring. Our prayers are, therefore, coming as they do from the soul, more or less natural. The soul does not really rest on God until it ceases to be controlled by externalism. What is being done religiously in different countries may result from or produce a species of internal exercise, and in that respect prove serviceable to the worshipper. I do not decry or seek to under-rate any sect. Either now or in due time it must improve. But our duty is to ascertain by that method by what exercise we can attain to a state best fitted for the divine worship. This can only be done by close and deep meditation on God.

In this country monotheism prevailed from remote times. Rammohun Roy worked diligently to draw the attention of his countrymen to the worship of one God. His teaching was as follows: 'The worshippers should not be afraid of aught but the all-pervading and spiritual God' His instruction, as it related to the next world, is unimportant. 'If it be determined that there is no world to come, all earthly society will be at an end' Those who have followed him are greater appreciators of spiritualism.

While engaged in this meditation, Anyeshan saw a light within himself, and found good in everything. To him virtue and vice appeared to belong more to the mind than to the soul, being purely phenomenal. Placing his hand on his eyes, he said:

"What—is this delusion? Perhaps I may feel better after bathing."

Shortly he began to pray, but he was filled with wordly thoughts; he could not dedicate himself to God. With great effort he could tranquilize himself for a short time, but almost immediately his thoughts wandered. This brought to him a feeling of disappointment, and he said:

"It is impossible. Druba, Prolad, Kapila, and Jarabharut could keep themselves in one unchangeable state. How can I follow them?"

While thus agitated, he heard the affectionate words of his father's spirit,—

"Anu! do not be discouraged! Your aim is uncommon. You will succeed by incessant application. Cease not to pray."

Anyeshan looked around, but could see no one. Grief for his father began to flow, and remembrances of him came fast gathering in his mind. But grief, pain, and joy are of short duration. Soon grief passed away, and he was restored to his former state.

CHAPTER VII.

PATIBHAVINI'S ARRIVAL AT BHABANI BABU'S HOUSE AT BHADRAPURA AND HER ACCOUNT.

The zenana of Bhabani Babu is lovely. His wife, daughter and daughters-in-law are full of noble thoughts, and active in whatever is holy and calculated to exalt human nature. After

breakfast they were all seated together, when suddenly a young girl, clothed in rags and of sorrowful countenance, appeared before them. The lady of the house enquired of her who she was and what had brought her there. She replied that she wanted time to relate her whole story. Whereupon the lady, observing her bright, intelligent face, caused her to be seated comfortably beside her; and the girl, encouraged by her hospitable reception, related her story as follows:—

“Mother! I am the daughter of a Brahman who possessed great property. He taught me ethics and religion. At the age of fifteen I was married to an excellent young man. Although he was rich, I placed higher value on his noble character than on his wealth, and I gave him all the love my soul was capable of bestowing. He always told me he was deeply sensible of my love for him, but, in order to intensify our love, we must devote our souls to God. ‘For,’ said he, ‘the relationship of the husband with the wife is purely earthly and perishable, but to make it spiritual the two must be spiritually united. Without this spiritual union marriage is no marriage, for the object of true marriage is for the elevation and purification of our souls, and not for the gratification of our carnal desires, which is applicable only to the brute creation.

“This instruction deepened my love for my husband, and I looked upon him as my spiritual guide. I was sometimes overpowered by my love and reverence for him, and prostrated myself at his feet, unable to check my flowing tears. He often at such times took me by the arm, and, with eyes raised devotionally and hands folded, would say: ‘May the love and reverence you are expressing be the means of developing your soul and bringing you to a higher life.’

“There are many husbands who love their wives from selfish motives. The Hindu Shashtra enjoins that wives, although ill-treated, should never slight their husbands, but unselfishly live for their happiness. Although the wife is not led to love by pursuing this course, and although unselfishness, however practised, is conducive to the elevation of the soul, my husband never for a moment loved me for his own happiness, or for a gratification of his love of supremacy.

"Overawed by his spiritual nature, I desired only to reciprocate views on spiritual advancement with him, and follow him so far as I could. My father and mother, and the father and mother of my husband, all died. Dissensions among kinsmen arose. My husband could not hold the property that by right was his own, for he found that, unless forgery, perjury, and venality were restored to, he could not cope with his antagonists. He therefore gave up all his property in despair.

"Poverty is the best test of the integrity of the soul. Occasionally he was melancholy, but generally he was full of equanimity. He left the old homestead and rented a small hut. I had a son and a daughter whom I could not rear as I would for lack of means to do so. The locality in which we lived was thronged with beggars, and it was difficult to get anything by a resort to asking alms. But, God be thanked, our wants were sometimes marvellously supplied! When we had not a *covvie* in hand, food was suddenly brought to the hut by some unknown friend. Who can fathom the mysteries of Providence?

"I noticed a change in my husband. Formerly he used to pray, filled with a spirit of reverence. Now, he looked closely into his own soul, and said; 'Ah! I am yet far from being a true worshipper.' He was absent one evening. The hut caught fire. My son and daughter, who were sleeping within it, perished in the flames that destroyed our home and its contents. I had gone out to an adjoining tank, and on my return I beheld the calamity that had befallen us. Overwhelmed with grief, I fell down. I had to perform, unaided, the funeral ceremony of my two children, who had been my hope and solace amid all our misfortune. I searched for my husband, but failed to find him, and was told that, having been informed of the destruction of his home, and wife, and children, he had left the country, fully resigned to the affliction.

"I have from that time continued my search, and have made diligent inquiry for him in many places, but without success. I became despairing, and thought my life not worth retaining. In my desperation I concluded that, if I could not have my husband, I would consign myself to fire, or plunge into water, and so, as I thought, end my misery. I soon, however, passed out of this deplorable state, and have since been travelling, and have learned

that we can preserve our purity and holiness by the exercise of a strong will, a determination that, whatever may happen, we will cleave to what is godly. All I know is my God and my husband. I find no happiness in aught else. Although young and of high extraction, and travelling alone, with seemingly, no responsibility for others, my condition is far from desirable. My mind is continually restless, and whatever I do is done from a want of tranquillity. I am worn and weary in my long search. I am restless, and have come for rest."

The lady of the house having heard this narrative, burst into tears, and said :

"Dear daughter! you have shed lustre on your sex. May God grant your prayer! But be tranquil. You know the nature and disposition of your husband. Make inquiry in those places where he would be most inclined to resort. I think he must be engaged in some devotional work."

"Mother," said the girl, "my husband's name is Anyeshan Chandra, and my name is Patibhavini.*"

The mention of the name caused the young ladies who were present to exchange glances, and brought sweet complacent smiles to their pleasing faces.

"Dear daughter," said the lady, "your name is expressive of your nature. Stay for a few days with us, for the pure spirituality so conspicuous in you will be elevating to ourselves."

"Mother! you speak from the promptings of your own kind feelings. I am an unfortunate girl, overcome by grief, and know not where to go or what to do."

"But the excessive restlessness to which you have been subject will pass away, and repose and tranquillity will ensue," remarked the lady. "Put all your thoughts on God and you will find rest."

CHAPTER VIII.

A COMPANY OF BRAHMANS MEET AT JEKO BABU'S HOUSE— CONVERSATION WITH HIS WIFE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

There was a feast being held at the house of Jeko Babu, and the sound of hilarity was loud and boisterous. It was given in celebration of a ceremony observed by Jeko's wife, who was fast-

* Husband-loving.

ing with the intention of taking her meal after the Brahmans were fed. By some chance, Babu Sahib happened to come in and, seeing the Brahmans feasting and enjoying his friend's hospitality, cried out: "Ignorant Bengalis! Ignorant Bengalis!" and passed hastily into the drawing-room. Jeko Babu, whose pride and conceit were exhibited on every possible occasion and in everything—in learning, pedigree, wealth, and standing in society—said to Babu Sahib:

"Friend, what you see is mere mockery. I have no faith in ceremonies, but for the preservation of our respectability and to maintain our position in good society, I am constrained to spend my money in this way."

"If may be so," said Babu Sahib, "but such a course is contrary to your conviction. The Europeans do not behave thus. If you would bring your wife to your way of thinking, you must cease to encourage her in the observance of such vain ceremonies."

"I have done my best," replied Jeko, "to convince my wife of the vanity, and hence uselessness, of such a course, but she will not be persuaded to relinquish it. Will you kindly oblige me by using your influence to bring her to see the better way?"

Babu Sahib consented, and Sarala, the wife of Jeko Babu, was sent for. Upon entering the room, Jeko, addressing her, said, "My friend wishes to speak to you; will you listen?" To which remark Sarala responded, "I am not so highly educated as Babu Sahib, therefore, for any instruction what he may give, I shall be truly grateful for."

Babu Sahib.—Why do you perform these ceremonies? They are not of any value, neither do they benefit yourself or others. Look at the English women. They do not do these things."

Sarala.—"The English women are of Christian persuasion and act according to their faith. We do as we have been taught. These ceremonies and rites, these fastings and religious observances, are processes of purification calculated to elevate our souls and prepare us for entering the world to come. The theory may be imperfect, but the *practice* leads us into a condition of spirituality. The constant meditation on God, and the world to which he designs us to go, removes the veil from our spiritual vision. We believe in a life to come, and act accordingly. You

have no faith in God, or in another and higher life, hence you set no value on these practices. To look upon these bodies as all we possess, and to consider that when they die is the end of us, is mere animalism, and makes us no better than a clod. We seek and love those exercises that tend to emancipate the soul from the thralldom of earthly bondage. Our aim is to realize, while on earth, that there is a heaven, and the ceremonies and observances which you condemn are, to us, a method by which we in some measure obtain that realization. It is immaterial what the form of exercise is, provided the purpose is the same, and if others differ from us in the form, I do not object."

"From what I know of my sex, they are thoroughly spiritual. As a proof of this, see how they sacrifice their lives to their faith, burning their bodies with those of their dead husbands, or leading an austere life during their widowhood. Spiritualism is not, however, confined to any nation or country, but it comes to all people, at all times, and in all places, if the proper means are adopted; and those consist in close meditation on God and the spiritual world, deep inward exercises of soul that lead to purification. It is a mistake to think that Hindu women are deluded, and ignorant of the principles of a true spiritual life, or that they live in idle seclusion. They are free to go where they like. In ancient times they appeared in *Savas* (public meetings) and in theatres, and often went on shooting excursions. Woman was the companion of man in mourning, rejoicing, in prosperity and adversity. Whether at home or abroad, and in whatever we do, we are religious and never without the thought of God. I have received a great deal of instruction from my husband on natural philosophy, which I have thought upon in connection with Divine Providence. I now pray that you may both receive divine grace."

CHAPTER IX.

ANYESHAN SOLILOQUISES—RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS WIFE

—THE SPIRIT OF HIS FATHER APPEARS TO HIM,
AND HE HEARS A SPIRIT VOICE.

"I am yet discomposed, restless, uneasy. The little tranquillity I possessed has left me. The pure words of my father's spirit filled my heart with love and veneration for his memory. If the

voice I heard was in reality *his* voice, then to me is the immortality of the soul incontestably established. The recollection of my father naturally suggests the recollection of my wife and children. It is, indeed, difficult to rise above grief while in the flesh."

He tried to compose and console himself, but, found that his thoughts did not rise above the world of sense, for he shed tears like raindrops, more especially when a remembrance of the excellences of his dear wife came rushing into his mind. At length, completely exhausted and helpless, he reclined on the trunk of a fallen tree. He was without food. The sun was slowly sinking, and, as it did so, its effulgent rays spanned the heavens with golden belts, the whole sky appearing as a canopy of more than earthly splendour and magnificence.

As hope, when most sanguine, meets, with the greatest disappointment, so a period of exhaustion is followed by the greatest inclination for rest.

He became drowsy, and had just closed his eyes, when he was aroused by a strange, yet powerful, magnetic force, and beheld the serene countenance of his father, surrounded by a halo of pure, spiritual light. The eyes, beaming with love, gazed with affection on him, and as grief became displaced by a passing fear at the unexpected vision, the spirit-face vanished from his sight.

Anyeshan endeavoured to compose his mind.

"What I have seen is wonderful. But may not that which appeared to my sight have been caused by an over-worked and excited brain? If, indeed, I beheld the spirit of my father, then I must see the spirit of my wife, as she is never absent from my thoughts.

While thus musing he heard a voice, "*She is alive,*" at which he was again startled, and, closing his eyes, he began to think intensely of God and the spirit world.

After meditation and prayer his mind reverted to his wife.

"If she be alive, where can she be? I was credibly informed that she was burned with the children. Whatever is God's will must be fulfilled."

CHAPTER X.

CONVERSATION ON THE SOUL.

It was delightful evening. Lalbujhakar was walking, as was his custom, meditatively in the field. A number of boys following began to pester him with sneers and jokes.

Some said, "We hear you can call spirits. Can you?" Others, "Look at the palms of our hands, and tell us how long we are to live." Others, "We are in a quarrel with So-and-so; can you bring about a reconciliation by charms?"

Vexed at such questions, and by their laughter and jeers, Lalbujhakar turned back to beat the boys. But they were far more active than he, and soon he took themselves to a safe distance.

Not far from where this occurred, Babu Sahib and Jeko Babu were walking, intently conversing on abstruse sciences. Seeing Anyeshan, they approached, and addressing him said, "Are you a Soulist, and can you invoke spirits? Is a Soulist superior to a Mussulman, Christian and Brahmo? If the soul exists, can it not be proved?"

Anyeshan replied in a quiet way, "I believe in the soul. He who would fully satisfy himself of its existence, must experience its separation from the body. Unless one feels the individuality of the soul and realises its capability of being independent of the body, he cannot positively be sure of its existence."

Jeko Babu.—You then profess to be yourself a soul. That's an insane idea. Pray tell me, have you had your brain examined by a doctor?

Babu Sahib.—Ignorant Bengalis! Ignorant Bengalis! I find that my countrymen addict themselves to everything marvellous, and pay no attention to anything exact. Science is the rule by which to prove all things. That which does not harmonize with the laws of exact science, cannot be true. (Turning to and addressing Anyeshan),—Do you believe in God? What sect do you belong to?

Anyeshan.—Till we know what the soul is, we cannot know what God is.

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AVEDI OR THE SPIRITUALIST:
A SPIRITUAL TALE.

(II.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE THOUGHTS AND JOURNEY OF PATIBHAVINI, AND HER
CLAIRVOYANT STATE.

The powers of the soul are wonderful. The more they are developed, the greater is our elevation. Patibhavini feeling the pangs of separation from her husband, was travelling that she might possibly find him, or, by change of location, allay in some degree her great sorrow. Although she was young, and the beauty of her finely developed and graceful form and the roseate hue of her complexion were remarkable, yet the loveliness of her soul, so conspicuous in her countenance, impressed every one with a conviction of her angelic nature.

It was a dark night. The hum of beetles was unceasing. The birds, lodged on the trees, were impatiently shaking their wings; jackals were howling, and ploughmen, with *lukas* in hand, were moving on singing to relieve the tedium of their journey. The tide of pedestrians was ebbing fast. Darkness was rapidly thickening.

Patibhavini, "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," remained undaunted. She realized that the strength of the soul is the strength of God. She relinquished all that was external, and

fixed her mind intently on her inward spiritual life. She sat on the side of a rude, dilapidated hut, and there her deep and intense contemplation of God caused her to become clairvoyant.

She was filled with internal light. She saw where her husband was, what he was doing, and what would be his ultimate spiritual gain. She had no hunger, no thirst, no desire to sleep. Stillness, peace, tranquillity, dwelt supremely within her, and she became sensible why her husband had been so devoted to spiritualism.

"I now know," said she to herself, "where to go, where and when I will meet him. My present duty is to remain in a certain place and elevate myself, that I may become the true wife of such a husband. Our relationship is not of the body but of the soul."

CHAPTER XII.

ANYESHAN'S SPIRITUAL EXERCISES—A DISCUSSION BETWEEN A CHRISTIAN AND A BRAHMO.

Anyeshan was again near the tank, engaged in the exercises of the soul. The place was solitary, but he felt that the exercise was not being properly made. He was aiming at equanimity, but it was of short duration. Till the soul can control the brain, there is no end of variableness, either from external or internal causes. Meditation on God is, no doubt, the best means of soul-culture; but, while meditating, the will-force should be employed for the exhaustion of the brain-life, and the evolution of the soul-power, which increases as the brain-life is deadened. While Anyeshan was considering the method of soul-development, there came a Christian, a Conservative Brahmo, and a Progressive Brahmo.

Christian.—What the Brahmos are doing is but a transcript of what we have been doing. Their Somaj is like our Church—their *Brahma-dharma* is an imitation of our Bible. Formerly, they declared that the Vedas were revealed. This claim has been given up, and they have substituted the Brahma-dharma, compiled from the Upanishads, Puranas and Tantras. But the Brahma-dharma cannot be ranked with the Bible, which is a revelation from God, while the former is only a human compilation.

Progressive Brahmo.—We are preparing an elaborate Brahma-dharma. We are following the lead of our own inspirations

Christian.—This is very good; but how are you to be saved? You admit there is a heaven and a hell, rewards and punishments, and that the soul is immortal. How can you have salvation until you believe in Christ? For the good of mankind, he died a bleeding victim. His love is boundless. He is the Son of God.

Progressive Brahmo.—We think highly of Christ. We have special prayers on Christmas and Good Friday.

Christian.—I am delighted to hear this. May Christ save you!

Conservative Brahmo.—We think of and pray to God, and act and live according to the light we have. Our whole strength dwells in our prayer.

CHAPTER XIII.

POPULAR EDUCATION—A CONVERSATION BETWEEN BABU SAHIB AND JEKO BABU.

Babu Sahib.—I hear the missionaries are making great ado about popular education. If the lower classes became educated, we shall have no one to serve us.

Jeko Babu.—Owing to the progress of Brahmoism, the converts to Christianity are reduced to almost none at all, and respectable Hindus have become wide-awake. The missionaries are, therefore, labouring more especially with the lower orders, who, being ignorant, are easily entrapped.

Babu Sahib.—Never mind. Is it proper to educate the lower orders?

Jeko Babu.—In consequence of the increased cultivation of the soil, we cannot get servants, and wages have risen. If you educate the lower orders, they will become scarce. If the country is to be enlightened, the higher and middling classes must be educated first. From them filtration will descend to the lower classes. The education of the lower orders of people does not prevail in England, although it does in Prussia.

Babu Sahib.—I once entertained the same opinion, but intercourse with intelligent Europeans has modified it. I confess that in this matter we are too much influenced by selfishness. There can be no doubt that education will ameliorate the condition of

those classes, and must, therefore, conduce to the welfare of the whole country. A general diffusion of knowledge cannot but lead to good results. In Europe, wherever intelligence prevails, good predominates. It is not right that, because a person happens to be poor, he should therefore, be considered a slave. Men belonging to lower orders may rise to eminence by the force of intellect. Pre-eminence is attained by talent, and not by birth or station.

CHAPTER XIV.

PATIBHAVINI'S JOURNEY.

Patibhavini became tranquil after the light she received. She left the place early in the morning, and at noon came to a garden, where she bathed and prayed. Not a single person could be seen there. It was full of flowers of varied hues, and trees loaded with luscious fruits.

The next day she reached a Brahman's house, where *Durga Pujah* was being celebrated. Early in the morning the Brahman ladies had arisen and prepared and cooked great quantities of eatables for the poor, the blind, the lame and disabled. They were now offering flowers, mixed with sandal, in a devotional spirit. Patibhavini, who had not been brought up as an idolatress, was delighted at the benevolence and devotion of the Brahman ladies. From thence she went to the cottage of an *Acharya*, or Jan* (clairvoyant). He was seated on a carpet, and was revealing, according to horoscopes, the astral influences to which persons who had consulted him would be subject, and to others imparting information relative to the objects of their visits. Patibhavini approached him, when he, addressing her, said, "Please take the name of a flower or river." She did so, and the Jan, looking at her, instantly said :

"Mother, you are an illustrious and exemplary lady. Your most interior thought is regarding your husband, and you shall see him."

Taking leave of him, Patibhavini next arrived at the house of a *Brahmani*, where she experienced genuine hospitality. The

* In Bengal we have Clairvoyants under this name, who foretell future events and give directions for the recovery of stolen property.

Brahmani, finding her highly exalted, began to open her mind. She said : " My husband is not attached to me, and for that reason I am very unhappy."

Patibhavini replied to her : " The connecting tie between a wife and husband is divine worship. When the two souls are united in the conception of God, the union is firmly established. The spiritual basis is stronger than adamant, and the closer the union, the more intense is the spiritual love. Without such union, conjugal love is ephemeral and not lasting. Draw your husband into the worship of God with yourself, and that will unite you more strongly than anything earthly."

CHAPTER XV.

ANYESHAN LISTENS TO DIFFERENT PRAYERS, THINKS ON THE SOUL, AND HEARS THE VOICE OF HIS SPIRIT-FATHER.

On Sunday the Church was opened. The clergyman, attired in priestly robes, entered the pulpit and commenced the reading of the Bible. He then delivered a sermon, and prayed that the Christian religion might spread from one end of India to the other. The sermon no doubt produced a healthy influence on the congregation.

The next day there was a service at the Brahmo Somaj. The *Acharya* prayed that the flag of Brahmoism might wave throughout India.

On the day following there was a service at the Progressive Brahmo Somaj, at which prayers were made, imploring that the doctrines inculcated might be diffused everywhere and become the faith of the people.

Anyeshan was led to think on all he had heard, and to reflect that every sect has a creed according to its belief, and naturally prays for its extension. But which creed shall prosper ?

" I feel," said he, " that I am disturbed by streams of divine thoughts, and that my inner vision is not serene. My mind is occupied with recollections of my wife. Although she is admirable and excellent in every respect, yet I desire to live a purely spiritual life."

In the midst of these reflections he again beheld the smiling and hallowed face of his father, and heard his voice saying :

"Avedi is on the top of the Ramna Mountain. Go to him and acquire substantial knowledge."

A moment after, the spiritual face disappeared.

Anyeshan, overpowered by grief at its sudden departure, fell down and prayed that he might see the face of his father again. But in vain. It came not, and he lay prostrate and motionless, thinking of his father and his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF JEKO BABU'S ELDEST SON—CHANGE IN HIS VIEWS— INSTRUCTIONS OF ANYESHAN—OTHER EVENTS.

Jeko Babu's house was filled with gloom. His eldest son was dying. The body had become quite cold. The pulse had no perceptible beat, and there was no indication of life remaining. Sarala was endeavouring to console herself by thinking of God, but, observing that the life of her son was fast ebbing away, she became overwhelmed with grief. In a few moments the eyes of the young man became fixed, and the spirit departed.

The mother repeatedly kissed the motionless features, and the father became sadly disconsolate.

The next morning, when Babu Sahib came, Jeko said to him, "Last night I passed the hours tossing restlessly upon my bed. As morning approached, I fell into a light doze, during which my son appeared to me and said, 'Father, since leaving my body, I am happy.' Was that not wonderful?"

Babu Sahib reflected for a moment, and then replied, "That was either a dream or a delirium of the brain. Unless I have better proof, I cannot accept what you say as having any value. I am aware that in every country Spiritualism is attracting general attention, and that many are becoming convinced that it is true; but I look upon it as delusion."

Jeko Babu.—Although I am an Atheist, the mere thought of God in an hour like this alleviates my grief. How do you account for that?

Babu Sahib.—That I can easily account for. One impression or idea is removable by another.

Jeko Babu.—But is not the thought of God consoling?

Babu Sahib.—That I do not know. Ask the Soulist.

Saying this, he departed.

Although Anyeshan was held in contempt by Jeko, he did not hesitate to call upon him and to do what he could to soothe his troubled mind. Grief places us in a state in which the person subjected to it requires delicate and thoughtful treatment. Anyeshan gradually impressed his weeping friend of the truth of the immortality of the soul, and its development through the process of pain, that is, grief, disappointment, and affliction. It is customary for friends to call once or twice on those who suffer bereavement, but there are few who pour oil over the wounded heart with no other motive than the love of doing good.

Anyeshan was regular in his visits to Jeko Babu, whose materialistic proclivities began to diminish, and the bright example of his consoling friend aroused him to spirituality.

At one time, as he was passing home, he met Babu Sahib, who asked, "Well, is our friend Jeko a Soulist? For my part I never receive anything on trust. It is not proper that we should weep like women. If we give way to grief, we are in a fair way to lose our senses."

One morning Babu Sahib was sitting comfortably and reading a newspaper, when a dâk peon delivered him a letter, the perusal of which caused him to burst into tears. It announced the death of his brother at Lahore. "Oh, dear brother," exclaimed he, "I shall never see you again!"

Affliction is the best teacher. Nothing else shakes us so much. Nothing else acts so powerfully on our sensuous nature. Under its awakening influence Babu Sahib began to read works on Spiritualism, and he and Jeko Babu often met. They were both under a cloud; both afflicted by the visitation of death. Their predominant thought was, "Is soul immortal? Is it possible to communicate with the spirits of our departed friends? If it be so, then death has no sting; it is the means of passing to a higher life."

Shortly after, Jeko Babu died. Babu Sahib, having an affection for his wife, proposed to marry her, but his offer was indignantly rejected, for the lady abhorred the idea of the marriage of widows. Babu Sahib took his rejection sadly to heart, and ere long he also passed to the unseen world. Lalbujhakar, who was a plausible man, but unclean within, was imprisoned for some fraud committed by him.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANYESHAN LEARNS YOGA FROM YOGIS, AND MEETS HIS WIFE.

Anyeshan left Pingala, and, after travelling in many places, arrived at the banks of the Godavari. He there saw a huge religious *ficus*, beneath whose shade were seated a number of yogis, covered with ashes, their long tresses hanging about their shoulders, and their eyes closed, intently engaged in different exercises of the Yoga, inhaling the breath, retaining for a long time, and thus gaining mastery over the natural life.

When the Yoga was over, they observed the stranger, and were favorably impressed with his appearance and manner. They had gradually learned how to conduct their exercises in different ways. The yogis did not value what was external, but applied their studies to whatever tended to emancipate the soul. This, and this alone, formed the subject of their conversation, meditation, and religious exercises.

One day they inquired of Anyeshan whether he knew of an extraordinary Bengali lady who had been with them for some time, but who was then living with some pious ladies in an *asram* (asylum). He replied that he did not know her, and said to them :

“There are many souls thirsting for God, and if the lady you speak of possesses an unusual thirst, she must be indeed an extraordinary person.”

Thinking he would have to go to Ramna Mountain, Anyeshan took leave of the Yogis, who placed their fingers, with long nails, on his head, and showered a multitude of blessings upon him, while he knelt down and made deepfelt obeisances. After two days he came in sight of an *asram*, and the blue summit of a mountain at no great distance. While passing by, he thought it would be desirable for him to visit this asylum, as some holy women lived there. He therefore entered it, and beheld a number of Hindustani, Marhatta, Surastra and Magadha ladies, dressed in their usual costume, engaged in meditation. In the midst of them was a Bengali lady, clad in a red sari, wearing bangles on her hand, intent on *Samadhi*. Though reduced by fasting, her soul-force was plainly visible in her countenance. Her tresses were uncombed, and the end of her *sari*, or *anchal*, was twined

around her neck as a mark of devotion. Her face was charming; a sweet smile playing over it expressive of the godliness within. All the Yoginis around her left the room after the conclusion of the meditation.

Anyeshan, sitting before her, began to look at her more closely. The sun was setting. Its variegated rays, coming through the window, fell on the lady's face and caused it to appear entrancingly beautiful; but this external charm was surpassed by the unfading and eternal splendour of her soul.

"Who can the lady be?" questioned Anyeshan of himself. "Young and charming as a champa* flower—the very picture of beauty, but totally devoid of all that is earthly."

At the expiration of an hour, the lady opened her eyes. She beheld before her a man of tranquil appearance, having long hair and a ragged beard, seated in an easy posture and gazing at her. The eyes express what is within. The lady and the man were intensely looking at each other. Recollection, comparison, and deep thought were appealed to, but in vain, after which the lady smiled, lowered the covering of her head, and burst into tears.

Anyeshan asked, "Lady, who are you, and where is your home?" Anyeshan stared.

The lady replied, "My name is Patibhavini, and your heart is my home."

Anyeshan placed his arm around her neck and said, "My dearest, do not weep; to weep is not spiritual."

She responded, "I am aware that weeping is earthly, but I cannot overcome it, as I see you whom I thought I would never see again."

At last they ceased speaking, and there was a thorough communion of their souls, like the union of two disembodied spirits. There was nothing phenomenal; no grief, no joy, no sorrow. These states were all supplanted by the soul-state—a watchful penetration of each other's soul to ascertain whether the two were on the same plane.

In the morning that followed, Anveshan was introduced to all the yoginis. The lady, addressing them, said: "To-morrow I leave this place with my husband."

* A yellow and fragrant flower.

The yoginis were grieved to hear this. "Mother," they said, "if you leave us, from whom are we to get honied instruction?"

"Daughters, you are kind to think of me so affectionately. My soul is with yours, as I see you are free from what is sensuous. In what words of affection shall I express myself? My earnest prayer is that you be absorbed in God. One intense contemplation increases the duration of the next contemplation, and if this be repeated several times daily, you gain mastery over matter. When we reach the soul-state, all that is material, all that is earthly, all that is special, is effaced, because the soul-state is the universal state. Look at me and my husband. We are husband and wife, but we aim at the happiness, not of the body or of the senses, but of the soul. We feed our thoughts on what is immortal—eternal. We think of what will live, progress and prosper in the realms of the eternal kingdom, and prepare ourselves to think on those celestial conditions that are replete with the brightness and the glory of God."

Patibhavini having ceased to speak, the yoginis proposed that they should all pray together. They accordingly sat down, Patibhavini and Anyeshan being seated together. They were all rapt in contemplation, enjoying the brightness of their souls, and thinking it impossible that they could be disturbed by any external cause, when a drunken man entered the room and began to make great noise: "Lo! here is a serpent! there is a tiger!" which annoyed the yoginis very much; but Patibhavini and her husband remained unmoved. When the prayers were over, the yoginis acknowledged their want of true spiritual culture to a degree that was requisite to enable them to remain undisturbed by external causes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANYESHAN AND PATIBHAVINI SEE AVEDI, OBTAIN FROM HIM HIS IDEAS OF THE SOUL, AND HEAR AN ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN ADVANCEMENT.

The Ramna Mountain is very high, and the road to it is very hazardous. Anyeshan took his wife by the hand, and led her over the difficult way. Occasionally they became weary, and seating themselves under a tree rested, and drank water from the

fountains. After three day's journey they arrived at the house of Avedi, where they were kindly received and hospitably entertained.

Avedi said he was fully aware of the object of their visit, and that he would proceed to state his views, which he did, as follows :

"The existence of the soul, its separation from the body, and its immortality, are ascertainable by spiritual exercises. The soul is fettered or free. So long as we are under the dominion of the mind, we are fettered, and phenomenal states are the result of our condition. The power of the fettered soul is limited. It creates special creeds, special belief, special evil and good, special virtue and vice, special prayers, special salvation, special heaven and hell, special attributes of God, special commandments of God. The knowledge obtainable from a fettered soul is, indeed, very poor and imperfect, because it judges of God by human attributes. As long as the soul is not free, it cannot be disconnected with what is material, what is emotional, and hence cannot obtain a true knowledge of God. The soul free does not experience phenomenal states; no joy, no grief, no hope, no fears; it felicitates within itself; it finds good in everything. It is, indeed, difficult to emancipate the soul in flesh. Thank God, I have obtained this freedom. What I know I know through my non-phenomenal soul, and not through my senses."

Anyeshan requested him to state by what means he arrived at the soul-state.

Avedi continued :

"We lived in Bhadrapura. I used to read in a *patshala* (village school), where I studied the lives of Dhruba and Prahlad,* and felt reverence for holiness. The great inquiry of my mind was, 'How can I be like them'? My father was wealthy, and performed many pujas. When I offered flowers at the feet of the idols, I prayed that I might become like Dhruba and Prahlad. This state of feeling was not continuous. At times I was jovial. When I gave gifts to the poor I was sometimes moved by compassion, sometimes by pride. We had the stories of the Puranas related by a *Kathak*.† I sometimes wept over, sometimes meditated on, what I then heard. There was a missionary school in the

* Two saints.

village, where I read several books, and also the Bible. From the Kathak I had heard frightful accounts of the hell, and what he said operated powerfully upon my fears. The *padri* now intensified my fears, by teaching that If I did not believe in Christ, who died to save sinners, I would suffer eternal hell-torments, and, unless Christ interceded, I would never be forgiven by God. While reclining on my bed, thoughts of these things terrified me beyond the power of words to relate, and occasionally I thought of embracing Christianity. I used to read the Darsanas, Puranas, Tantras and Upanishads. Certain parts of the Upanishads, Gita and the Srimat Bhagavat appeared more sublime than the Bible.

"About this time I was married. My wife cordially co-operated with me in the acquisition of divine knowledge. I communicated to her what I knew, and we used to exchange our ideas in a quite way. My father died. The whole care of the family came on me. I inquired after the property, and found he had granted large loans to persons who were unable to repay. We had only a lackraj grant (rent free), on the profits of which we all lived. Finding that it was good property, a neighbouring *semindar* (landlord) sought to dispossess me of it, and succeeded in doing so. When I instituted a suit for the purpose of recovering it, I was ordered to produce the bill of sale. I searched for it everywhere, but could not find it. At night, while I was asleep, the spirit of my father appeared to me, and said that the document had been deposited in the Court as a collateral security. He further said that the period it was to remain there was over, and that it would be returned on application.

"I was startled. I got up, looked around, but could see no one. I was glad that the required document would be forthcoming, but my grief for the loss of my father revived, and I was disturbed and sorrowful. I obtained the document from the Court, as I had been so strangely informed that I would.

"Subsequently, any thoughts dwelt constantly on the dream, and I read a great many books on Spiritualism, but it was not clear to me how the soul-state could be obtained. I attended

† Kathaks are a class of Purana tellers who relate and sing. They are listened to by all classes of the people.

many circles for communication with spirits. I saw chairs, tables, and other objects lifted and moved by an unseen agency. Ink, pens, and paper being placed on the table, some medium wrote against his will, and satisfactory answers were given to inquiries made by persons present. Considering these phenomena, I thought they might be wholly or partially fallacious. But whether wholly or partly true, I concluded they came through the senses, and hence did not convey real but merely phenomenal knowledge.

‘ My next train of reflections was—How am I to rise from the objective to the subjective or soul state? How am I to obtain the *one* from the *many*—*unity* from *diversity*? Business took me to Dacca, where I made the acquaintance of many intelligent persons, some of whom were idolators, and some worshippers of the Unseen Power. I heard the prayers of both religionists, and found them to be much the same. The one constructed images with the hand, the other constructed them with the brain; both were moved by fear, and therefore incapable of praying spiritually. It does not follow, because a person is a worshipper of the Unseen Power, he is therefore a spiritual worshipper. With persons of this sect I passed some time. While engaged in prayer, they exhibited several phenomenal states—fear and repentance for sin, they prayed for forgiveness for sins committed, they talked on humility and veneration of the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator; but none of these states produced by divine thoughts or feelings was of long duration.

“ In thinking on the divine attributes, I saw sometimes in my brain a serene, tranquil form. I benefitted, however, by such prayers, but my thirst for divine knowledge increased. I thought that my prayers should be higher. The states induced by those I had been engaged in manifested more or less of goodness, but the same results follow the hearing of dramas or the singing or recital of touching hymns. The inquiry is worthy of consideration—what is a prayer? Can the infinite power be in any way influenced or changed in its purpose by our prayers?

“ The external and internal of our lives are like wife and husband. The internal is educated and elevated by the external. In whatever form we pray, our souls must be more or less influenced. While revolving this idea in my mind, I received a

letter from my wife, stating that my mother had died, and that my eldest son followed her the next day. As a storm sweeps away trees, so an affliction loosens the bondage of the soul; and, as its individualism progresses, the desire for further emancipation increases.

"My wife arrived from Dacca. She appeared quite resigned to the will of God. After some time we had this light: God is the soul of our souls, and until we realize the existence of our souls we can neither take soul-views nor understand God, our mission here or our destiny hereafter. We found that all the sensations, impressions and emotions were non-transmissible to our souls, and while in the soul-state we can clearly see the action and state of the different parts of our body, yea, of every nerve. The connection between the brain and the soul is intimate. But when the soul is free, the brain is thrown into the shade; it ceases to receive impressions refused by the soul, which thinks and acts from the light within. Its connection with the senses also ceases, and, becoming unlimited by their limitations, it lives in a world where limitation as to time and space is unknown—where God is immense power, immense light, immense wisdom.

"I am now free from all earthly ideas as to virtue and vice, heaven and hell. I have further emancipation and individuality to gain, and for it I am constantly striving. I know what will become of me after I die. The divine knowledge is *true life*, which I realize in my soul, but which I can find no expression for in words.

"God Almighty is the great teacher, and the immortal soul is his mirror, reflecting his effulgence and communicating his teachings to us. There is no other Saviour.

"March, brother, from stage to stage. Do not think the stage you arrive at is the last you are to reach, but consider that the more stages you pass, the nearer you are to that where pain and sorrow, fear and doubt, are no more; and that then the eternal sky, with no day or night, but unceasingly radiating with light and beauty, will appear before you. The more you are free from what is earthly, the more rapidly will you progress toward that state which is above the world of sense."

P. C. MITTRA.

REFLECTIONS ON largeness OF MIND.

-mentisque capacius alto

OVID. Met. i. 76.

Of thoughts enlarged, and more exalted mind.

As I was the other day taking a solitary walk in St. Paul's, I indulged my thoughts in the pursuit of a certain analogy between that fabric and the Christian Church in the largest sense. The divine order and economy of the one seemed to be emblematically set forth by the just, plain, and majestic architecture of the other. And as the one consists of a great variety of parts united in the same regular design, according to the truest art, and most exact proportion; so the other contains a decent subordination of members, various sacred institutions, sublime doctrines, and solid precepts of morality, digested into the same design, and with an admirable concurrence tending to one view, the happiness and exaltation of human nature.

In the midst of my contemplation, I beheld a fly upon one of the pillars; and it straightway came into my head, that this same fly was a free-thinker. For it required some comprehension in the eye of the spectator, to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, were inconspicuous, and nothing could appear but small inequalities in the surface of the hewn stone,

* We have here, it is probable, the origin of Thompson's critic-fly, in his charming poem on Summer.

' Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
An inch around, with blind presumption hold,
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.'

which in the view of that insect seemed so many deformed rocks and precipices.

The thoughts of a free-thinker are employed on certain minute particularities of religion, the difficulty of a single text, or the unaccountableness of some step of Providence or point of doctrine to his narrow faculties, without comprehending the scope and design of Christianity, the perfection to which it raiseth human nature, the light it hath shed abroad in the world, and the close connection it hath as well with the good of public societies, as with that of particular persons

This raised in me some reflections on that frame or disposition which is called largeness of mind, its necessity towards forming a true judgment of things, and where the soul is not incurably stunted by nature, what are the likeliest methods to give it enlargement.

It is evident that philosophy doth open and enlarge the mind, by the general views to which men are habituated in that study, and by the contemplation of more numerous and distant objects, than fall within the sphere of mankind in the ordinary pursuits of life. Hence it comes to pass, that philosophers judge of most things very differently from the vulgar. Some instances of this may be seen in the *Thæretus* of Plato, where Socrates makes the following remarks, among others of the like nature.

‘When a philosopher hears ten thousand acres mentioned as a great estate, he looks upon it as an inconsiderable spot, having been used to contemplate the whole globe of earth. Or when he beholds a man elated with the nobility of his race, because he can reckon a series of seven rich ancestors, the philosopher thinks him a stupid ignorant fellow, whose mind cannot reach to a general view of human nature, which would shew him that we have all innumerable ancestors, among whom are crowds of rich and poor, kings and slaves, Greeks and barbarians.’ Thus for Socrates, who was accounted wiser than the rest of the heathens, for notions which approach the nearest to Christianity.

As all parts and branches of philosophy, or speculative knowledge, are useful in this respect, astronomy is peculiarly adapted to remedy a little and narrow spirit. In that science there are good reasons assigned to prove the sun a hundred thousand times bigger than our earth, and the distance of the

stars so prodigious, that a cannon bullet, continuing in its ordinary rapid motion, would not arrive from hence at the nearest of them in the space of a hundred and fifty thousand years. These ideas wonderfully dilate and expand the mind. There is something in the immensity of this distance, that shocks and overwhelms the imagination; it is too big for the grasp of a human intellect: estates, provinces, and kingdoms, vanish at its presence. It were to be wished a certain prince,* who hath encouraged the study of it in his subjects had been himself a proficient in astronomy. This might have shewed him how mean an ambition that was, which terminated in a small part of what is itself but a point, in respect to that part of the universe which lies within our view.

But the Christian religion ennobleth and enlargeth the mind beyond any other profession or science whatsoever. Upon that scheme, while the earth, and the transient enjoyments of this life, shrink into the narrowest dimensions, and are accounted as 'the dust of a balance, the drop of a bucket, yea, less than nothing,' the intellectual world opens wider to our view. The perfections of the Deity, the nature and excellence of virtue, the dignity of the human soul, are displayed in the largest characters. The mind of man seems to adapt itself to the different nature of its objects; it is contracted and debased by being conversant in little and low things, and feels a proportionable enlargement arising from the contemplation of these great and sublime ideas.

The greatness of things is comparative; and this does not only hold, in respect of extension, but likewise in respect of dignity, duration, and all kinds of perfections. Astronomy opens the mind, and alters our judgment, with regard to the magnitude of extended beings; but Christianity produceth an universal greatness of soul. Philosophy increaseth our views in every respect, but Christianity extends them to a degree beyond the light of nature.

How mean must the most exalted potentate upon earth appear to that eye which takes in innumerable orders of blessed spirits differing in glory and perfection! How little must the amusements of sense, and the ordinary occupations of mortal men, seem

to one who is engaged in so noble a pursuit, as the assimilation of himself to the Deity, which is the proper employment of every Christian !

And the improvement which grows from habituating the mind to the comprehensive views of religion must not be thought wholly to regard the understanding. Nothing is of greater force to subdue the inordinate motions of the heart, and to regulate the will. Whether a man be actuated by his passions or his reason, these are first wrought upon by some object which stirs the soul in proportion to its apparent dimensions. Hence irreligious men, whose short prospects are filled with earth, and sense, and mortal life, are invited, by these mean ideas, to actions proportionably little and low. But a mind, whose views are enlightened and extended by religion, is animated to nobler pursuits by more sublime and remote objects.

There is not any instance of weakness in the freethinkers that raises my indignation more, than their pretending to ridicule Christians, as men of narrow understandings, and to pass themselves upon the world for persons of superior sense, and more enlarged views. But I leave it to any impartial man to judge which hath the nobler sentiments, which the greater views ; he whose notions are stinted to a few miserable inlets of sense, or he whose sentiments are raised above the common taste, by the anticipation of those delights which will satiate the soul, when the whole capacity of her nature is branched out into new faculties ? He who looks for nothing beyond this short span of duration, or he whose aims are co-extended with the endless length of eternity ? He who derives his spirit from the elements, or he who thinks it was inspired by the Almighty ?

BERKELEY.

SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE OF THE JAPANESE.

II.

Marriage is contracted early. Everybody must procure wife or husband as the case may be, from families of one's own rank from whatever cities or provinces.

When a youth has fixed his affections upon a maiden of suitable condition, he declares his passion by affixing a branch of a certain shrub to the house of the damsel's parents. If the branch be neglected, suit is rejected; if it be accepted, so is the lover; and if the young lady wishes to express reciprocal tenderness, she forthwith blackens her teeth, but she must not pluck out her eye-brows until the wedding shall have been actually celebrated. When the branch is accepted, in the one case, or the parents have agreed to unite their children, in the other, a certain number of male friends of the bridegroom, and as many female friends of the bride, are appointed marriage-brokers. These persons discuss and arrange the terms of the marriage-contract; and when they have agreed upon these, they carefully select two auspicious days; the first for an interview between the affianced pair, the second for the wedding.

At this stage of the proceedings the bridegroom sends presents as costly as his means will allow to the bride, which she immediately offers to her parents, in acknowledgment of their kindness in her infancy, and of the pains bestowed upon her education. Thus, although a Japanese lady is not subjected to the usual oriental degradation of being purchased of her father by her husband, a handsome daughter is still considered as rather an addition than otherwise to the fortune of the family. The bride is not however, transferred quite empty-handed to her future home. Those given on the occasion of marriage always include a spinning wheel, a loom, and the culinary implements requisite in a Japanese kitchen. The whole of this bridal equipment is conveyed in great state to the bridegroom's house, on the wedding-day, and there exhibited.

Marriage, although a mere civil contract, is consecrated by a priest. This appears to consist in the prayers and benedictions of the priests, accompanied by a formal kindling of bridal torches, the brides from the altar, the bridegroom from hers; after which, the pair are pronounced man and wife.

The bride is attired in white, to typify her purity, and covered from head to foot with a white veil. This veil is her destined shroud, which is assumed at the moment of exchanging a paternal for a conjugal home, in token that the bride is thenceforward dead to her own family, belonging wholly to the husband to whom she is about to be delivered up. In this garb she is seated in a palanquin of the higher class, and carried forth, escorted by the marriage-brokers, by her family, and by the friends bidden to the wedding feast; the men all in their dress of ceremony, the women in their gayest, gold-bordered robes. The procession parades through the greater part of the town, affording an exceedingly pretty spectacle.

The wedding feast is, however, said usually to consist of very simple fare, in honour of the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, which many of the customs still prevalent are designed to commemorate. Three days afterwards the bride and bridegroom pay their respects with lady's family, and the wedding forms are over.

Whether the house in which the young wife is thus domiciliated be her husband's or his father's if yet living, depends upon whether that father has or has not been yet induced, by the vexatious burthens, and restrictions attached to the condition of head of a family, to resign that dignity to his son. These annoyances, increasing with the rank of the parties, are said to be such, that almost every father in Japan, of the higher orders, at best, looks impatiently for the day when he shall have a son of age to take his place, he himself together with his wife and younger children, becoming thenceforward dependants upon that son. And among such a whole nation of Lears, we are assured that no Regans and Gonerils of either sex have ever been known to disgrace human nature.

The life of Japanese ladies and gentlemen however the latter may be thus harassed, is little disturbed by business; even govern-

ment offices, from the number of occupants giving little to do—their time is therefore pretty much divided between the duties of ceremonious politeness and amusement. Amongst the former may be reckoned correspondence, chiefly in notes, and the other making of presents, both which are constantly going on, the last regulated by laws as immutable as are all those governing life in Japan. There are specific occasions upon which the nature of the gifts to be interchanged is invariably fixed; upon others, this is left to the choice of the donor, save and except that a superior must always bestow objects of utility upon an inferior, who must, in return, offer rarities and useless prettiness. Between equals, the value of the gift is immaterial; a couple of quires of paper, or a dozen of eggs, are a very sufficient present, so they be arranged in a beautiful box, tied with silk and placed upon a handsome tray, and accompanied with a knot of coloured paper, emblematic of luck. They must, indeed, be likewise accompanied, as must every present of the least is the greatest value, with a slice of dried fish of coarsest description. This same coarse fish is, moreover, an indispensable dish at the most sumptuous banquets; and though no one expected to eat it, is thus constantly brought under notice in commemoration of the frugality of the Japanese, whose chief food it constituted. Upon one festival day, every body presents a cake to all friends and acquaintance.

• Social intercourse among the Japanese seems at first sight to be entirely governed by ceremony. Two gentlemen meeting in the street must bow low remain for some time in their bowing attitude and part with a similar bow from which they must not straighten themselves so long as, by looking back, they can see each other. In a morning call, the visitor and other visited begin by sitting down on their heels facing each other; then placing their hands on the ground, they simultaneously bow down their heads, as close as possible to their knees. Next follow verbal compliments, answered, on either side by a muttered, "*He, he, he*" then pipes and tea are brought in, and it is not till all this is duly performed, that anything in the nature of conversation may be attempted. The ceremony of a morning call ends by serving up, on a sheet of white paper, confectionary or other dainties, to be eaten with shop-sticks. What he cannot eat, the visitor carefully folds up in paper, and deposits in his pocket-sleeve.

The practice of carrying away what is not eaten is so established a rule of Japanese good breeding, that, at good dinners the guests are expected to bring servants, with baskets properly arranged for receiving the remnants of the feast.

At these entertainments each guest is served with a portion of every dish in a small bowl. Another bowl is placed beside him and kept constantly replenished with rice, whilst the sauces and other condiments, of which, besides soy, are salted ginger and salted fish, are handed round by the servants of both sexes, who are in constant attendance. The viands consist of every kind of vegetables (sea-weeds not excepted), of game, including venison, poultry, and fish. This last, however, is the standing dish at every Japanese table, answering to the English joint of meat. Every species is eaten, down to the very coarsest; the lower orders feasting upon all parts of the whale, even upon the sediment from which the oil has been extracted. But to return to the entertainment.

These banquets usually consist of seven or eight course, during the changing of which the master of the house walks round, drinking a cup of *sakee* with each guest. But the grand object in giving a dinner is said to be less the assembling a cheerful party than the exhibition of the abundance, variety, and magnificence of the China and lackered ware—called by us Japan—possessed by the founder of the feast; and no compliment is so agreeable or flattering to the master or mistress of the house, as admiration of the table-service and enquiries concerning the price of the different articles.

Tea, made in the ordinary way, or boiled in the tea-kettle, is drank at all meals, and indeed all day long, by all classes. But there is another mode of preparing tea, which, on account of its expense, through the various utensils and implements employed in its concoction, all of which Japanese etiquette requires to be ornamental and costly, is wholly confined to the higher ranks, and by them given only upon grand occasions, and in great ceremony. The expense must consist wholly in the splendour of the lackered bowls, silken napkins, &c., without which this tea cannot be offered, since the materials and process, as described, convey us idea of extravagance. The finest kinds of tea are ground to powder, a tea-spoonful of this powder is put into a bowl, boiling water is poured

upon it, and the whole is whipped with split bamboo till it creams. This tea is said to be a very agreeable but very heating beverage.

When company are invited to such a tea-drinking, the room in which they are received must be adorned with a picture of the philosopher and bonze Darona, its inventor, probably a saint. The decoration of a reception-room, according to this and other occasions, is in Japan, a science not to be easily acquired. In a handsome Japanese drawing-room, there must be a *toko*—that is to say, a sort of recess, with shelves, expensively wrought of the finest woods. In this *toko* must be exhibited a single picture—no more, beneath which must stand a vase, with flowers. Now, not only must the picture be suited to the particular occasion, and therefore constantly changed, but the flowers must be similarly adapted; the kinds, the variety, the number, and even the proportion between the green leaves and the gay blossoms, all vary according to the occasion. The laws that govern these variations are formed into a system, and a book, treating of this complicate affair, is one of those studied by young ladies at school.

The Japanese are very sociable despite their ceremonious nature, and, in these properly decorated apartments they habitually assemble in considerable numbers, where the ladies sometimes occupy themselves with ornamental work, sometimes with music and drawing. At these parties, various sorts of games are likewise played, of each of these amusements, a few words must be said.

Of music, the Japanese are passionately fond, and their traditions give the art a divine origin. It has produced many instruments—stringed, wind and of the drum and cymbal kind—but with all this variety of instruments (21 in number), the Japanese have no idea of harmony; and when several are played together they are played in unison. Nor are they proficient in melody; their airs, we are told, boasting neither “wood notes wild” or any portion of science. Yet to this music they will listen delightedly for hours,

The dancing is of the Oriental style (pantomimic), and depending upon the arms and body, rather than the feet; which remain nearly immovable; and concealed beneath the robes. It is, in fact, pantomimic in character, and generally designed to represent some scene of passion, absurdity or every day life. These domestic

ballets are performed by the ladies, the men gazing in rapturous admiration; although the utmost praise their Dutch visitors can bestow upon the exhibition is, that it is perfectly free as might be anticipated from the character of the dancers, from the indecent and licentious character of these of the Oriental dancing-girls. The country does not appear, however, to be destitute of this class of performers.

Cards and dice are prohibited; and although the law is said to be secretly transgressed in gaming houses, at home the Japanese respect it, and resort to other kinds of games. Chess and draughts are great favourites, as is one resembling the Italian *moro*. Another game seems original. A puppet is floated in a vessel of water, round which the company stand, playing the *syamsie* and singing as the puppet moves. As it turns, penalties of *sakee*—drinking are imposed, as in wrong guesses at the Japanese *moro*, and the like opportunities for forfeits. Upon occasions of this kind, the trammels of ceremony are completely broken, and the most extravagant merriment prevails, often ending in results, very contrary to English notions of the temperance of tropical and oriental climates. *Sakee* is drunk, as a penalty or voluntarily, to intoxication by the men, who then sober themselves with tea and again inebriate themselves with *sakee*, until, after several repetitions of the two processes, they are carried away insensible.

In summer, their joyous meetings usually take the form of rustic, and especially water parties, formed expressly for the enjoyment of fine scenery. Large companies will spend the afternoon, evening and part of the night, upon the lakes, rivers, or innumerable bays of the sea in their highly-decorated boats, with music and banquets. During the heat of the day, they lie moored in some shady nook protected from the sun's rays, but open with sea breeze, whence they command a pleasing view. In the evening, the waters resound with music, and are illuminated with the moving light from the coloured paper lanterns of the several boats.

In order to divert the company, should conversation flag and their own music pall on the ear, professional musicians, jugglers, posture-makers, and the like are hired for the day. To these are added a variety of the story-telling genus, very different in character from the ordinary members of the profession of the East. Where persons make it their especial business to learn, not remances

but all the gossip of a neighbourhood, which they retail for the entertainment of other employers. Some of these traders in scandal are frequently hired to relieve the tedium of a sick-room; but those engaged to divert a party of pleasure, have a second and somewhat startling duty—it is, to set an example of politeness and high breeding, to improve the tone of the society that requires their services. These (not very homogeneous) functions they are said to combine in a most extraordinary manner. We are assured that although, in this capacity of amusers, they indulge in extravagant buffoonery, rudeness, and impudence, they remain perfectly self-possessed, and at the proper moment, resuming their polished demeanour, recall the whole company to order and good breeding.

From the pleasures and forms that mainly occupy the life of a Japanese, we must now turn to its closing scene, and, having begun with his birth, end the chapter with his burial. Many Japanese of the higher order die *nay boen*, either in the course of nature or by their own hands. If a man holding office dies, his death is concealed—it is *nayboen*—and family life proceed apparently as usual, till the reversion of his place has been obtained for his son. If such a person be deeply in debt, the same course is adopted for the benefit of his creditors, who receive his salary, whilst he, though well-known to be dead, is nominally alive.

Again, if he has incurred any disfavour, or connected with any offence, the conviction of which would be attended with disgraceful punishment, confiscation, and corruption of blood, he probably rips himself up, either in his family circle, if any good to his family be contingent upon his death's remaining for a time *nay boen*, or publicly in a solemn assembly of his friends, if the object be solely a satisfaction of justice, and obviating of punishment.

When the necessity for the *nay boen* ceases or when a Japanese openly dies, either naturally or by the national *hara kiri*, the first symptom of mourning that appears, is the turning all the screens and sliding doors throughout the house topsy-turvy, and all garments inside out. A priest then takes his place by the corpse. The family is supposed to be too much absorbed in sorrow to admit of their attending to the minor cares and preparations requisite upon the melancholy occasion; wherefore, they are permitted to meet in unmolested solitude whilst their most intimate friends supply their places in all matters of business or ceremony. One of these

kind substitutes directs the laying out of the corpse, while another orders the funeral. One stations himself at the house-door in his dress of ceremony to receive the formal visits of condolence paid by all the friends and acquaintance of the deceased, but paid outside the door, to avoid the impurity incurred by entering the house of death. The digging of the grave is superintended by a fourth friend. This is situated in the grounds of a temple, is shaped like a well, and lined with strong cement to prevent the infiltration of water. If the deceased be married, the grave is usually made sufficiently capacious to receive husband and wife. A monument is prepared, bearing the name of the deceased, and, if married, the name of the survivor is added in red letters, to be blackened, is sometimes gilt, when this surviving partner shall rejoin in the grave the partner who has gone before.

When all the preparations are completed, the corpse, washed, and clad in a white shroud, on which the priest has inscribed some sacred characters, as a sort of passport to heaven, is placed, in the sitting posture of the country, in a tub-shaped coffin, which is enclosed in an earthenware vessel of corresponding figure; and the funeral procession begins. This is opened by a number of torch-bearers, who are followed by a large company of priests, bearing their sacred books, incense &c. Then comes a crowd of servants carrying bamboo poles, to which are attached lanterns, umbrellas, and strips of white paper inscribed with sacred sentences. These immediately precede the corpse in its round coffin, borne upon a bier, and covered with a sort of white paper chest, having a dome-fashioned roof, over which a garland is suspended from a bamboo carried by a servant. Immediately behind the body walk the friends and acquaintance of the deceased, in their dress of ceremony, accompanying, attending, and surrounding the masculine portion of the family and kindred, who are attired in mourning garments of pure white. White mourning is also worn by the bearers and household servants of the deceased. The procession is closed by the ladies attended by her female servants. The palanquin of the family and their female friends, each in her own palanquin, of relations are distinguished from those of friends by the white mourning dresses of the attendants. In families of lower rank, the female relations and their friends walk after the men.

The sorrowful train is met at the temple by another body of

priests, who perform a funeral service, and the corpse is interred to a peculiar sort of funeral music, produced by striking copper basins. During this ceremony, two persons, deputed from the house of death, sit in a side chamber of the temple, with writing materials, to note down the names of every friend and acquaintance who has attended.

In former times, obsequies were, in many various ways, far more onerous, for it seems that, even in secluded and immutable Japan lapse of years has wrought its ordinary, softening effect and lessened the propensity to make great sacrifices, either of life or of property. In the early times alluded to; the dead man's house was burnt; except so much of it as was used in constructing his monument. Now it is merely purified, by kindling before it a great fire, in which odoriferous oils and spices are burnt. At that period, servants were buried with their masters, originally alive; then as gentler manners arose, they were permitted to kill themselves first; and they should be thus buried, was, in both cases, expressly stipulated when they were buried. Now, effigies are happily substituted for the living men.

The mourning is said by some of the writers to last forty-nine days, but this must mean the general mourning of the whole family, inasmuch as Dr. Von Siebold expressly says that very near relations remain impure—which, in Japan, is the same thing—as much as thirteen months. It appears also, that there are two periods of mourning in Japan, as with us, a deeper and a lighter, which may help to explain the discrepancy. During the specified forty-nine days, all the kindred of the deceased repair daily to the tomb, there to pray and offer cakes of a peculiar kind, as many in number as days have elapsed since the funeral; thus presenting forty-nine on the forty-ninth day. On the fiftieth day, the men shave their heads and beards, which had remained unshorn and untrimmed during the seven weeks. All signs of mourning are laid aside, and women resume the ordinary business of life, their first duty being to pay visits of thanks to all who attended the funeral. It should be however, that for half a century the children and grand-children of the deceased continue to make offering upon the tomb.

ROMA
OR
A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

She cried and coaxed in vain.
Her arts brought her no gain.

In the town of Midnapore in Bengal, in a quarter monopolized mainly by "unfortunates" and in a dingy, dark room on the groundfloor, a beautiful, young woman, a perfect type of the "bonnie lassie" was seated. She had just passed the line which demarcates a girl from a maiden and had developed charms which were as attractive as they were pleasant. She was sweet sixteen and her fair complexion, aquiline nose, lustrous large eyes, ruddy cheeks and lips were only to be seen to be admired. The contour of her body was symmetrical and the expression of her face betokened a good, pure heart. She was weeping bitterly, sobbing loudly and wringing her fair hands convulsively. Just then, a woman—"fair, fat and forty"—with a face, swollen with drink and distorted with unholy, unruly passions entered the room and addressing the fair maiden said—

"Roma, it's no use weeping, your tears would not move me by a hair's breadth. Why spoil your beauty by crying? Once for all, be a good girl and obey me. My proposal is nothing unusual. You are born with a stigma in your character. A courtesan's daughter cannot but be an unfortunate. Then why all this fuss—this much ado about nothing. Rajani Babu is a young, rich zemindar, he has taken a fancy to you, why baulk his cherished desire and my ardent wish? With your superb beauty and splendid voice you will, like a veritable queen, obtain the homage of the other sex, who will be only too glad to fall down at your feet and worship you. Is it not a triumph, the thought of which, would make one's heart leap with joy?"

"Mother" meekly replied Roma," leave me alone, I am really too ill to talk. Have mercy on me and allow me to tread the path of virtue. I know, the unfortunate accident of birth is against me, but I still wish to be virtuous and lead a pure life. You may not have anything to do with me. I want to be a recluse, passing my days in the performance of religious duties, inculcated in our shastras. I would lose my life, than be a wicked woman, bringing shame on our sex, society and religion."

"Wretched girl" answered her mother "you are bewitched and talk nonsense I would not be baulked. Take care, that I do not disown and discard you. In that case, you shall have to live elsewhere and earn your living."

"I am prepared" the girl said "to accept all risk and be a common hand-maiden in a gentleman's family. Lord Srikrishna would help me, as He does, all innocent people, who wish to keep their *dharma* intact."

"Then go to h—l" said the wicked mother in a husky voice, rendered perfectly unpleasant by unusual wrath and drink, "let me not see your face, when I get up in the morning. The girl did not dare reply and the woman left the room in a towering rage, banging the door after her. Roma sat quietly and wept, as if her heart would burst. She did not partake a morsel of food, nor had she a wink of sleep, that night.

The rowdy house in which she lived, was hushed into repose at two o'clock in the morning. Roma came out of her room at that time and peeping cautiously on every side, ran up to the main entrance, which she quietly unlocked and getting into the street, ran as if her dear life was at stake. She had not the least knowledge of the topography of the town, but she somehow reached its outskirts, until at last, she got rid of it altogether and went to a pucca road which led to Garbetta, once the seat of a Sub-Division. She had no mishap on the way and the dawn of day found her in front of a dense jungle of *sal* trees. Much worried and fatigued, she boldly entered the jungle and finding a shady, secluded spot—laid herself down on the ground. Tired nature could not fight any longer. Deep profound sleep overtook her and she was in a trice in dream land, forgetful of her woes,

CHAPTER II.

They searched her high and low.
But it was all no go.

The next day, Ramani—Roma's reputed mother, got up from bed at 8 o'clock in the morning and called aloud her maid-servant—Khema. On the maid-servant entering the room, she wished her tea and *chillum* to be brought at once and when she had them, she asked, "Khema! where's Roma?" the maid-servant replied "I don't know, I'll just go to her room and see whether she is up from bed or not.

Ramani was enjoying her *alballah*, when she heard the shrill voice of Khema crying out "mother, mother, come out, Roma is no where in the house. I've searched for her high and low and cannot find her."

Ramani rushed out of her room in the corridor and asked, "Is it really true, that Roma is not to be found?"

Khema replied "it is so."

Ramani sat down on the ground and wept for some time. Evidently her conscience had stricken her and it was a sight to watch the contortions on her face, varying, as they did, from the different ideas which swayed her mind. At last, she exclaimed, "I had been too hard upon the poor girl and she has left me. I'll, however, leave no stone unturned to ferret her out, cost what it may." Addressing Khema, she said "Run up to Rajani Babu and tell him to come to me at once. Say what had happened and tell him to lose no time to see me forthwith."

Khema rushed out of the house and within a short time, a landau stopped in front of Ramani's house.

A fair young man alighted from the trap and entering Ramani's room said "don't weep Ramani. Roma could not have gone a long distance. She must be somewhere in this town. I'll set the police after her and hope to bring her back to you, in the course of the evening. I don't wish to loose precious time. So, I must be off. Dry your tears and don't make a fool of yourself."

Saying this, Rajani Babu left the house and drove straight to the office of the District Superintendent of Police. The upshot of his interview with the local head of the Police, resulted in the myrmidons of the law-being set on the track of Roma and a reward

of five hundred rupees was offered for her recovery dead or alive. The Police did their level best to trace up the girl, but all their efforts were frustrated. She was sought for high and low, but not the least clue about her whereabouts, could be obtained, for love or lucre. At last, the police gave up the game as lost and Roma was not, fortunately brought back in the den of vice. Her flight was the talk of the town for a week and then people forgot all about her. Even Ramani ceased to weep after the lapse of sometime.

CHAPTER III.

Believe me my own dear mother,
I will give you food and shelter,

It was late in the day, when Roma awaked, refreshed by sleep and rest. She was arranging her ideas and she shuddered at the incidents which had happened overnight. She knelt down and joining her hands together prayed to God for her deliverance and future strength. Tears trickled down her cheeks and it was a rare sight to see the fair, virtuous and innocent maiden supplicating to her Maker, with all the fervour and strength in her pure soul. God had evidently listened to her prayer and a deliverer in the person of an old, sturdy Sonthal stood, only a few yards off. The old man was sobbing. Evidently, he had a good heart and without knowing the circumstances which had brought Roma into the *sal* jungle, he was leniently disposed in her favour. Advancing towards Roma he said in a sweet voice, "My little mother, come to me and I'll give you shelter and succour, as you sadly need both. Don't be afraid of me—I mean you no harm."

His manly bearing, soothing words and the expression of his face which denoted nothing but a brave, kind heart, implanted hope in the heart of Roma and she meekly said "Father, I've faith in your words and your face is an index to your mind. I am prepared to go with you anywhere and keep my honor in your hands" The Sonthal replied, "Little Maye, I am a man of few words and do not know the finesse of conventional society. I am brought up in the jungle and belong to it. Your sweet face makes me feel, as if you are my daughter, born from my loins. Take a Sonthal's words as true, when he utters them, holding the bow and arrow. I don't know, who you are, but you have captured my old heart and I thoroughly mean to stand by

you, in happiness or misery, health or disease, wealth or poverty in weal or woe, like a father and so Heaven help me."

The brave words of the son of the forest begat confidence and Roma said "Father, I'll go with you, wherever you will bid me."

"Little Maye" the Sonthal said "the fact of your addressing me as father has captivated by heart and I'll be a true father to you. As you are still weak, take hold of my hands and come with me. I live in the heart of the jungle by the side of a rippling brook, amidst fruit trees and perfumed flowers. The site and environments would please you, as well as my old wife and daughters, whose aim in life would be to please you and keep you in form. Come on."

Taking hold of the Sonthal's hands, Roma went with him, explaining to him, on the way, the sad circumstances which had brought her over to the jungle.

CHAPTER IV.

A streak of light was seen,
Driving darkness quite clean.

Nacho was a Sonthal village, standing on the banks of the Rylo—a hill stream which rippled and murmured all the year round, but was furious and foaming during the rainy season, marching past the village, with tremendous velocity. In the midst of the village, encircled by lofty *sal* and fruit trees and embellished by flowering plants and creepers of sorts, stood the habitation of the Elder and Chief, whose reputation for honesty, truthfulness, courage and a stern sense of justice was the talk of the village and its neighbourhood. He was loved and respected by all and no body ever dared to make any insinuations against him. His name was Jovia and it was he who had befriended Roma in her hour of need. Jovia went towards the river side, where three beautiful Sonthal damsels on the eve of budding out into sweet maidenhood and adorned with pretty, perfumed flowers and garlands were seated on the edge of the river on stones and blocks of wood. They were talking and laughing in the midst of the pretty sylvan scene and the air of innocence which characterized, their faces was a rare sight. On Jovia coming close to them, they joyfully stood up, made their *pronams* (obeisance and clapping their hands, merrily danced and danced round the old man to the

time and cadence of a song which they sung in chorus. The old man seemed to be in a rapture and when the song ceased, said, "My dear girls, God bless you. I never dreamt that so much happiness was in store for me, my little mother, my blessed Roma, it is you that have brought sun-shine on my hearth and home. You have taught these girls and they are only your apt pupils. May God protect and make you happy." Father replied Roma in her sweet voice you are too kind and indulgent towards me. I thank Lord Krishna for granting me such a pleasant home and such loving parents and sisters. I cannot imagine that Lofa and Lona are not my own dear sisters, born in the same womb in which I had my birth." "People take you for utterin sisters my dear interposed Jovia. The shades of evening were falling. Just then, a gong and conch-shell sounded and the three girls, with the agility of a deer, ran towards a temple, made up with blocks of stones and cement, in which stood on a *vedi* (platform) fine images of Radha-Krishna. The temple was erected and the images brought down for the purpose of worship, on Roma's initiative. She had preached the truth of pure *vaishnavism* with such vigor and animation, that the simple people, amongst whom she lived, were touched to the quick by her enthusiasm and pure life and were converted to her cult. They only believed in ghosts, witches and other malefic powers and it was no wonder that they were charmed with the simple truths preached by the angelic Roma. The entire village stood in front of the temple and Roma herself performed the *arati* worship. When it was over, loud cries of Radha-Krishna ki jai, made by devout believers, rent the air. The girls then wended their way towards their home, lit up with lanterns and *chirags* and perfumed with a profusion of flowers

CHAPTER V.

Like a flash she came and was gone,
Just the girl to be wooed and won,

One single soul, when touched with the spirit of God, can achieve wonders. Roma though a mere girl in years, had yet a pure, large heart, in which the soft teachings of the inner spirit, were retained and reflected. Liberated from her sinful surround-

ings, she developed *prem* and *bhakti* of the loftiest type and ideality and the power of transferring her spiritual enthusiasm to others and it was no wonder, that within a short time, the whole Sonthal community in and about Nacho, was converted to *Vaishnavism* of the type inculcated in the blessed *Gita* by Lord Sri Krishna and preached latterly by that *Avatar* of love and faith as the immortal Chaitanya. On the riverside, there was a cluster of *Sal* trees, almost forming a circle, within which, wooden seats have been placed for the convenience of the girls of the village. On the outer area of the circle, flowering creepers and plants, have been planted. So, of an evening, when the summer season was at its height, it was a pleasure to sit in the retreat, enjoying the pure air of the Rylo, perfumed, as it was, by a profusion of flowers, which bloomed in and about the place. Roma, Lofa and Lora were seated underneath the trees, laughing and chatting merrily away. They had not evidently seen a pair of brilliant eyes, peering at them from behind a *sal* tree. The man, whoever he was overhearing the conversation and was struck by the sense and depth of the observations made by Roma. The man was richly dressed for a Sonthal and had a noble bearing. His age, perhaps, was five and twenty, his complexion exceedingly fair, his deportment dignified and his facial expression was an index to his lofty heart. Thinking it *infradig* to be lurking about and playing the ignoble part of an eaves dropper, he quietly came out and presented himself before the young ladies, who were startled at his advance. Making a respectful bow to the ladies, he said "I'm afraid, I've somewhat startled you, ladies, by abruptly coming into your presence. Excuse me, please, for any inconvenience I may have caused. I come to you not as a stranger, but as a friend and an *atithi*."

"You are," replied Roma, "Welcome, Sir, you've not inconvenienced us in any way."

"Thank you very much. May I ask, whether Jovia is in the village or not?"

"He is in his house," Roma said again, "we will send him to you."

Saying this, the ladies got up and like startled fawns nimbly strode away.

The new comer had not had the opportunity of putting in another word. When they had left, he muttered audibly "Who can she be?"

CHAPTER VI.

Who is she my dear friend,
'Fore whom my head did bend.

Jovia came shortly after and made his *salams* reverentially *ala* Sonthalia. The new comer addressed him first and said—"Jovia, I hope you and the members of your family are doing well? Pray, who is this young lady? I don't remember seeing her before."

Jovia replied "Rajaji Maharaj, with the blessings of Lord Krishna, we are well—mentally and physically. Little *maiiji* is the presiding goddess of this part of the country. We are indebted to her for many things. She has taught us to know Lord Krishna and his sublime teachings."

"What you say may be all true, my friend, but you have not answered my question who is little *maiiji*?"

"She is an angel in human shape, sent by the Great Lord Krishna to elevate fallen Sonthals."

"I repeat you've not answered my question and you're, in good sooth, tiring out my patience. In heaven's name, who is she and whence does she come from?"

"She is" gravely replied Jovia, "one of the lowest of the low and comes from Midnapore."

"Lowest of the low" exclaimed the new comer with a start "you don't mean it. You're enigmatical, my friend, explain yourself."

"I'll leave the explanation to her when you meet her next, you can hear the details of her life, from her own lips."

"I have pitched my tent on the East of your new temple. Come and see me there. Don't fail to take the girl with you. I assure you it's not idle curiosity, which prompts me to know all about her. A mysterious influence is working upon me and leading me, against my will, to her. I do not fully understand my own mind. I only feel that something startling is about to happen. Go home, my friend and bring her to me at once."

Saying this, the new comer left the place and his gait, and

mien hitherto so steady, displayed a restlessness which was the effect of unusual mental working. If one had seen the unsteady and listless way in which he walked away, he would have undoubtedly said that the man had taken a drop too much for his food. Jovia also was thoughtful and heaving a sigh, wended his way home.

CHAPTER VII.

Sakti is not forcibly drawn,
Evolved for work to carry on.

As soon as Jovia crossed his threshold, Roma ran up to him and in her own sweet way asked "Father, who is this man? His sudden appearance had frightened us to death."

"He is" answered Jovia "the Rajah of this place and the proprietor of this part of the Gurjhat Mehals. Of all the Gurjhati Rajahs, he is the greatest and best—a kind landowner—a capital *Shikari* and as brave a man, as trod mother earth."

"But what has brought him to this part of the country?"

"He comes here, once a year, for the purpose of *Shikar* and freely mixes with his ryots, who can meet him, without the least restraint. He personally attends to their complaints, if any and relieves them forthwith. He largely distributes money and clothes and treats his ryots with the greatest kindness. He sojourns here for a couple of days or so and after a great *Shikar*, wounds up by granting a big feast, which is enjoyed by everybody on account of the host's *Bonhomie* and comraderie. His name is Rajah Siladri Sing Vramaratura. Roma carelessly heard to what Jovia said and remarked "then he is a good man and landholder."

"That undoubtedly he is."

"That's good" was Roma's laconic answer.

After hemming and hawing a bit Jovia said "Mai, you shall have to go to the Rajah, with my girls. He has asked me to take you to him."

"Whatever may be the custom here, I cannot" said Roma gravely "go to him. He should, if he so listed, come to us. The *dustoor* in my part of the country, prohibits unmarried girls from visiting the male sex, however high their position may be. I

can, however, see him in the presence of yourself, your wife and the girls."

"He may be annoyed at this and consider it disrespectful to him."

"He cannot be so foolish, if I take him for a true man."

"I'll tell him all this and come back to you in a trice." "You need not at all be in a hurry. You've not eaten, as is your wont, anything after your first meal. The girls have some fine fruits for you and brewed a pungent *hanria*. Take a cup of it and a fruit or two and then you can go where you like. Lofa, Lora, my dear sisters, where are you?" "The laughing girls came to the place and asked "What are we to do?"

"Bring the fruits you have gathered in the jungle and a potful of the *hanria* you have freshly brewed."

The girls ran away and immediately came back with the articles indicated. Jovia put the pot to his lips and emptied the contents at one breath. He complacently smacked his lips and eating a couple of fruits said "God bless you my girls. I'll now be off." Suiting his word to action, he left his home and went away. The girls laughed, chatted and sang in turn.

CHAPTER VIII.

I must carry the day,
Cost whatever it may.

Jovia went to the Rajah's tent and stood in his presence. Finding that he had come alone, the Rajah asked him in a peremptory tone. "Why are you alone? Where is the young lady?" Jovia again made his salutation and meekly said "the young lady won't come. She said that in her part of the country, it is not the etiquette for unmarried females to pay visits to the other sex." Evidently, the reply was not relished by the Rajah whose face flushed with anger. He was about to use some unparliamentary language, when he checked himself and said, "By everything that is holy, she is right. I'm a fool and had not gallantry enough to shew the lady the respect due to her. If the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet would go to the mountain. I'll go to her. Come along, old fellow."

He got up from his chair and went towards Jovia's house, the old man followed him. As soon as, they had reached their

destination. Jovia again *salamed* humbly and said, "My liege lord, you're thrice welcome to the habitation of your poor vassal." The Rajah pleasantly replied, "No ceremony, old boy, take me to the lady." He was ushered into the sitting room of the girls, who all stood up and made their salutations. The room was neatly and tastefully decorated with fresh flowers and festoons. A *vehala* (violin) was lying by, some Bengali books were scattered on a small table and odds and ends on various sides clearly indicated that the presiding genius of the room was a lady of education and culture. The Rajah was evidently struck with the arrangements of the room and said, "I have never expected to see such taste and refinement and I suppose it is all your handiwork." He respectfully bowed to Roma and eyed her with some awe and trepidation. Roma had such a chaste, dignified countenance and her eyes were lit up with such spirituality, that the most depraved reverentially bowed his head, on casting his eyes upon her. The Rajah quietly said "I'm anxious to know you and your antecedents, if you care at all to take me into your confidence. Jovia has not been able to enlighten me on the points and I should be much thankful to you, if you would kindly favour me with some information on the subject. It is not idle curiosity that prompts me to take such a course. Believe me, young lady, that some unseen power is urging me on" Roma quickly said "I thank you for the interest you take in me, and I fully believe, that, at times, we are led on by a higher and holier power."

"May I then" interposed the Rajah "make myself so bold as to ask you all about your good self."

"I've" Roma replied "nothing extraordinary in my career. The details of my life are common enough and may not at all be interesting to you. I'm by repute, the daughter of a common courtesan and my life was spent, in a vicious place and amidst scenes and surroundings too low and nauseating to be mentioned in decent company. When I had attained the age of six years, a poor *Vaisnab* beggar woman who was my next door neighbour, taught me the Bengali alphabet and the rudiments of the great religion of the Bhagbat and the Gita. She insisted on my uttering the sacred name of Sri Krishna at least twenty times a day and sooth to say, the utterance of the name brought on faith and

love and with increasing years, an yearning to leave my depraved home and to breathe the air of freedom and purity took possession of me and I was determined to leave the place, happen what might. My yearning was fanned to frenzy, when an ignoble proposal of a detestable character was made to me by my reputed mother. Without caring for the consequences, I left home and fled towards the jungle, when through God's mercy, I met this noble man, who has been a veritable father to me. His wife—my mother, loves me ardently and his girls are my own dear sisters, in whose company, I have been passing my days placidly. I've nothing more to say." Roma stopped here and the Rajah was seen to dry his wet eyes with a pocket handkerchief. For some time, he sat quiet, as if trying to remember something. At last he jumped up from his chair and said in the loudest of tone "Ramani, Ramani, Ramani" whatever may be the significance of what he uttered, he ran to Roma's side and without giving one word of explanation or shewing the least respect towards the young lady, he coolly raised that portion of her jacket which covered up the back, which he scanned keenly and attentively. Pulling his forefinger on the right side of her back, he pointed to the mark of a *trisul* (trident) and exultingly exclaimed "Blessed be the name of God. It is, as I thought Blessed be His name." He was so excited, that he could offer no explanation. He moved round and round the young lady, clapped his hands and repeated in great glee "Blessed be His name." Saying this, he left the place abruptly.

CHAPTER IX.

The Rajah went away,
Thinking hard all the way.

The strange way in which the Rajah gave expression to his feelings surprized Jovia and the female members of his family. They could not account for the Rajah's exultation, nor for the abruptness of his departure. Instead of bothering their heads with bootless conjectures, Jovia made up his mind to call on the Rajah in his tent. He hastened on to the place and found that the tent has been struck. People were busily engaged in packing off various articles, which were placed on hackeries and expeditiously sent out of the village. The Rajah could not be seen, but

his favorite servant Jhindah was coolly smoking his *chillum* underneath a spreading tree. Jovia went up to him and saluting him said "Khansamaji, what is the matter? Why has the tent been struck? The Rajah wished to remain here a couple of days or more and yet he is going away? What is in the wind?"

"Take your breath, friend," replied the philosophic servitor, "smoke away and don't bother me, like a good boy, as you are, with a string of questions."

"But surely you would tell me, for auld lang syne, where the Rajah is going to, in such a hurry."

"I always disliked hurried motions and specially in great men. Haste indicated lowness, which should be avoided, if only to shew your manners. Everything in good time."

"You are quite right in your exposition, but you have not answered my question."

"Haven't I? And luck to me. But what is your question, after all. Associating always with the great, my memory always plays me false."

"I asked where is the Rajah going to?"

"He is going some where no doubt, but bless me if I know, in which portion of God's creation."

"That is unfortunate. At any rate, I thought you had the Rajah's confidence and knew his intentions."

"The Rajah cares a button for men of our stamp. We are created for his convenience and nothing further."

"But where, in the name of goodness, is the Rajah. I don't find him anywhere."

"He may be hanging on the branch of any tree, for aught I care."

"You don't seriously mean it. The Rajah is good and kind to all."

"His goodness and kindness are for public show, not for private use."

"You're surely slandering your lord and master and I am sorry for you."

"Don't be so bad as to be sorry for me. Keep your feelings for others. If you really wish to know the Rajah's whereabouts. Go to that smart syce who is holding that fine Arab horse, saddled and bridled." Jovia ran up to the syce and asked where the Rajah was. Instead of making an answer, he indicated a spot

in the jungle, where the Rajah sat on mother earth, in deep reverie. Jovia was anxious to go to him, but was afraid of causing the Rajah's displeasure. He stood silently, keeping his eye on the Rajah. After the lapse of about quarter of an hour, the Rajah heaved a deep sigh and his eye fell upon Jovia, whom he called to his side. As soon as the man was near enough he said "Jovia, I'm afraid, I had been rather hasty. For some reason or other, my feelings overpowered me and I had not been able to bid good-bye to Roma in the respectful way, she deserves to be treated, by right. She must have taken me for an idiot. Tell her please, with my respects, that I'm going out on an errand, which affects her closely. I may be absent for a fortnight or so and when I return, I would with God's blessings, be able to shew to her conclusively, that she is not, what she had always thought. Her days of adversity are over and the stigma, attaching to her birth, would be a thing of the past. My words may appear enigmatical, but they are nevertheless true, as true as yon Sun-down. Pointing to the luminous orb of the day, which was fast setting westward, the Rajah went to his pet horse and pulling him by the neck, started off at a gallop. Jovia could not understand the significance of the prophetic words of the Rajah, but wended his way home cogitating seriously.

CHAPTER X.

It may appear funny,
You may be a Rani.

Jovia was overwhelmed with questions when he returned. Words were shot at him from all points of the compass. Without vouchsafing a single reply, he quietly sat on a wooden stool and asked Lofa for *hauria*. Partaking a copious dose, he wiped his mouth with his *gumcha* and then said "young ladies, don't be startled with the story which I would presently unfold. It will affect a nameless young lady and she may be, one day, a big princess, for what I know" saying this he looked slyly towards Roma, stood up erect and saluted her *alamiltaire*. The young ladies laughed merrily and mockingly screwed up their faces gravely, to shew that they were all attention. Jovia to tease them a bit, cleared his throat and said "I must have a smoke to wake me up. The *hauria* is pretty strong and I am getting

lethargic. Lora gave him the *chillum*. Taking the snake of the *gargara* in his mouth he maliciously smoked on, without uttering a single word. The girls chafed at his silence and were about to leave the room in a huff, when Jovia mended his manners and began his story in *medias res*. He said "young ladies, I had beer to the Rajah. He begged your pardon for leaving you so ungallantly. He has gone away on particular business which will, as he says, affect Roma. He will return to us in a fortnight or so, when Roma would find, she is not, what she was represented to be and the stain on her birth would be removed and proved a myth. Take courage, dear Roma, I will salute you as a princess, before the month is out. This is the long and short of my story. Lofa and Lora were overjoyed and kissed their father repeatedly, but what was Roma doing? She was on the floor on her knees, praying devoutly and tears trickled down her cheeks. Her face was lifted upwards and her breast was heaving. They all gazed on her angelic countenance and had not the heart to disturb her. At last, she cooled down and wiping off her tears said "Father, God's will be done." Sliding out of the room, the girls went to the river side and sat in their wonted place. They were still offering thanks to Heaven, when a piercing cry attracted their attention.

(*To be continued.*)

KHAGENDRANATH ROY

THE OUTLINES OF THE YOGA SYSTEM.

The higher phase of Hinduism, *viz.*, Yoga, is eminently practical in its object. For its object is the securing of happiness to man. We know that happiness, whatever may be its positive definition, is a thing which is inconsistent with the existence of sorrow, and that sorrow is caused by want. Want really means a disturbance of equilibrium in the system of forces which is known as man. And the Yoga system or at least the practical part of it, is only the art, which deals with the methods by adopting which we may be in a position to prevent the disturbance of equilibrium in the system. It may be said that all sorrow is not an anxiety for the fulfilment of a want; and that therefore, *all* sorrow is not unhappiness. Unmixed sorrow is a thing which no man cares to hug to himself. If a man has an abscess on his arm which becomes very painful, and if the surgeon assures him that by opening it the pain will be relieved at once, the man does not wish to wait and so prolong the agony from which he is suffering. A man who has lost his only child, or somebody whom he dearly loved, would like to sit by himself and brood over his loss, brood over that which causes him sorrow, and so go on hugging the sorrow to his heart. We must, therefore, hold that the man's brooding over his loss causes him some happiness. That is, we must hold that sorrow and happiness can co-exist. But according to the limited definition which we have given of happiness, we know that happiness and sorrow cannot co-exist. And if we examine well into the mental condition of the man who loves to brood over his sorrow, who shall find that the limited definition of happiness given by us is not incorrect. For the man, who broods over the loss of somebody whom he loved, thinks not so much of his *loss* as of the *lost*. The loss has disturbed his equilibrium and so he feels a most poignant sorrow. He thinks of the lost, he tries by the powers of his imagination to bring back

before his mental vision the lost one, and thus in some measure to fulfil the want which is causing him such poignant sorrow. His brooding, therefore, over the memory of the lost one, inasmuch as it operates to a certain extent in fulfilling a want, brings to him a certain amount of happiness. And that is the reason which leads him so to brood and that is the reason why he does not like to be disturbed by sympathetic friends while he is so brooding.

The Yoga system tries, as we have said, to give the methods by pursuing which we may get rid of want and so of sorrow. And this it means to do practically by a process of addition for the word "Yoga" means addition. It premises for its purposes quantities which must be added, *vis.*, the Parabrahma and the Jiva. The Parabrahma cannot be translated as God; for God is the name which is given to a Personal Deity. At all events the name God is associated in our minds with the idea of a Personal Deity. And the Parabrahma of the Hindu religion is impersonal. Personality is always capable of a positive definition. In defining a person we can enumerate the positive attributes which are essential to the making up of the person. We can say, for instance, that the Person sought to be defined is this, that, or the other thing. A positive definition of an Impersonality is an impossibility—only a negative definition is possible in such a case, for the object sought to be defined is in itself a negative quantity. The Parabrahmah of the Hindus can thus be described only as a bundle of Negations. It is not this, it is not that, and so on (*Neti Neti*). He has been aptly described as the *Inanamam Sarvadharam* as the One who is the container of all things, but who, at the same time, is an essence beyond the scope of mere human knowledge. The Parabrahma is the container of all things. He is, therefore, the container of this universe of phenomena. He has been described again as the *jnan jneyam sarva vapyam*—the wisdom, the object of all knowledge, and the essence which pervades all things. In fact, He is the essence of this changeful universe of phenomena, which is only Himself, when He is pleased to endow Himself with attributes. And the *jiva* is a portion of Parabrahma Himself when endowed with attributes. At the same time the *jiva* is different from the Parabrahma. And this differentiation is caused by want. The Parabrahma is a large circle and if a smaller circle is inscribed in it, the smaller circle,

which forms a portion of the larger circle is differentiated from the latter by its circumference. If that circumference could be made to disappear, that which we know as the smaller circle would at once be merged in the larger circle. The smaller circle is the Jiva. If its circumference could be made to disappear, the Jiva would at once merge in the Parabrahma, and where at present we have two entries, one infinite and unconditioned, the other finite and conditioned, we should have only one entity, unconditioned and illimitable. And it is this addition of the Jiva to the Parabrahma which the Yoga system proposes to itself as its scope

Addition (*Yoga*), however, is only possible where the quantities to be added are homogeneous. If the quantities sought to be added are not homogeneous, the usual process in mathematics is to reduce them to a condition when they may be so. Homogeneity means, however, similarity in the essential attributes. But Parabrahma and Jiva are two quantities which are dissimilar in their essential attributes, and are therefore not homogeneous. The science of Yoga tries, first of all, to find out wherein this dissimilarity exists, tries to find out, in fact, the essentials which go to make up the circumference of the smaller circle inscribed in the greater. And the science of Yoga has come to the conclusion that it is want (*abhava*) which makes up the circumference of the smaller circle, which, in fact differentiates the Jiva from the Parabrahma. The Jiva is the Ego of all sentient beings. It is the Ego which differentiates an individual from the rest of the universe. And the Ego or *Aham* is made up of what is called *Mamata*, derived from *mama*, the possessive case of *Aham*, or Egoism. If the human Ego, for instance, could be dissociated from all ideas of this is my house, this is my wife, this is my money, in short, from all ideas of *mine-ism*, if we may be allowed so to call it, the Ego would cease to exist as an entity distinct from the universe. It is in fact, this idea of what is *mine*, which differentiates the Ego from the Parabrahma which is the visible circumference of the smaller circle inscribed in the greater, and this idea of *mine-ism*, this Egoism proceeds from our wants. If a house, or a wife, or money was not *wanted* by the Jiva, if everything which he calls *mine* was not *wanted* by him, he would never care to call them as his, he would see no difference between himself and the whole universe. It must therefore, be held that

our Egoism is the result of want. And want, as we have already seen, is the parent of sorrow. So that it follows of necessity that Egoism is sorrow. And the Yoga system in wanting to add the Jiva to the Parabrahma, lays down the absolute necessity of eliminating all Egoism from the Jiva.

But in order to bring about such an elimination, it is necessary to find out something more of the Ego in us, than that it is caused by want. We must have something more substantial to work upon, than simple knowledge of the fact that want is the cause of the Ego in us, is the cause which differentiates us from the Parabrahma. We must know what it is which causes us, want, if we wish to eliminate all want from ourselves. And this the science of Yoga says it has been able to find out. It may not be out of place here to state that the Yoga system has a two-fold aspect. It is a theoretical science and it is a practical art. Its scientific portion consists of conclusions arrived at by reasoning from facts which have been found out by careful observation. Its art portion consists of methods, which lay down the manner in which its scientific conclusions should be applied in practice. By observation it has found out that the Ego in man is synonymous with his breath. Directly the breath ceases, the Ego ceases to exist in the human body, which forthwith begins to undergo chemical changes giving birth to new forms of life. The breath, therefore, is the visible manifestation of the Ego in man. All organized animal bodies manifest the strongest anxiety to eject any foreign substance which may have crept into it. But the foetus in the mother's womb, which is a foreign body, is allowed to remain there, without causing the usual inflammation and all the other manifestations of anxiety, natural to all organized animal bodies, in trying to eject a foreign substance from its economy. The fact is that the foetus is not a foreign body in the mother's economy up to a certain period, up to the time, when by reason of the completion of its organs of breath, it is capable of breathing itself, and so commencing to live a separate life distinct from that of the mother. Directly it becomes capable of breathing—directly it becomes a fit residence for the Ego, it becomes a body foreign to that of the mother, and immediately the pains of labour set in and the mother's body displays a violent anxiety to eject a substance which has become foreign to it. The breath,

therefore is really the visible manifestation of the Ego in man. But Physiology has proved that the breath is really the outward manifestation of a rhythmic impulse which descends from the *Medulla Oblongata* down the spinal chord, and is carried by a pair of cervical nerves to the heart and the lungs the result of which is the inflation of the lungs which causes us to inspire or take in our breath and then the action of the intercostal nerves brings pressure on the lungs, which then eject the air it had inspired, and this process is known as the process of expiration. Thus it will be seen that our breathing is only the visible manifestation of the descent of rhythmic impulses from the *Medulla Oblongata*. That is, the process of breathing, the Ego, in short, is the result of a motion which descends at regular intervals from the *Medulla Oblongata*. The nervous impulses from the *Medulla Oblongata* we are unconscious of—they are the results of the action of involuntary nerves. But the breathing which is the visible manifestation of these impulses is a thing of which we are conscious. We may not therefore, have any direct power to regulate the descent of the nervous impulses which are the causes of breathing, but we certainly can influence them by regulating our breath. And this is what the Yoga system teaches us to accomplish. For the Yoga system has found out that when we are under the influence of a passion or an animal appetite, that is, when we are suffering from a want, we draw in our breath, and according to it, therefore, deep-draw-in breath is the outward manifestation of want. If we wish to eliminate want from us altogether, we must so regulate our breath that hard breathing should be impossible. How this is to be done and whether it can be more fully proved, that the doing of this, will, in fact, cause a cessation of want in us, we reserve for a future issue.

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THE
NATIONAL MAGAZINE.
NEW SERIES.

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JOHN BROWDIE.

Many years ago, I was involved in a tragedy which has done more than all the bitter experience of after-life to convince me that there is something in the maxim fathered on Talleyrand: "Speech was given to mankind to conceal their thoughts." During one of my many voyages to India by P. and O., our ship was joined at Port Said by a wealthy baronet of the North country, attended by his valet. The latter was a huge, broad-shouldered Yorkshireman, whom I promptly christened "John Browdie." But he had none of the *bonhomie* of Dickens's creation. Citizens of a free country who stoop to servile employ are apt to salve their wounded self-esteem by carrying a stiff upper lip in intercourse with all who are not on their master's visiting list. The poet Alfieri has told us how his soul revolted against the air of measureless superiority assumed by Louis XV. at Court presentations. We detected something of his very Christian Majesty's pride of port in John Browdie's massive features, and it was peculiarly irritating in the promiscuity and close quarters of life on board ship.

Things came to a climax one morning when our vessel was leaving Aden. In that grilling region the ample bathing accommodation provided by the P. and O. often falls short of demand. Resolving to be first in the field, I rose betimes, and, to my joy, found one of the small compartments untenanted. Leaving my towel therein to indicate ownership, I ran back to

my cabin for a forgotten sponge. On returning, I found that John Browdie had evicted my towel, and was engaged in preparing my bath for his master! When remonstrance proved vain, I lost my temper, and used strong language to the intruder. My side was espoused by other passengers who flocked to the scene of action. The first officer was appealed to, and John Browdie was compelled to evacuate his little citadel. There was an angry gleam in his small grey eye as he subtly retired, which I ought to have taken as a danger-signal.

On the following night, I was leaning over the stern taffrail, plunged in delight by the phosphorescent glories of the wake and Socotra's cliffs bathed in moonlight. It was past 11 p.m., and the deck was quite deserted. Suddenly I felt myself gripped by the throat and held as in a vice. Then John Browdie's voice hissed close to my ear, "So aw'm a dommed floonkey, aw'm I? I'll show thee how a floonkey serves such whipper-snappers! Oop thee goes!" With that, I was seized by waistband and collar and hurled into the foaming sea, my wild, despairing shriek drowned by the thumping of the screw.

Down, down, down I sank; and when, with a mighty effort, I gained the surface, I saw my erstwhile home rapidly receding in a milk-white track, while the lights from the portholes shone out on the desolate waves. My frantic cries for help were unheard. In a few minutes I was quite alone in the Indian Ocean.

Being a strong swimmer, I struck out manfully for Socotra, which seemed to be about four miles away. Despite my utmost efforts, its shores gradually receded. An eastward current was too clearly sweeping me out to sea. Those who have escaped some great danger allege that during its throes their whole life is lived over again in thought. Mine ran back to boyhood, and I found myself repeating a distich from Ovid which partly applied to my desperate plight:—

*Quocunque adspicias nihil est nisi pontus et æther,
Fluctibus hic tumidis, nubibus ille minax.*

Happily the sea was smooth, the firmament ablaze with unpitying stars. After floating awhile on my back, I again struck out, this time at random, for my bearings were lost when Socotra

vanished from the horizon. At length I felt that my strength was spent, that I could not keep my weary head much longer above water. At this crisis I saw a dark object, like a rock, emerging from the sea, not fifty yards away. Hope gave new energy to my half-paralysed muscles. A few seconds later I was seated athwart this coign of vantage, in comparative safety. But, alas! my asylum was itself at the mercy of wind and waves. It was a fragment of floating wreckage, the top and part of the adjacent masts of some large vessel. A thick coating of seaweed proved that it had been buffeted for many years by the ocean. Stripping off my white shirt, I spread it on the highest point, as a signal to passing craft. Soon the sun rose as a ball of fire in the east, and as the morning advanced its rays became uncomfortably warm. I felt a gnawing sensation within, and pangs of thirst which I dared not quench with salt water. A knife-like object circling slowly round my retreat showed that at least one shark was waiting for its prey. I hastily drew my legs out of the water, and wedged my body into a saddle-like depression in the floating mass. As the heat increased I became light-headed, sang and shrieked incoherently. Then the waves and sky began to revolve rapidly. I sank into a dreamless sleep.

When sense returned I found myself in a low-ceilinged cabin, the cynosure of a ring of swarthy figures squatted on their haunches. As I sat up, they greeted my restoration to life by a chorus of guttural sounds; but a greybeard, whose voluminous turban showed that he possessed authority, enjoined silence, and spoke to me in fluent Urdu. From him I learnt that my signal of distress had been seen from the Arab ship *Futteh Salam*, homeward bound to Hodeida from the Persian Gulf, and that a boat's crew had brought me with all despatch on board. Sweet was the mawkish fluid termed sherbet to my parched gullet, and a meal of dates and unleavened barley bread was enjoyed with greater zest than any banquet supplied by Messrs. Ring and Brymer.

On the good ship *Futteh Salam* I spent a pleasant if uneventful week. The weather was perfect; a steady breeze filled her sails, and the crew had plenty of time on their hands. They were very numerous, and I understood that every man had a

vanished from the horizon. At length I felt that my strength was spent, that I could not keep my weary head much longer above water. At this crisis I saw a dark object, like a rock, emerging from the sea, not fifty yards away. Hope gave new energy to my half-paralysed muscles. A few seconds later I was seated athwart this coign of vantage, in comparative safety. But, alas! my asylum was itself at the mercy of wind and waves. It was a fragment of floating wreckage, the top and part of the adjacent masts of some large vessel. A thick coating of seaweed proved that it had been buffeted for many years by the ocean. Stripping off my white shirt, I spread it on the highest point, as a signal to passing craft. Soon the sun rose as a ball of fire in the east, and as the morning advanced its rays became uncomfortably warm. I felt a gnawing sensation within, and pangs of thirst which I dared not quench with salt water. A knife-like object circling slowly round my retreat showed that at least one shark was waiting for its prey. I hastily drew my legs out of the water, and wedged my body into a saddle-like depression in the floating mass. As the heat increased I became light-headed, sang and shrieked incoherently. Then the waves and sky began to revolve rapidly. I sank into a dreamless sleep.

When sense returned I found myself in a low-ceilinged cabin, the cynosure of a ring of swarthy figures squatted on their haunches. As I sat up, they greeted my restoration to life by a chorus of guttural sounds; but a greybeard, whose voluminous turban showed that he possessed authority, enjoined silence, and spoke to me in fluent Urdu. From him I learnt that my signal of distress had been seen from the Arab ship *Futteh Salam*, homeward bound to Hodeida from the Persian Gulf, and that a boat's crew had brought me with all despatch on board. Sweet was the mawkish fluid termed sherbet to my parched gullet, and a meal of dates and unleavened barley bread was enjoyed with greater zest than any banquet supplied by Messrs. Ring and Brymer.

On the good ship *Futteh Salam* I spent a pleasant if uneventful week. The weather was perfect; a steady breeze filled her sails, and the crew had plenty of time on their hands. They were very numerous, and I understood that every man had a

buried!" The rest was silence. I capped this story by one which I had heard, many years previously, from an old quartermaster of the Royal Navy. He was on board a man-of-war off Balacava during the terrible storm of November 1854, which wrought such havoc among the transports laden with stores for our troops before Sebastopol. His ship weathered the tempest, though for several hours it was touch and go with her. Less fortunate was a Turkish frigate. Despite all that nautical skill could suggest, her cables parted successively, and the helpless vessel was driven by sheer wind-power towards the towering cliff on her lee. As she swept past the English ship, she presented an awful spectacle. The entire crew was seen kneeling in prayer on the deck; and a mighty shout, "La Illa ul Alla!" rose high above the deafening blast. In a few minutes she was dashed to matchwood against the basaltic rocks that guard Balacava Bay. This implicit belief in the Creator's goodness; this heart-whole submission to His will, were the secret of the Khalifa; successes a thousand years ago; such inspiring dogmas have no analogy in the West; nor can their place be taken by *surug* materialism.

In such discourse our short voyage passed pleasantly enough; and I was quite sorry when the cinder-heap, yclept Aden, loomed on the starboard bow. Old Sayyid Ismail bade me an affectionate farewell. He evaded my suggestions of pecuniary reward with quiet dignity. I belonged, he said, to the "People of the Book," and the Most High had commanded true believers to succour the afflicted. Pressing into his hand my sole remaining possession—a watch which, being watertight, had not suffered from its immersion—I stepped into a shore-boat and pushed off amid a salvo of "salams" from the crew.

The garrison of Aden was prodigal of offers of assistance as soon as my story got wind. Loans of money and clothing were fired upon me, and I was thus enabled to embark for Bombay in the next mail steamer. On arriving in the capital of Western India my first care was to telegraph news of my preservation to distant friends. Then I betook me to the police office in order to exact retribution from John Browdie. After recording my complaint, the superintendent exclaimed, "Why, that's the very man who committed suicide at Ellora a fortnight ago!" This

surmise found ample corroboration in a file of the "Bombay Gazette." My would-be murderer had shown signs of mental aberration while accompanying his master on a tour through Central India, and was found one morning suspended and stone-dead in the bath-room of a Government rest-house. Truly conscience doth make cowards of us all !

F. H. SKRINE.

THE ORIGIN OF HINDU LAW.

The Hindoo Law is, according to our belief, of divine origin. It is termed *Smriti* (remembrance) or what was remembered, in contradistinction to the *Veda*, which is denoted *Śruti* (audition) or what was heard. The *Smriti* was revealed by the Self-Existent to Manu, who remembered and taught it to Marichi and nine other sages, one of whom, Bhrigu, being appointed by Manu to promulgate his laws, communicated the whole to the Rishis.

The *Smriti* comprises three *kandas* or *adhyayas* (books or parts). The *achara* (ritual,) which comprises rules for the observance of religious rites and ceremonies, social usages, and moral duties of the different castes; the *vyavahara* (civil acts and rules,) which embraces as well forensic law and practice as rules of private acts and contests; and the *Prayashchitta* (expiation,) which prescribes the atonement or religious penalty for sin. The general body of law comprehending all these is denominated the *Dharma Shastra*.

The *Dharma Shastra* is to be sought primarily in the *Sanhitas* (collections or institutes) of the holy sages, whose number according to the list given by Jagnyavalkya is twenty: namely, Manu, Atri, Vishnu, Harita, Jagnyavalkya or Yajnyavalkya, Ushana, Angira, Jama or Yama, Apastamba, Samvarta, Katyayana, Vrihaspati, Parasara, Vyasa, Sankha and Likhita, Daksha, Goutama, Satatapa and Vashishtha.—Parasara, whose name appears in the above list, enumerates also twenty select authors; but instead of Jama, Vrihaspati, and Vyasa, he gives Kashyapa, Gargya, and Pracheta.—The *Padma-purana*, omitting the name of Atri which is found in Jagnyavalkya's list, completes the number of thirty-six by adding Marichi, Pulastya, Pracheta, Bhrigu, Narada, Kashyapa, Vishwamitra, Devala, Rishya-sringa, Gargya, Boudhayana, Poithinashi, Jabali, Sumantu, Paraskara, Lokakshi, and Kuthumi.—Ram-krishna in his gloss to the *Grihya* or *Griha-Sutra* of Paraskara, mentions thirty-nine, of whom nine are not

to be found in any of the above lists. These (nine) are Agni, Chyavana, Chhagaleya, Jatukarana, Pitamaha, Prajapati, Buddha, Satayana, and Soma.

Several Sanhitas are sometimes ascribed to one author: his greater or less institutes, (*vrihat* or *laghu*), or a later work of the author, when old (*vidha*)

There appear to have been some more legislators, namely, Dhomya, the priest of the Pandavas and author of a commentary on the Yajurveda, Ashwalayana, who wrote on the details of religious acts and ceremonies, Bhagui, who is quoted as the author of a gloss on the institutes of Manu, and Datta, the son of Atri.

By Parasara, author of one of the Sanhitas, (referring to the Hindoo division of the world into four sages,) are assigned, as appropriate to the *Krita-yuga*, or first age, the institutes of Manu, to the *Treta*, or second, the ordinances of Goutama, to the *Dwapara*, or third, those of Sankha and Likhita, and to the *Kali*, or fourth, (the present sinful age as it is deemed,) his (Parasara's) own ordinances. That distinction, however, does not seem ever to have been actually observed, the institutes of all and every one of the sages being respected as of equal authority next to those of Manu.

The Manava Dharma Shastra, or the Sanhita of Manu, is above all of them: it is regarded by us, (Hindoos) as next in sanctity to our scriptures, the Vedas, and is the oldest of the memorials laws. The author of the Manu-sanhita is that Manu, who is Swayambhuva (sprung from the Self-Existent.) He is the grandson of Brahma and the first of the seven Manus who governed the world. It was he who produced the holy sages and the rest, and was not only the oldest but also the greatest of the legislators.

Besides the usual matters treated of in a code of laws, the *Laghu Sanhita* of Manu, which comprises in all 2,685 slokas or couplets, and is divided into twelve chapters, comprehends a system of cosmogomy, the doctrines of metaphysics, precepts regulating the conduct, rules for religious and ceremonial duties, pious observances, and expiation, and abstinence, moral maxims, regulations concerning things political, military, and commercial the doctrine of rewards and punishments after death, and the

transmigration of souls together with the means of attaining eternal beatitude

The other sages wrote *Sanhitas* on the same model, and they all cited *Manu* for authority, whose *Sanhita* must therefore be fairly considered to be the basis of all the text-books on the system of Hindu jurisprudence. The law of *Manu* was so much revered even by the sages that no part of their codes was respected if it contradicted *Manu*. The sage *Vishaspati*, now supposed to preside over the planet Jupiter, says, in his law tract, that 'Manu held the first rank among legislators, because he had expressed in his code the whole sense of the *Veda*; that no code was approved, which contradicted *Manu*; that other *Shastras* and treatises on grammar or logic retained splendour so long only as *Manu*, who taught the way to just wealth, to virtue, and to final happiness, was not seen in competition with them.' *Vyasa* too, the son of *Parasara* before mentioned, has decided, that the *Veila* with its *Angas* or the six compositions deduced from it, the revealed system of medicine, the *Puranas* or sacred histories, and the code of *Manu* were four works of supreme authority, which ought never to be shaken by arguments merely human. Above all he is highly honored by name in the *Veda* itself where it is declared that what *Manu* pronounced was a medicine for the soul.

The following is a concise description of the works of several of the other sages.

Atri composed a remarkable law treatise in verse, which is extant

Vishnu is the author of an excellent law treatise, which is for the most part in verse. *Harita* wrote a treatise in prose. Metrical abridgments of both these works are also extant.

Jagnyavalkya appears, from the introduction to his own institutes, to have delivered his precepts to an audience of ancient philosophers assembled in the province of *Mithila*. The institutes of *Jagnyavalkya* are second in importance to *Manu*, and have been arranged in three books: *viz*, *achara*, *vyavahara*, and *prayaschitta kandas* containing one thousand and twenty-three couplets.

Usana (crude form *Usanas*) composed his institutes in verse, and there is an abridgment of the same.

Angira (crude form *Angiras*) wrote a short treatise containing about seventy couplets.

Yama or Jama, composed a short tract containing a hundred couplets.

Apastamya was the author of a law tract in prose, which is extant as well as an abridgment of it in verse.

The metrical abridgment only of the institutes of Samvarta is found in this country.

Katyayana is the author of a clear and full treatise on law and also wrote on grammar and other objects.

An abridgment of the institutes, not the code at large, of Vrihaspati, is extant.

The treatise of Parasara, which consists of the *āchāra* and *prāyaschitta bāndus*, is extant.

Vyasa is the reputed author of the Puranas: he is also the author of some works more immediately connected with the law.

Sankha and Likhita are the joint authors of a work in prose, which has been abridged in verse: their separate tracts in verse are also extant.

Daksha composed a law in verse.

Goutama is the author of an elegant treatise, although texts are cited in the name of his father Gotama, the son of Utathya.

Satatapa is the author of a treatise on penance and expiation, of which an abridgment in verse is extant.

Vashishtha is the last of twenty legislators named by Jaguvalkya: his elegant work in prose intermixed with verse.

Besides the Sanhitas above mentioned, there is extant a part of Narada's Sanhita; and some texts of the other sages, except Kuthumi, Buddha, Satayana and a few more (whose Vachanas and names rarely occur in any compilation) are seen cited in the digests and commentaries.

The works of the sages do not treat of every subject as the institutes of Manu do; and it is the opinion of Pandits that the entire work of none of the sages, with the exception of Manu, has come down to the present times.

There are glosses and commentaries on some of the principal institutes, which last, but for them, would have been very imperfectly understood, nay some parts thereof would have been given up as unmeaning or obsolete. Various glosses on the institutes of Manu are said to have been written by the munis or old philosophers, whose treatises were esteemed as next to the

institutes themselves. These, except that of Bhaguri, do not appear to be extant. Among the modern commentaries, that by Medhatithi, son of Viraswami Bhatta, which having been partly lost has been completed by other hands at the court of Madanapala, a prince of Digh, that by Gobinda-rajā, and that by Dharanidhara were in great repute until the appearance of Kulluka Bhatta's commentary, which has preference over the other glosses, being considered by the Pandits to be the shortest and yet the clearest and most useful. The glosses of Manu denominated the Madhavi by Shayanachariya and the Nanda rajakrit by Nanda-rajā appear to be known among the Marhattas, and the former to be of general authority especially in the Carnatic. The commentary denominated Manwartha-chandrika appears also to be a work of celebrity. Another commentary on Manu called the Kamadhenu appears to exist which is cited by Sri-dharachariya in his Smritisara.

An excellent commentary on the institutes of Vishnu, entitled the Vijayanti was written by Nanda-Pandita, who is also the author of a commentary on the institutes Parasara.

The copious gloss of Apararka of the royal house of Silara is supposed to be the most ancient commentary on Jagnyavalkya, and accordingly earlier than the more celebrated commentary on the institutes of that sage,—the Mitakshara of Vigyaneshwara. A commentary on Jagnyavalka was also written by Devabodha, and the one written by Biswarupa is often cited in the Digests.

The Dipa-kalika by Shula-pani, which is likewise a commentary on Jagnyavalkya, is in deserved repute with the Bengal school.

The Mitakshara of Vigyaneshwara or Vigyana jogi, a celebrated ascetic, although professedly a commentary on the institutes of Jagnyavalkya, is in fact a general and excellent digest. By citing the other legislators and writers as authority for his explanation of Jagnyavalkya's text which he professes to illustrate, and expounding their texts in the progress of his work, and at the same time reconciling the seeming discrepancies, if any, between them, and the text of his author, Vigyaneshwara has surpassed all those writers of commentaries whose works combine the utility of regular digests with their original character as commentaries.

Kulluka Bhatta, the celebrated author of the commentary on

the Manava-dharma-shastra, wrote also a gloss on the text of Jama or yama, brother of the 7th Manu.

The text book of Goutama was commented upon by Haradattacharya.

The Varada-rajya, by Varada Raja, is a general digest, but it may be placed among the commentaries, since it is principally framed on the institutes of Narada. It is a work of authority in the Southern schools and especially in the Dravida country.

The Madhaviya or Madhavya, though a commentary on the achara and prayaschitta kandas of the institutes of Parasara, is in fact an excellent digest and is of great authority in the southern part of India.

There is a general and concise commentary and abridgment of the Smitis, which is entitled the *chaturvingshati smriti vrakhya*.

The doctrines of the legislators do not agree in all respects; nay, on certain points they differ even from those of Manu himself; but it is not optional with us to reject any of them, for Manu enjoins: "Where there are two sacred texts apparently inconsistent, both are held to be law; for both are pronounced by the wise to be valid and reconcilable." Under such circumstances, a reconciliation of the contradictions and discrepancies was the only remedy left. Hence arose the necessity of a complete digest, which, after harmonising the conflicting authorities, might lay down the rules to be followed in practice.

Several digests have for that purpose been composed by lawyers since the use of digests, the institutes of the sages are not regarded as themselves of final authority, which is to be sought in the conclusions and decisions of the authors of the several digests and the commentaries partaking of the nature of digests, with reference, however, to the schools to which they respectively belong, (and which will be presently noticed). Even the institutes of Manu, the foundation of the body of Hindu law, are in modern times looked upon as a work to be respected rather than to be implicitly followed.

The digests in general contain texts taken from the Sanhitas, with occasional comments thereupon and passages reconciling their apparent contradictions in fulfilment of the precept of the great lawgiver, Manu. They, moreover, contain frequent citations from other digests for the purpose of correcting

or confuting their decisions or corroborating their own. Occasionally texts of the *Śruti* or *Vedas* and *Puranas* are quoted as authority. The *Śruti* is respected as the highest authority, and the *Puranas* as next to the *Smṛiti*, which itself is next to the *Śruti*. In forming their opinions and giving decisions the authors of the digests often have had recourse to the following general maxims and texts: 'A principle of law established in one instance should be extended to other cases also, provided there be no impediment. Between rules general and special, the special is to prevail.' "If there be a contradiction between a *Śruti* and a *Smṛiti*, the former is to be followed in preference to the latter; but if there be no such contradiction, the *Smṛiti* should be acted upon by the virtuous just as the *Vedas*" (*Jabali*). "Should there be a contradiction between *Śruti*, and *Smṛiti*, the former must be followed without consideration of any matter" (*Bhābhishya Purāna*). Wherever contradictions exist between *Śruti*, *Smṛiti* and *Purāna*, there the *Śruti* is preferable; but where a contradiction exists between a *Smṛiti* and a *Purāna*, there the *Smṛiti* is to be held in preference" (*Vyāsa*). "If two texts (*oj Rishis*) differ, reason (or that which it best supports) must in practice prevail" (*Jagnyavalkya*).

The various digests have not, however, treated of all parts of the *Dharma-shāstra*, nor have they arrived at the same conclusion. The variations in the doctrines of the digests have led to the formation of the different schools. The digests, with reference to the discrepancies existing among them, may be said to be of five classes, each of which has been adopted as authority in some particular part of India, and thus have been formed the five schools or divisions of Hindoo Law. These schools or—the *Gauriya* (Bengal), the *Benares*, the *Mithila* (North Behar), the *Maharashtra* (the *Marhatta* country), and the *Dravira*. The original *Smṛitis* are of course common to all of them, but they have each given the preference to the doctrines inculcated in particular digests; and the texts of the sages must be used in the same sense as propounded in the particular digests adopted in each of the schools. Of these five schools two may be said to be the principal,—the *Benares* and *Bengal*: the other three being in most respects assimilated to the *Benares* school.

The *Mitākshara* of *Vijñāneshwara* is the chief guide of the

Benares school. The range of its authority," says Mr. Colebrooke, "is far greater than that of any of the other digests; for it is received in all the schools of Hindu law from Benares to the southern extremity of the Peninsula of India, as the chief ground-work of the doctrines which they follow and as an authority from which they rarely dissent." The law books used in the different provinces, except Bengal, agree in generally referring to the authority of the Mitakshara, in frequently appealing to its texts, and in rarely, and at the same time modestly, dissenting from its doctrines on particular questions. That dissent consists in inculcating certain doctrines not contained in, nor sanctioned by the Mitakshara; and the adoption of some of these doctrines and the use of the books inculcating such doctrines distinguish each of the minor schools from that of Benares. The other works which concurrently with the Mitakshara are preferentially respected in the province of Benares are the *Vira-mitrodaya* by Mitra Misra, the *Parasurama-madhava*, the *Vyavahara-madhava*, the commentaries on the Mitakshara by Vireshwara Bhatta and Balam Bhatta, the *Nirnayasindhu*, and the *Vivadatandava* and other works of Kamalakara.

The leading authorities of Mithila are the *Vivada-ratnakara*, and *Vivada-chintamani*. The *Vivada-chandra* by Lakshmi or Lakshma Devi is likewise much respected in that school. The works which concurrently with the above are of great weight in Mithila are the treatise on inheritance by Srikaracharjya, the *Madanaparijata*, the *Smritisara* or at full length *Smrityarthasara* by Sridharacharjya, the *Smritisara* or *Smriti samuchyaya* by Harinathopadhyaya, and the *Dwoitaparishishta* by Keshava Misra. In the Marhatta school (or in the province of Bombay) preference is given to the *Vyavaharamayukha* of Nila-Kantha, the *Nirnayasindhu*, the *Hemadri*, *Vyavahara-koustubha* and *Parasu-rama madhava*. The works of paramount authority in the Dravira school (that is, in the territories dependant on the Government of Madras) are the *Madhaviya*, the *Smriti-chandrika* and the *Saraswati-vilasa*.

These are the law tracts especially followed by the last three schools on account of their adopting certain doctrines that are inculcated by those books but have no place in the Mitakshara, which in all other points is respected as the main authority of all

those schools of law. In Urissya too, which is now connected with the province of Bengal, the Mitakshara is of paramount authority together with which are received there the works of Shambhokara Bajpei and Udaya-kara Bajpei. Bengal proper has alone taken for its chief guide in matters of inheritance the Daya-bhaga of Jimutavahana, which is on almost every disputed point opposite to the Mitakshara; its authority is supreme. This celebrated treatise forms a part of his digest termed Dharmaratna. Jimuta-vahana, therefore, may be styled the founder of the Bengal school. The arguments by which he establishes his own opinions are treated with great ability; quotations from his work, or references to it, have been made by all the authors of the law tracts current in Bengal. The other works of great authority in Bengal are the Dayatattwa, the Su-bodhini, which is a commentary on the Daya-bhaga by Sri-krishna Tarkalankara, and the Daya-kramasangraha.

The Daya-tattwa is that portion of Raghu-nandana's Smriti-tattwa which treats of inheritance. It is a short and concise composition of the law, in which Jimuta-vahana's doctrines are in general strictly followed, but commonly delivered in his own words, or in brief extracts from Jimutavahana's text. On a few points, however, Raghu-nandana differs from Jimuta-vahana, and in some instances supplies that author's deficiencies.

The Daya-krama-sangraha is an original treatise by Sri-krishna Tarkalankara, and contains a good compendium of the law of inheritance according to Jimuta-vahana's text, as expounded in his commentary.

The Daya-rahasya or Smritiratnavali of Ram-natha Vidya-vachaspati obtains a considerable degree of authority in some of the districts of Bengal; it differs, however, in some material points from both Jimutavahana and Raghu-nandana, and thus tends much to disturb the certainty of the law on some important questions of frequent occurrences.

The other treatises on inheritance according to the doctrines received in Bengal, are the Daya-nirnaya by Sri-kara Bhattacharjya and a few more, which, are nothing else but epitomes of the works of Raghunandana and Jimuta-vahana.

There are several commentaries on the *Daya-bhaga*. The earliest of these is that of Sri-nath Acharjya Chura-mani which, though frequently cited by Sri-krishna to correct or confute opinions therein expressed, must be acknowledged as an excellent exposition of the text, and was a great authority before the appearance of points not contradicted by Sri-krishna.

The next in order of time is the gloss of Achyuta Chakrabartti (author likewise of a commentary on the *Shraddha-viveka*.) It cites frequently the gloss of Chura-mani and is itself (*sic*) with that of Churamani quoted by Maheshwara. This work is upon the whole an able interpretation of the text of *Jimuta-vahana*. The commentary by Maheshwara which is posterior to those of Chura-mani and Achyuta is probably anterior to Sri-krishna's commentary, or at least of nearly the same time; for they appear to have been almost contemporary, the former seemingly a little older of the two. They differ greatly in their expositions of the text, both as to the meaning and as to the manner of deducing the sense, but neither of them affords any indication of having seen the other's work. The gloss by Maheshwara is for the greater part an able interpretation of the text of *Jimuta-vahana*. "The commentary of Sri-krishna Tarkalankara (says Mr. Colebrooke, and very justly too), is the most celebrated of the gloss of the text of the *Daya-bhaga*. It is the work of a very acute logician, who interprets his author and reasons on his arguments with great accuracy and precision, and who always illustrates the text, generally confirms its positions, but not unfrequently modifies or amends them. Its authority has been long gaining ground in the schools of law throughout Bengal; and it has almost banished from them the other expositions of the *Daya-bhaga*; being ranked, in general estimation next after the treatise of *Jimutavahana* and of *Raghu-nandana*."

Of the remaining commentaries one bears the name of *Raghu-nandana*. It is indeed a poor production and is strongly suspected of bearing a borrowed name; or if it be at all the work of the celebrated author of the *Smriti-tattwa*, it must be the earliest production of his pen. The commentary by Ram-bhadra Nyaya-lankara, is not generally in use; and the commentary written by Krishna-kanta Sarma of Nuddea is neither complete nor in use.

All these commentaries on the *Daya-bhaga* had been printed with the text by Baboo Prosunno Coomar Tagore.

Rama-natha Vidyā-vachaspati, the author of *Daya-rahasya*, also wrote a commentary on the *Dayabhaga*.

Kashi-rama has written a useful commentary on the *Daya-tattwa* of Raghu-nandana, which nearly agrees with the views taken by Sri-krishna in his interpretation of the *Daya-bhaga*.

SARMANACHARYA VENCATTA.

A WONDERFUL TRANSFORMATION.

(A SKETCH FROM THE RAMAYANA.)

In an illustrious Brahmin family there was born a child who was when a little elderly named Ratnaker. His father tried every means in his power to get him well-educated, but his efforts simply went for nothing. As time went on, Ratnaker grew to be a spoilt child defiant of control, incorrigible and corrupt. No amount of parental care and tenderness could effect any change in the boy. In time, Ratnaker grew into manhood, but was all the same as before. The father thought that his boy might improve if he got married. Who knows not that our wives wield an extraordinary influence in mending the ways of their erring husbands? With this belief the poor father made preparations for solemnizing the nuptials of his boy, and in due course they were over. But the poor father grievously erred. His boy, in spite of showing any change for the better, grew to be a hardened sinner. And within a few years, Ratnaker became the father of a pretty large family, but with no ostensible means of livelihood. However, the family must be fed. His father had grown old and decrepit, and Ratnaker was the only support of a big family. Having no education to earn an honest living, Ratnaker took to the ways of highway robbers.

The old and decrepit parents were feeling rather relieved to find their only child supporting the family, and thought that the kind God must have lent His helping hands to relieve their distress. But alas! they were cruelly betrayed. They did not suspect that they were being made to suck the life-blood of many an innocent wayfarer. One day, Narade and Brahma in the guise of anchorites suddenly met the robber in his way in a thick wood where he always lay in ambush to fall upon unsuspecting people. Ratnaker advancing towards them rudely demanded to stop and to deliver up to him immediately whatsoever they had with them. The anchorites showed great equanimity of temper, and told

Ratnakar that the sacred thread at his shoulder proved him to be a Brahmin, but they felt regret that his conduct and ways were quite unlike those of a Brahmin. They moreover said, "Do you think about the consequence?" The peaceful demeanour displayed by the anchorites made a mark in the mind of Ratnakar, and he felt softened down. The club and other deadly weapons that were in the hands of Ratnakar mechanically fell down, and one who never before listened to the supplications of men at their last moment, and whose muscles never moved to see the death pallor of his victims, mildly replied—"Yes, I have got my birth in the family of a Brahmin of a very high social position, but having had no adequate training, I have no other ostensible means of maintaining my large family except by robbery. And this is the only means that goes to maintain the family. However as I am helpless, I must either take your lives or you must of yourselves hand over to me all that you have." Saying this the heartless robber again reared his club, and with considerable warmth said, "Brahmins, don't vex me. My children are still fasting, and are eagerly expecting my return home with their food." With these words, he was just going to strike a fatal blow, while one of the anchorites addressed their assailant in the following words:—"My lad, are these sufficient causes for your going to take our lives? You are born of a very high family and caste, and you ought to practise religion and support your family with fruits of honest labour. Don't you know lad that taking lives of the creatures of God, is most heinous of sins? Oh, how does a murderer suffer penalties after death! May I ask you to know whether or not those whom you support by your crimes, will finally take a portion of the burden of your crimes? If they are ready to share the sins of your commissions amongst themselves, we shall be very glad to part with all what we have. If you have not ever asked them of it, please go and ask them. We shall be here, and never go away without your permission. But if you cannot believe us, better bind our hands and feet to a tree and then go away." The words of Narad and Brahma suddenly cleared for a while the clouds in the atmosphere of the mind of Ratnakar, as if by the strong gale of April, and his club fell from his hand. But he could not believe the anchorites. He tightly bound them to a tree, and went home. He reached the presence of his aged parents, whom he asked whether or not they

were ready to share amongst themselves the burden of the sins that he daily committed for their maintenance. The poor parents in reply said, "My lad, we are your parents, and have grown decrepit now. All along while you were helpless and incapable of earning your livelihood, it was our duty to maintain you. There were days when we kept fasting in order to feed you, besides other privations and sufferings. Now that we have grown old and helpless, it is your duty to support us, with whatsoever means, you may; and the consequence of them rests alone with you. Parents and children respectively suffer for their crimes and not one for another." This staggered Ratnakar—he was assailed from an unsuspecting quarter. Thence he hurried to the presence of his wife, with hope that so good a wife as his, the most devoted of wives, could not so easily hurl him to purgatory without sharing the consequences of his deeds along with him. At her presence he asked his wife the same question he put to his parents and in reply the good and pious wife said, "My love, don't you remember how did you promise to behave and maintain me at the hallowed presence (sacramental), of the Fire-Brahmā? And it is your

* (α) প্রমে পতিবানঃ পত্ন্যাঃ কল্লতাং শিবা অবিঃ পতিলোকং গমনেং ।

(b) সমগ্রস্ত বিধে দেবাঃ সমাপো হৃদয়ানি নো । সম্মাতরিখা সক্ষাণো সমুদেস্তী দধাতু নো ।

(c) গৃভ্রামি তে সৌভগদ্বয় হস্তং ময়া পত্যা জরদষ্ট্রির্বাসঃ । ভগো অর্থমা সবিতা পুরাক্ষি শৃঙ্খল
জাভুর্গার্হপত্যায় দেবাঃ ।

(d) ওঁ অবোন্নচক্ বপতিয়োবি শিবা পশুভ্যাঃ স্তমনাঃ শ্রবচ্চাঃ । বীরহজ্জীবহর্দেবকামাঃ নোনা
শল্লোভব দ্বিপদে শঙ্কতুপদে ।

(e) ওঁ সম্রাজ্ঞী স্বশুরে ভব সম্রাজ্ঞী স্বশ্রুং ভব । ননান্দরি চ সম্রাজ্ঞী ভব সম্রাজ্ঞী অধিদেবুঃ ।

(f) ওঁ মম ব্রতে তে হৃদয়ং দধাতু মম চিত্তমহুচিন্তস্তে অস্ত । মম বাচনেকমনা জুহু স্বহৃদপাতিস্তু ।
নিযুজ্ঞু মহ্যং ।

(g) ওঁ রুদ্ধাহমগ্নিঃ ।

(h) ওঁ যদেতদ্ধৃদয়ং তব তদস্ত হৃদয়ং মম । যদিদং হৃদয়ং মম তদস্ত হৃদয়ং তব ।

(i) ওঁ প্রাণেষ্টে প্রাণান্ সন্দধামি অস্থিভিরস্থীনি মাং সৈর্মানং ত্বা ত্বচং । "

(α) May our husbands show us the way that will lead us to Heaven, making us fruitful of good and unenvious.

(b) Thou O, Bride, May the God purify the heart of us both.

(c) I shall accept thy hands, Thou O Bride! to obtain, and I wish you will be attached to your husband as enjoined in the Sastras, till death as the Gods have made the gift of you to me to prove yourself as the Lakhmi in my family.

duty to maintain me with whatsoever means you chose the better. I shall never be held answerable for your crimes regarding this. The fog that hang so long round Ratnaker and dimmed his vision, was instantly dispelled as if at the sudden appearance of the sun, and made him realize, that he was standing at the very brink of a steep rock, that might precipitate him at any moment to an enormous depth and his head grew dizzy. He felt the earth slipping under his feet. He felt helpless. In his helplessness he cried aloud with hands and eyes uplifted for the protection of his soul, to the saviour of mankind, and said, "Father, am I to die so fearful and ignominious a death? Will you not protect my soul?" He immediately rushed to the presence of the anchorites and unloosed their knots. He fell prostrate at their feet, bedewed with his tears, and said, "Lords, I am the most wretched of mankind. For want of proper education and culture and the company of pious men, I have till to-day led the life of a hardened sinner, and the recollection of my vicious deeds is fearfully tormenting me. Oh, what a future awaits me! Father, have mercy on me and concert measures for the expiation of my sins. I have no other help except you."

Narode and Brahma perceived with great joy that the stony heart of Ratnaker had really been softened, and that seeds might easily be sown then. They raised up the penitent Ratnaker by their hands, embraced him and said "My lad, be comforted, the kind God will pardon you, if you are really sincere in your protestations. From this day henceforth, pronounce with considerable devotion, the sweet name of the mighty "Rum—the incarnation of

(d) Be, Thou O Bride, void of malicious look, be unenvious to your husband, be kind to the domestic animals, be cheerful and bring forth living sons who would be valiant heroes. Be thou, kind and good to man and cattle.

(e) Be, Thou O, Bride, pride to your Father-in-law, Mother-in-law, Sister-in-law and Brother-in-law.

(f) Thou Bride, engage your mind to my business. May my heart be attached to you for ever. Be our hearts the same. Follow my words faithfully and attentively. For all these, Brihasputy, has selected you for me.

(g) I promise before you, Thou Arandhati, to serve my husband both with words and mind.

(h) Your heart is mine and mine yours. Both you (husband) and I are one.

(i) Thou, Bride, I unify today my mind, flesh, bones, and my skin to those of yours.

Narayan—the saviour of mankind and never cease in doing so for a moment.” Ratnakar with great delight and hope attempted to utter the name, but failed to do it. Like a child he could only pronounce “Aam” “Aam.” Thus the hardened sinner failed to pronounce the sacred name of God. Narade and Brahma, having regretted the failure of Ratnakar to pronounce the symbolic name of God, hit upon a novel way. They asked Ratnakar to pronounce “Mara” “Mara” in the place of “Ram.” This time the enthusiastic repetition of the word for the whole day and night for years together mechanically reverted to the sweet word of “Ram,” “Ram.” Thank God, the right thing was attained at last, but but Ratnakar could not realize it. He was enthusiastically engaged, merged in one single pervading thought. He gradually realized that the name must have been the name of the kind God, who might help him in his troubles. Otherwise how could he endure privations so much? He grew rapturous and enthusiastic. He lost all cravings of nature he merged himself in an all-pervading sweetness, which he drank deep day and night, and required nothing more. Oh, who was he? Was he the hardened sinner Ratnakar, the villain, the murderer, the outlaw, the assassin, the the high-way robber and the pest of the country? No, never. When a man drinks deep the nectar of heavenly purity, he ceases to be a man—much less a wicked one. He obtains re-birth, and becomes a saint. Such was the case with Ratnakar. The position he took in uttering “Mara” “Mara” was one that he occupied for years together. He lost all outward consciousness. White ants crawled over him and engraved him with earth. Time wore on, and men forgot of him. But Narade and Brahma felt that Ratnakar’s purification was then complete. They now came to his help. Ratnakar was unearthed and was found to have grown a great wise, scholarly and pious man. When a man merges himself in God—thinks of the great all-pervading, all-powerful and all-wise God, what earthly knowledge or philosophy there remains further for him to acquire? God is Veda, Vedanta, Vedanga, Smriti Darsan (philosophy) and this His-all-pervading wisdom in nature. Ratnakar’s carnalities were no more. His hunger even was appeased. He could know what he was.* He forgot the world. To him the

world was but an atom of dust and mere illusion, that he cared no more. Verily Ratnakar became a Yogee to the strictest sense of the word.* Now, while Narad and Brahma formed Ratnakar so changed, they were delighted. They named him to be Valmiki—the future author of the most ancient and great epic the “Ramayan.”—for his having been engrained by white ants. (Valmiki white ants). His name and fame spread all over the country, and students flocked at his feet to be taught on secular and spiritual education.

One day while Valmiki was going to bathe, he saw a fowler, struck an arrow at a heron, while both of the pair—the he and the heron—were perching happily on the branch of a tree, and

* “যদাহি নেন্দ্রিয়ার্থে যু ন কর্ষষনুযজ্ঞতে ।

সর্বসংকল্পসন্ন্যাসী যোগারূঢ়স্তদোচ্যতে ॥ ৪

উদ্ধবেদাঙ্গনাস্ত্রানং নাস্ত্রানমবদাদয়েৎ ।

আত্মৈব হ্যাত্মনো বন্ধুরাত্মৈব রিপুবাঙ্গনঃ ॥ ৫

বন্ধুবাঙ্গানন্তস্ত যেনাত্মৈবাঙ্গনা জিতঃ ।

অনাঙ্গনস্ত শত্রুস্তে বর্ত্তেতাত্মৈব শত্রুবাং ॥ ৬

জিতাত্মনঃ প্রশান্তস্ত পরমাত্মা সমাহিতঃ ।

শীতোষ্ণস্থত্বেপেব তথা মানাপমানয়োঃ ॥ ৭

জ্ঞানবিজ্ঞানতৃপ্তাত্মা কুটস্থো বিজিতেন্দ্রিয়ঃ ।

যুক্ত ইত্যুচ্যতে যোগী সমলোষ্ট্রাশ্রয়ধনঃ ॥ ৮

স্বস্থমিত্রোষদাসীনমধ্যস্থেষ্যবন্ধু যু ।

সামুখ্যপি চ পাপেষু সমবুদ্ধিবিশিষ্যতে ॥ ৯ ”

গীতা, ৬ষ্ঠ অঃ ।

“When the all contemplative Sanyasee is not engaged in the objects of senses nor in works, then he is called one who hath attained devotion. He should raise himself by himself : he should not suffer his soul to be depressed. Self is the friend of self ; and, in like manner, self is its own enemy. Self is the friend of him by whom the spirit is subdued with the spirit ; so self, like a foe, delighteth in the enmity of him who hath no soul. The soul of the placid conquered spirit is the same collected in heat and cold, in pain and pleasure, in honour and disgrace. The man whose mind is replete with divine wisdom and learning, who standeth upon the pinnacle, and path subdued his passions, is said to be devout. To the Yogee, gold, iron, and stones are the same. The man is distinguished whose resolution, whether amongst his companions and friends ; in the midst of enemies, or those who stand aloof or go between ; with those who love and those who hate ; in the company of saints or sinners, is the same.”

(Theosophical Society's Publication.)

Translated by Charles Wilkins, Esq.

making love to each other. Valmiki felt very much pained at this unhallowed sight, and mechanically flew a Sanskrit couplet* out of his mouth, signifying his sorrow and disgust at the deed, and his wish that the fowler might never hereafter achieve success in life. From that day he blossomed forth to be the greatest of poets.

BIJOY CHANDRA GANGOOLI."

* “ मा निषाद प्रतिষ্ঠां द्रुमगमः शश्वतीः समाः ।

यः क्लौकमिथुनादेकमवधीः काममोहितम् ॥”

RELIGION AND PRIESTHOOD.

The tie that binds man to God is religion, so a man without it is like a horse without bridle. Truth is perceived by reason, sentiments and feelings differently, but a combined concentration of three are required to the faithful conception of man's relation to his moral Governor and Creator. Every earnest man may perceive "there is light in Heaven which makes the Creator visible to the created." Religion therefore is the only effectual mode of bearing the evils of life. Be pure, and let your actions aim at God and truth. Charity and love may, but not proud philosophy shall develop the sense to see Divinity. It is pertinently said that the godliest are the most god-like of human kind. His morality is summed up in love towards God and charity to his fellow beings. The laws which connect humanity to divinity, are the salient tenets of religions all over the world. All religions have some common doctrines. Saints of all ages agree that a sincere devotion to God leads to virtue and heaven—no matter what the form of worship may be. But modern Christianity and Islamism differ, and do not encourage the principle, both of them being jealous systems of theology. Priesthood plays a prominent part in Religion. No cult or system of religion is free from the thralldom of its priests, who by their peculiar environments becoming conceited and selfish, do overleap the proper bounds of the profession. The institution of death-bed confession among the members of the Catholic Church to the clergy in order to atone for their sins is not only ridiculous; but also indicates the above situation of the priesthood even in civilized Europe.

Every system of religion does give birth to liturgies and rituals. The sacerdotal order, who performs sacramental rites of the community, is elected in the respective cult to preserve such formalities or dogmas from destruction. These orders are supposed to intervene between votaries and gods by offering sacrifices for the former.

This sacred autocracy, being exceedingly sensitive, endeavours to shut up ritualistic lore for their own aggrandisement; and solemnize public worship by sacrifices or mysticism upon payment of fees. The Brahmins with ingenuity and perseverance held together the varied sects in India under their control. The ancient and modern priests prescribe penances and mortifications to the disciples in order to purge off the sins of the latter. They are of two classes:—The spiritual guides, and the ordinary priests. The former wielded spiritual rule over the laity. They may expel a person from, or admit him into any caste of the community for any disregard of the priest-made laws. Sometime they officiate as ordinary priest in aristocratic family. The other order of priests not only conducted the worship and ceremonies of their jajmans (disciples), but in India they also consecrated temples, tanks etc., gave names to the new-borns, directed marriage rites and funeral obsequies; as well as marked out auspicious or evil-moments of a day, deeds so important to Hindu life; so the priests formed a highly proud oligarchy, instead of being humble in spirits to hold up patterns and prototypes to the laity.

The priests may advise the community to which they belong, but shall not endeavour to govern it. They should never emulate the eminence of the Pope or the Grand Lama. The devotion of the laity to the respective religion offers an opportunity to priest-control. The followers of Mahomet, despite their hatred towards the Hindus, vied with the latter to obtain an exclusive priesthood; the devotion of the Asiatics being proverbial. These mercenary doctors invent new and distinct rituals for their creed, thus endeavouring to monopolize theologic and ritualistic lore to themselves. Brahminism stands supreme in this particular. The priests are generally more of religious demagogues, who play on superficial emotions of their disciples by pompous methods, that make the moral rectitude of the laity unhealthy, if not debased. They have been adding fresh dogmas and sacraments to improve their own aggrandisement. The Hindu priests even went the length of introducing fresh *Upanishads* and *Purans* with the same object. In Bengal alone within a few centuries they introduced new *Dharmasastras* and *Smritis* to extort money from the laity. The worship of *idols* was introduced about this period. In temples of some Hindu godlings of modern origin, persons with little education or culture, act as priests and prescribe medicines or spells to the visitors. The office of the priests often

become hereditary in India, though they are not always the *Sevatis* of the Deity worshipped by them.

The Government of India like many other civilised countries of Europe, has been led to interfere with the priesthood in several matters, notwithstanding its professed toleration of religions. Similarly, doctors of theology in all systems of religion, pretending communion with gods, expounded dogmas and rituals for the people to clean their souls by offering prayers and sacrifices, professing to lead them godward. But on the other hand these gentlemen spared not to encourage and cultivate sorcery and astrology; as well as to introduce belief in the mysterious powers of spells and charms. It is curious that some chapters of the *Athurva Veda* contain directions for similar arts; as the modern theosophical bodies do. I fancy the Aryans—a minor portion though, were not free from the passion for mysticism and deception.

In Western Asia, Egypt, Greece and Rome, the priests often acted as Councillors and Instruments of Government; so that in Babylonia and Egypt, religion became a part of statecraft. Among the Israil, the Levites were a forlorn class of priests whose downfall we need not trace. The Iranians and the Zoroastrians had no order of priests. The Islamites had originally no priests, but later on the Caliph like Dalai Lama was elected at the head of the Sacred body, who did conduct religious observances and ceremonies for the people, like the king of China. The Semite tribes had also undergone a similar change.

In the middle ages the monks in Europe usurped partially the rank of priests under the shield of Pope whose *bulls* were deemed of special sanctity. In Japan the state religion recognises no priestly order. Among the barbourous animists, or the nomadic tribes, priesthood has very little part to play.

The principal religions of the world are either missionary or nonmissionary—the former class includes those in which preaching and spreading of the doctrines of the cults, together with the institution of conversion of the unbelievers to such faith, are pointed out by their prophets as the highest duty of the followers. They are Buddhism Christianity, Mahomedism, Brahmoism and modern Vivekandism. The last system has found some footing both in North America, Ceylon, and Southern India in a very short time. This system is based on nonsectarian basis. Their

chief doctrines are, "Help, not fight; 'assimilate but not destroy';" "be in peace and harmony with all sects and creeds." The non-missionary religions are those that do not encourage proselytization or preaching. They are Judaism, Brahmanism and Zoroastrianism. These grow by their power of agglomeration or assimilation, that is to say, there the outsiders are drawn by its moral attractions. This process of indirect conversion is rampant in Brahmanism, a syncretic religion quietly welcoming congenial doctrines of other system into it. Mr. Alfred Lyall asserts that more persons in India become Hindus than all the converts to all other religions there put together. The above fact verifies the truth "knock and it shall be opened unto you." For the spirit of Hinduism teaches and promotes the idea of unity of the spirit under a plurality of forms. The identity of the Divine Energy underlying the stir of life here is perceived;—the highest God and the lowest creature is a mere vessel of the Invisible Power. The apparent existence of the world being like a panorama of pictures, are only dispelled by positive knowledge or *Jnana*. The dry monotheism is very hard to crack without the image worship of some kind. The Sheah among the Muslims observe many a festivals that are condemned by the Sunnis. When we look close it is evident that every faith must invent images or emblems to represent doctrinal concepts. It matters not, whether a single letter in the alphabet, or Dove, or Serpent, or the Man represents such emblem. The priests are in requisition to preserve such symbols, emblems, rituals etc. of their respective faiths. Therefore priesthood is conservative and never progressive, but until better principles are introduced the potentialities in religion must dry up. The prophet or the seers discovering them do infuse new light to old religious traditions to suit the time. They are as it were democrats and socialists in religion. Buddha, Christ, Ramanuja, Chaitanya and Vivikananda are examples of the class. The old Jewish Prophet, the Brahminical Rishi &c. were mere custodians of old laws, and not pioneers or leaders of future faith. Islamism may be a faith of action, yet it is conservative to the backbone. The contemplative Buddha traversed the regions of thought and approached another pole of truth, which Sankar discovered by thought and action combined. As Buddha also got *Jnana*, he is included in the Hindu pantheon, offering him a high

position therein. Now Hinduism being emphatically a system of natural revelation, it contains varied texts to suit the different capacities of its varied orders of devotees; which to a foreigner appears to be a mixture of elemental worship and spontaneous devotion to the Creator, the Preserver and the Destroyer. Monotheism and Pantheism in the same temple, which look like argumentative superstition,—but no, it is philosophy founded upon devotional feelings of humanity. Humanity may approach Divinity by visiting Him in mind and matter equally. Thus son observed in the Glory of the Father, the bottle water changed into sea water, the vessel having been broken by the dashing billows of the roaring water. Thus the seers that guide towards Divinity are blessed. They are the earth, as also the light of the world. They never come to destroy the law, but only to fulfil. Jesus said to his disciples, except your righteousness shall exceed those of the scribes, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of Heaven. The same may be said of the mercenary priesthood.

The chief objection to priesthood is its jealous exclusiveness. They accordingly endeavour persistently to monopolize theologic doctrines to themselves. They act like pedagogues in religion, and their sternness becomes at times offensive and cruel. They by their examples make the morals of disciples unhealthy. Every reformer tried to check the priesthood of his respective religion, and some did succeed to a certain extent. But the holy order every time rose phoenix-like. Hence the ruling powers of all civilized countries are induced to control the state religion of every common-wealth. It may be observed that unless the priesthood shake off the conservativeness of the order, and also be sincere and faithful to the laity to whom they are supposed to lead godward, this holy order cannot and should not improve at the expense of the whole community. To shut up truth is to stagnate the highest blessing bestowed on the human kind. Think before you commit.

A. K. GHOSE

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.

It is now about two centuries and a half ago since King James First (of England) wrote his famous "Counterblast against Tobacco." What was a new vice then—an imported appetite, injurious to health, and destructive of habits of industry—has now grown into the dimensions of a gigantic public nuisance. The smoker, unlike most other victims of excessive self-indulgence, is a pest to others as well as an enemy to himself. The opium-eater is a quiet, harmless, self-made idiot in a cellar; the noisy drunkard is generally kept in check by the law; and the glutton is soon rendered unobtrusive by heavy sleep; but the smoker sits in fumes that are agreeable to his laboriously-acquired taste, and offensive to those who have not learned to defeat the laws of nature. The laws of society are paralyzed when their arm is stretched forth to strike him, because tobacco is all-powerful on the bench; and those who are appointed to carry out their empty orders have more sympathy with the offender than the offended. Who ever heard of smoking in railway carriages being more than "prohibited;" or of that select ground "abaft the funnel" being actually preserved from the encroachments of this nuisance? Who ever had the moral courage to stand up in a party of travellers, and refuse that sanction to be half choked, which is only asked for as a matter of form?

The inveterate smoker is the most selfish of men. He thinks of nothing but his beloved habit at all times, in all companies, and all seasons. Ladies, invalids, and tender infants, are no barrier to his indulgence, and he has the heart of an ogre if not the appetite. He lives a trail behind him by which he can always be traced, and he will flavour a house, or a public building, as strongly as a broken sewer does. Wherever he sits for a few hours, he is sure to leave his mark by making the atmosphere heavy and poisonous, and filling the furniture with the rank smells of his idolized weed. Windows may be thrown open, and fancy perfumes may be introduced, but all in vain. The room once thoroughly impregnated with tobacco-smoke can never be cleansed. Its very tone will deepen and change in spite of all the resources of the decorator's art, and by degrees it will sink into the melancholy aspect of a liquorice-coloured den.

The conversation of the inveterate smoker is never brilliant,

and his company is more exacting than amusing. He will sit in solemn silence, like one of those eastern fanatics whom we term *yogis*, receiving all you like to tell him with a self-satisfied, clouded, impassible face, and giving no speech in return. The social qualities of tobacco are always grossly over-rated, and no company was ever improved by its drowsy influence. Heavy stupor, in such assemblies, takes the place of wit, and a half-drunken slowness of delivery is the counterfeit presentment of wisdom.*

Tobacco-smokers can command a large majority in most circles of society, and no one ever asks what substance is lighted and sucked into nothingness, as long as it is called "tobacco," and produces smoke. One man may puff a mild cigar that is costly and unadulterated; another may fill a black pipe with a coarse and nauseous mixture; and though the first may be comparatively inoffensive, while the second is poisonous and suffocating, the same liberty to become a nuisance is accorded to both. Nearly one half of all the tobacco sold, and all the cigars manufactured, is largely adulterated, and with such noxious ingredients as nitrate of potash, sulphate of magnesia, ammonia, alum, and carbonate of lime! Knowing this—without regarding the warning heart-sickness which nature has set at the very threshold of this habit, how can we question the opinion of those numerous medical authorities who have told us that smoking, much or little, is injurious to bodily health?

It is hopeless for the persecuted minority who never smoke, to attempt to stop this nuisance by argument, appeals to reason, or the aid of the law; and only one course, as a humorous friend suggests, appears to be left open. This is to invent some retaliating odour, twice as offensive as tobacco-smoke, and by using it unsparingly in opposition, so drive the disgusted and disgusting enemy out of the field!

AN ENGLISHMAN.

* The pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause, and puff—and speak, and pause again.
Such often, like the tube they so admire,
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.
Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys,
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex, whose presence civilizes ours, etc., etc.

Cowper's "Conversation."

HAPPINESS.

Fortem posce animum—

JUV. Sat. x. 357.

Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

My Lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semi-circle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but observe, that, in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his addresses to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and, among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniences of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of temper, in one whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echoes, and rivulets, to make up the concert; she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles mossy

banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls, and birth-nights, talked in raptures of Sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my Lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company ; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks showed that she did not approve such a redundancy of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do, was to keep themselves from being uneasy ; for, as Mr. Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter : at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My Lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, the thing seemed to her of so great consequence, that she hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject ; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point ; which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother

of Content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision of all the necessities of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoic cry out, 'that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.'

But, besides this, virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the excess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in pity, love, and friendship. In the two last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man therefore who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a 'strength of mind,' as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that strength of mind I am here speaking of, though he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that strength of mind and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force, a lively imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first therefore may not be improperly called 'the heaven of a wise man,' the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that arises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Conde), when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of raising an army wherever he appeared: it is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at least command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

"Night and Day."—June 1906. Printed by William Clowes & Sons, Ltd. Duke Street Stamford Street, S. E., and published at 18 to 26 Stepney Causeway, E., London.

Contains much of the annual report for 1905 of the National Incorporated Association for the Reclamation of destitute children otherwise known as Dr. Barnard's Homes. In 1905 the admissions averaged close upon 11. The homes emigrated 1,314 boys and girls in the same year and placed out in service in the United Kingdom more than they emigrated. About 8,000 are always under the care of the Homes of whom more than half are boarded out. The statistics of the work done in the year 1905 may well direct the attention of the public to the extent of the attempt that might yet be done to stamp the evil of child-destitution out of the land. The general contents of the Magazine bear ample testimony to the varied nature and needs of the work which the Homes are doing. The illustrations are excellent.

"Bideshi-Rahasya."—By Biharylal Mitra. Printed at the Sulava Press, 84 Upper Chitpore Road, Calcutta.

A pamphlet written in Bengali. The author Baboo Behary Lal Mitra finds fault with the movements of the Swadeshi leaders and tries to show the hollowness of the cause which they have upheld. He says that the so-called Swadeshi agitation is rather like the fumes of heat-oppressed brain. The arguments adduced in favour of his theory lacks that logical consistency which is so essential to a right judgment. The language is peculiar to the author and needs no comment. Putting his arguments in a nutshell, what his contention appears to us is that, by the grace of Noble Briton, Bengal has risen from the lowest depth of Hell to the highest place in Heaven or at the best making her progress to it, and if we but wait, we might yet see the glory achieved!

Report on Public Instruction in Bengal—1904-1905.

This report covers very much the same ground as in previous years. This report has been reduced to 40 pages and the supplementary statistics which formerly accompanied it has also been omitted though embodied in a separate book. The incompetency of the controlling staff of the Education Department fails to ensure a sound, not to say high state of efficiency, and it is hoped that the more urgent wants of the Department in this respect would receive speedy attention. Improvement of the collegiate education is to be hoped for owing to the University Acts. The expert inspection of all colleges would ensure a considerable higher standard of efficiency in future, but no practical development will occur until the new Regulations of the Calcutta University are settled.

Among the many noticeable features in the schemes for the improvement of education in Bengal we might mention (1) expansion of female education by starting additional primary schools for girls and by establishing a Training school for Hindoo female teachers in Darbangha, (2) the improvement in the conditions of student life in Calcutta by the institution of messes attached to Colleges in houses taken by Government, and the appointment of special officers to inspect their condition (3) the reorganisation of the commercial classes opened in connection with the Presidency College, Calcutta.

The total expenditure during the year under review falls short of by Rs. 75,850,—a decrease due to an apparent diminution in the cost of European Education.

The member of Deputy Inspectors of schools has increased by two and that of Sub-Inspectors by four.

Agricultural gardens have been attached to some High Schools most of which are under Government management. There are now six High Schools in the Province which are teaching the elements of agriculture.

An important change has been made in the development of Primary education by the abolition of the Middle and Primary Examinations as public examinations and the award of scholarships by private examinations.

W. W. Horwell Esq., Inspector of European Schools, Bengal,

writes the chapter headed "European Education." He grasps the question clearly and his general remark is very valuable. Those who seek a deeper insight into the affair we would refer to pages 31—32 of the report under review.

Annual Report on the Insein Reformatory School, 1905. (Burma).

The Director of Public Instruction controls the work of this Reformatory with the assistance of a committee of visitors. At the beginning of the year there were seventy six boys in the school and during the year nineteen boys were admitted and seventeen released, leaving, on the 31st December 1905, seventy-eight boys under detention. The percentage of punishment is very small being 0·87. The boys were never found lost in weight. Taking all things into consideration, we think, the school has done good work during the year.

Report on the Municipal Administration of Calcutta for the year 1904-1905 Part I, II, III.

The Report opens with a declaration that the year 1904-1905 has been marked by sustained progress in all departments of Municipal activity.

During the year under review the Accounts Department has been reorganised. The Chief Accountant's salary has been raised with the removal of a number of inefficient clerks and the substitution of a batch of competent men, and with the increase of the staff, punctuality, which was so long wanting, has been maintained. The work has been allotted to sections, each under a responsible head.

Then comes in a mighty factor in the shape of the loan arrangements of the Corporation. This, too, received special attention. The report reads "at the instance of the Government of India a complete statement of works to be carried out from borrowed funds was prepared for the first time and this showed full particulars of the sanction obtained for each work, its total cost and the expenditure which will be required, both during the year under report and in future years, to bring it to completion." These lines speak too clearly to need comment.

The Engineers' Department is fated to receive its due eulogy as it has made provisions for an increase of water supply by at least six million gallons daily. The suburban drainage scheme is now approaching completion. Important road improvements are progressing. Particular attention to the lighting of the roads in the north of the town has been paid.

The Health Department had two engrossing subjects to deal with, first, to ensure a systematic registration of births by peripatetic establishments and the second was the milk-supply of the City. The Health Officer has drawn up proposals for its improvement.

With reference to the Suburban Drainage Scheme, maps have been added to illustrate the progress made with this scheme and with the extension of the area under continuous supply of filtered water.

Many bye-laws have been made. Their adaptability or the reverse would be judged by the future year.

BIRESVAR'S BHAGAVADGITA

Bhagavad Gita in English rhyme by Rai Biresvar Chakravarti Bahadur, Edited with introduction and notes by J. S. Chakravarti M.A., F.R.A.S. of the Indian Financial Department London: Kegan Paul Trench Trubner & Co. and Calcutta: S. K. Lahiri & Co. pp. lxxvii+193. 1906; Price 4 Shillings or Rupees 3 only.

It was with a feeling of anxious suspense that we took up for study the work named above. The difficulty of properly translating an ordinary Sanskrit work into English is not inconsiderable; that of rendering a highly philosophical and essentially oriental work like the Bhagavad Gita into a Western language is immeasurably greater. The task set before such a translator is that of expressing the deepest thoughts and the most fervent sentiments of one people in the language and idiom of another having a wholly different turn of mind. And in order to be successful the translator must preserve the sublimity, chastity and the picturesque elegance of the original from the oddity and grotesqueness which always tend to result from the use of an unsuitable and ill-fitting garb. When therefore we learnt that it was proposed to present the Bhagavadgita to the general English reader in the form

of a popular and attractive poem in rhyme we received the announcement with considerable misgivings. And even the knowledge that the work would be undertaken by a person of remarkable ability and erudition did not wholly remove our apprehension that either accuracy or lucidity would have to be sacrificed in the attempt, at least to some extent.

It is with all such misgivings totally removed that we lay down the present volume after perusal. It is without doubt a valuable production. We assert with confidence that Biresvar's Bhagavadgita will remain to posterity as one of the most charming additions to English literature from the domain of Sanskrit or any other Oriental language.

Marie Corelli is pitiless in her denouncement of those who "skip" in reading and she is no doubt correct; but if we think over the matter carefully we shall perhaps find that the fault is not all on the side of the reader. If the reader should be prepared to take trouble in thoroughly understanding and digesting the thoughts of the writer, it is at the same time the duty of the writer to write in such a way as to reduce the reader's trouble to the minimum. No one has realized this duty more thoroughly than Biresvar, and the most striking feature of the work under review is the earnest desire on the part of the translator and of the editor to make the meaning clear to the reader and to disclose to him the various channels by which the thoughts of the writer were running.

In the first place there is the introduction in four sections—in itself a critical work of considerable value and importance. The first section deals with the relation of the Gita to the great epic, Mahabharata, in which it is included; the second deals with the Gita as a philosophical system and briefly but very clearly shews the connection of the Gita with each of the recognized systems of Hindu philosophy; the third section shews how the Gita may be used by ordinary men as a practical treatise on spiritual culture; and the fourth deals with the vexed question of date and authorship in an unbiased and scholarly spirit. It would have given us greater pleasure to see in the introduction a section dealing with the relation of the Gita to the great European philosophical systems and we trust that the Editor will remove this

want in a future edition. Throughout the introduction the virtue of conciseness is combined with extreme lucidity ; the style is forcible and carries conviction. It also shews considerable originality of thought and research and the beautiful explanation regarding the manner in which the Gita harmonizes and combines so many different systems within itself—*viz.* the method of different stages—is, as far as we are aware developed in this learned introduction for the first time.

In the next place we have the arguments or separate introductions for the several chapters. Just as the general introduction prepares the mind for taking up the study of a book like the Bhagavad Gita, so these arguments lead the reader to the subject matter of the several books. When it is considered that the train of reasoning in many places of the Gita is so far from being easy to follow as to make a scholar like Telang complain of difficulty, the labour spent by the Editor in tracing the sequence of ideas throughout the work in these simply worded and admirable arguments cannot but be regarded as having been extremely useful.

And lastly, the notes occupy themselves more with the thought than with the language of the original. There is no hairsplitting discussion regarding the precise import of any particular word used in the original ; there is no confusing reference to conflicting commentators ; there is no plethora of pedantic and ill-fitting quotations of parallel passages from other philosophical works. The object is to explain the commonly accepted meaning of the text as clearly and forcibly as possible—to make the reader think in the same line as the writer by removing apparent anomalies and contradictions. There can be no doubt whatever that in this difficult task the translator and Editor have been eminently successful.

Biresvar's Bhagavad Gita is different from all other translations that we have seen of the immortal Sanskrit work in many other respects. Thus it is not only clear and lucid, it is also attractive. It has all the interest of a novel. The various stages through which the human soul passes in its upward course from the lowest depth of worldliness to the supreme height of perpetual divine communion, unfold themselves in Biresvar's translation one after the other, like the successive stages of the plot of a romance ; and the reader is kept in a state of unflagging expectation for further

developments from the beginning of the book right up to the end. Other translations of the book being meant for scholars, are dry to the ordinary reader not initiated into the peculiarities of thought and style of Hindu Philosophical works; Biresvar's work being expressly written to suit the requirements of the general mass of readers is entirely devoid of technicalities and has all the charm, elegance and lucidity of a genuine poetical work.

The only other translation of the Bhagavad Gita that can be compared to Biresvar's in the excellence of its poetic garb, is the Song Celestial of Sir Edwin Arnold. But all students of Sanskrit who have seen the Song Celestial will be forced to admit that though Sir Edwin's work professes to be a translation of the Bhagavad Gita, it is only by stretching the meaning of the word to a considerable extent that it can be called by that name. It is at any rate a very free translation—one which in many places not only does not reflect the original but actually runs counter to the thought and language of the text. One or two examples—and the name of such instances is legion—will shew how in some places the illustrious English poet found it necessary for reasons of his own to deviate from the original before him.

Thus near the middle of Book II, Krishna denounces the blind performance of Vedic rites, for their fruits and extols mental and moral culture as leading to the supreme bliss of communion. Then occurs the following sloka :—

যাবানর্থ উদপানে সৰ্ব্বতঃ সংগ্রুতৌদকে ।

তাবান্ সৰ্ব্বেষু বেদেষু ব্রাহ্মণস্য বিজানতঃ ॥

We reproduce below the translation of this verse from both works and leave the reader to judge which of them represents the true sentiment of the original :—

Look ! like as when a tank pours water forth
To suit all needs, so do these Brahmans draw
Tents for all wants from tank of Holy Writ.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

As in a country flooded o'er
One needs the tanks or wells no more
But gets whene'er there is demand
The limpid current near at hand ;
So, friend, the Brahman who hath found
The bliss of knowledge is not bound
To Vedas all—he doth not care
To learn the trifling topics there.

BIRESVAR.

Again in Book IV, work is extolled as the means of attaining Yoga and it is laid down that common men should not for sake work but continue to do their duty. The whole trend of the teaching of the Gita is that work should be done as a means of spiritual culture—not as an end. Beginners can never neglect work but those that have secured the end, need not mind the means. It is in this strain that the author of Bhagavad Gita has written the three slokas quoted below :—

নিয়তং কুরু কৰ্মস্বং কৰ্ম জ্যায়ে হ্য কৰ্মণঃ ।
 শরীর যাত্রাপি চতে ন প্রসিধ্যোদ কৰ্মণঃ ॥ ৮ ।
 বজ্রার্থং কৰ্মণোনাত্র লোকোয়ং কৰ্মবন্ধনঃ ।
 তদর্থং কৰ্ম কৌন্তেয় মুক্ত সঙ্গঃ সমাচর ॥ ৯

* * * * *

যদ্ব্যবহিত্তিরেব স্যাদিত্ত্বশ্চ মানবঃ ॥
 আত্মশ্চেব চ সন্তুষ্টি স্তত্র কার্যং ন বিদ্যাতে ॥ ১৭ ॥

Here again we quote both translations and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. It will be seen that the two translations of the third sloka quoted above are diametrically opposite to one another. The blessed state of আত্মরতি, আত্ম তৃপ্তি and আত্মতুষ্টি are represented by Sir Edwin Arnold as a degraded state of selfish enjoyment.

Do time allotted task !

Work is more excellent than idleness ;
 The body's life proceeds not, lacking work.
 There is a task of holiness to do
 Unlike world-binding toil, which bindeth not
 The faithful soul ; such earthly duty do.
 Free from desire, and thou shalt well perform
 Thy heavenly purpose.

Existing for himself

Self-concentrated, serving self alone
 No part hath he in aught.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Work always thou—as actions are
 Than worklessness sure better far ;
 Thou canst not manage e'en this frame
 Of flesh and blood without the same.

Nor fear, as some indeed do say
 That all acts bar salvation's way ;
 In rituals for Lord Vishnu those
 That are performed, do ne'er impose
 Dire action's bonds ; hence, Kunti's son,
 See acts without attachment done.

17

But who in self enjoyment find,
 Whose pleasures are in self confined,
 Men self-contented, virtuous, true,
 No active work have here to do.

BIRESVAR.

It is unnecessary to multiply instances, but the use of such words as *Drupadi* (page 2) *Sankhyān* (page 44) &c. shews that the English poet never claimed a thorough first hand knowledge of the Sanskrit language and it is unfair to expect an accurate and faithful translation from one not having a familiar acquaintance with the language of the original. The translation of "प्रज्ञावादान्" in II, 11 into "words lacking wisdom," of *नित्याज्ञातम्* and *नित्यामृतम्* in II, 26 into "new-born" and "new-dead," of "अश्रुधर्मश्रु" in II 40 into "faith" and many other instances in almost every page of Sir Edwin's work show how difficult it is for a foreigner not thoroughly acquainted with the language, to enter into the depths of oriental thought and humour and how in a translation the stamp of genius cannot make up for want of accuracy and faithfulness.

We have been constrained to remark as above on the "Song Celestial" not from a hostile or carping spirit but from a painful sense of duty. It is impossible for any Indian not to appreciate the labours of a writer so able and graceful and overflowing in his sympathy with oriental thought as the author of the "Light of Asia"; and Sir Edwin's position as a popular interpreter of oriental thoughts and ideas amongst the English-speaking peoples of the world is deservedly one of the highest. But it is at the same time a very responsible and arduous undertaking on the part of a foreigner professing a different creed to attempt to interpret the doctrines of the dearest philosophical work of an admittedly philosophic people; and the nation whose treasure is thus handled, may have some legitimate ground for complaint if the utmost

accuracy is not maintained in the execution of the delicate task. We shall not go to the length of comparing Biresvar's Bhagavadgita with the other English translations of the work which are extant. We have seen all or most of them ; and though some of them are works of unsurpassable merit in certain respects we have little hesitation in saying that, on the whole, Biresvar's book is the best form in which the Bhagavadgita has up to this time been presented to the general English reader. In accuracy and faithfulness it can hold its own against such scholarly prose translations as those of Davies and Telang ; while it far surpasses them in the beauty and elegance of style and general attractiveness. In short it is doing but bare justice to the erudite Translator and to the learned editor to say that they have achieved what no other worker in the same field did before *viz.* to place the Bhagavadgita, not only in form but also in substance, before the general mass of English readers all over the world.

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ROMA
OR
A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.
(II.)

A young Sonthal woman was washing some clothes on the river bank and her plump, little boy hardly four years old, was seated by her side—A large, red lotus was being swiftly carried away by the current and the youngster got up to have a look at it. Unfortunately for him, he stumbled and fell headlong into the river. The shrieks of the mother were heart-rending and attracted the attention of Roma. Without a thought for her own safety, she plunged into the river and caught hold of the boy, just as he was in the point of disappearing from the surface of the Rylo. Roma was not an expert swimmer, she managed, however, to keep herself up and the boy afloat, when her companions, came to her aid and between themselves barely succeeded to save their own lives and the life of the boy, from a watery grave. The joy of the mother was unbounded and she fell down at Roma's feet which were literally bathed with her tears. Her feelings were so much excited, that she could barely speak and articulated, amidst sobs, the disjointed sentence—"God—Sri—Krishna—bless—yon—you've—saved—my child. Telling the woman to go home, they swiftly retraced their steps to their dwelling, to effect a change in their clothes, which were dripping wet,

CHAPTER XI.

An old paper was scarched and found,
Tallying with events all round.

Before leaving the Sonthal hamlet, the Raja had sent a mounted messenger, to his Dewan, to come and see him forthwith at Midnapore, to which place he repaired, with all possible haste. He found the Dewan waiting for him at his Bungalow and they were closeted together in earnest conversation. Something falling from the lips of the Dewan, evidently irritated the Rajah and he said in a sharp voice.

"My friend, you're ageing and your wits are, I'm afraid, leaving you. Don't you remember the note my father left in respect of the girl? I dare say, you've preserved it, as directed by my respected progenitor." "Yes" answered the Dewan "the note is in my portfolio."

"Please bring it up and read it aloud." The Dewan ransacked his file of papers and picking up an old, yellow sheet, remarked "here it is, Sir,"

The Rajah said "carefully read it please." Adjusting his specs he read on—"A strange affair has happened. A beautiful little girl, aged about four years, has been brought to my capital. The custodian of the girl is Baij Sing Rai—the Vakil of the Dowlabad Raj. On being questioned, the Vakil was reticent, but a little pressure and smart, artful cross-examination, elicited the fact, that the girl was of noble, nay, of royal birth, although she has been blinded out for a diabolical purpose. The Vakil would say nothing further. The girl had one strange peculiarity. The shape of a trident was visible on her back. Just as the detective police, were directed to unravel the dark mystery, both the Vakil and his charge, had quietly left my jurisdiction and surreptitiously gone away. The Vakil—a sharp fellow, had given us the slip. A low caste woman—a subject of mine, was entertained as maid-servant. She too was honest and the police failed to get at them. Eventually, it transpired, that the girl was the daughter of the Dowlabad Rajah by his second and favourite wife—Rani Silosi and would have, in time, occupied the throne, enjoying, on her own right, the vast riches and extensive territories of her father. The prospect annoyed the senior and rival Rani and she was determined to get rid of her by

fair means or foul. She gained her purpose by making a free use of her long purse and one night, she was spirited away by artful men, who were planning and dodging for the mischief. The Raja was helpless, as he was surrounded by the partizans of the first Rani. He was miserably duped and induced to believe, that the girl, who had, in the night time, inadvertently gone out of the house had been seized, taken away and devoured by a tiger, which was then causing havoc at Dowlabad. The remains of a child, were shown to the Raja, who wept and mourned, as a loving father always would. The senior Rani had her revenge and she laughed in her sleeves. The name of the maid-servant who accompanied the girl from this place, was Ramani." The note ended here and the Dewan stopped. The Rajah said—

"I've moved the authorities and they will bring Ramani to me."

Just then, a *ticca ghari* stopped at the Rajah's door and a Police Officer alighted from it. He was followed by a woman, who had taken care to cover up her face. They were brought to the Rajah's room and asked to sit down.

CHAPTER XII.

She was hauled o'er the coals.
Giving answers in doles.

When they were seated, the Rajah without giving an opportunity to the policeman to speak, asked the woman in a peremptory tone—

"Are you Ramani "

"Yes, I am "

"You're a woman of the town."

"To my shame, I am "

"You belong to the Gurjhats "

"What do you mean "

"You perfectly understand, what I mean. Don't bandy words with me or affect seeming ignorance. That won't do and won't pay. Answer fairly unhesitatingly and unreservedly. I mean you no harm. On the contrary, you will be rewarded, if you help me to bring this investigation to a successful issue. The Police Officer

has told me all about you. Now say honestly, whether you are my subject or not."

"Yes, I was once your subject."

"You came away from the *Raj Dhani* about 12 years ago."

"Yes, I did."

"You're entertained as maid-servant by one Bij Sing Rai."

"I was entertained by Baij Sing, not as maid-servant, but as a companion to a girl."

"Where is she now?"

"That is more than I can say."

"How long was she with you?"

"For more than 10/12 years."

"When did she leave?"

"About six months ago."

"Why did she leave you, as she knew you as her mother?"

"I was too hard upon her and wanted her to lead the immoral life, I myself was leading. She, virtuous soul as she was, rebelled against my proposal and left me suddenly. I don't know her present whereabouts,"

"So long as she was with you, how did she behave herself?"

The woman got excited and answered in a sharp, shrill tone—

"She was sweet in her temper, saintly in her character and sage-like in knowledge. Amidst sin and temptation, she led an angelic life and the breath of infamy never touched her. Like a veritable fool, I tried to corrupt her and she forthwith left me. I want to fall down at her feet and ask her pardon for my misbehaviour. Oh! that I could see her once more."

The woman broke down completely and sobbed aloud. The Rajah gave her time to compose herself and then went on with the examination.

"Did you get anything from the Vakil?"

"The Vakil gave me five thousand Rupees for her maintenance and promised to send stipends in the future. He has not, however, kept his word and he studiously avoided to give me his address. When I had taken the girl home, the Vakil quietly gave me the slip—I've not seen his face since then, neither do I know from whence he came. With regard to the girl, he only vouchsafed to say, that she was of noble birth and answered to the name of Rani. I changed the name and called her Roma."

"Had she" the Rajah asked "any peculiar mark on her body."

"Yes, she had the tridentmark on the back."

"That will do, my good woman, take this purse, it contains five hundred Rupees, the money is for you."

"I won't, the woman replied "touch the money, but tell me, Oh! do tell me, if ever I shall have the opportunity of meeting her."

"You may" the Rajah answered "see her, in good time."

"I want" the woman vehemently said "to make her every reparation and I'm, I need hardly say, always at your service, for the purpose."

"Thank you very much. You can now retire."

The miserable woman left the place, shedding tears and in great anguish.

CHAPTER XIII.

He had an uphill work to do,
A lot to go thro' and undo.

Fixing the identity of Roma, beyond dispute or cavil, the Rajah was determined to give her the inheritance which devolved upon her by birth. As the daughter of the Rajah of Dwalabad, she was the proper and rightful heiress and as such, should inherit her father's properties, from which she had been deprived by force and fraud of an unusual character. The prospect of giving Roma her own, fired the Raja's zeal and energy and he at once set out for Dwalabad. The old Rajah of the place was dead and both the senior and junior Ranis had petitioned Government to adopt sons. Residing at the place *incognito*, the Rajah took the greatest care to find out the Vakil—Baij Sing. After great expense and trouble, the man was found out and he made a clean breast of the affair. He was now contrite and quite willing to make amends for the past. He handed over to the Rajah certain papers in original, which fully established the guilt of the senior Rani, in getting Roma out of the way. Taking the Vakil with him, the Rajah left for Cuttack, where, he interviewed the Superintendent of the Tributary Mehals and placed before him, all the materials he had collected, to prove the identity of Roma, the means adopted to get her out of the way, the guilt of the senior Rani of Dwalabad in perpetrating a diabolical act for

sheer vengeance and the rightful place of Roma as the sole heiress of her father's estate. The Superintendent—a large hearted man—one of the best types of the old Hailebury men—was perfectly satisfied with the mass of evidence, which tallied link by link and was complete in its entirety. He complimented the Rajah on the skill displayed by him and the pluck, dash and energy with which he had brought the enquiry to a successful issue. He promised to recognize Roma as the heiress of her father, to punish the senior Rani by stopping her pension and ousting her from Dowlabad and forthwith issuing orders on the petition which the Rajah had made to him, on behalf of Roma. Receiving the orders in the course of a day or two, he set out for Nacho, immensely pleased with the turn, which a kind Providence had given to the future destiny of Roma. Halting at Midnapur, he collected his retinue of horsemen and engaged twelve musicians, who played with English instruments. Flagbearers, *asha* and *sota burdars*, infantry men, dressed in smart uniform were also requisitioned. A big elephant, with the usual trappings and a big, capacious umbrella, completed the paraphernalia of a royal procession. Thus equipped, the Rajah hastened to Nacho, which he duly reached, causing a great stir and noise *en route*.

CHAPTER XIV.

Bring out the bells and ring them sharp,
Sing on lassies, tuning your harp.

Morning had just dawned and Nacho was hushed up in repose. Nothing stirred and beyond the warblings of a bird or two, emboldened by the presence of Aurora and uttering their prayer of praise to the Almighty, the dulcet music of the ever rolling and rippling Rylo and the hum of bees, not the faintest sound of human voice was perceptible. The sweet fragrance of innumerable flowers wafted by a gentle wind, made the place like a modern lady's scented *boudoir*. Presently conches blowed, hand bells rung, gongs resounded and drums rolled on. The cry Radha-kissenge ki jai "was heard and the morning *arati* of Srikrishna in the rude stone temple was finished. Roma in her saffron colored robe, with her mass of dark, curling hair falling by her back, below the knee joint and her face lit up with a smile, looked the very picture of Innocence. Lofa and Lora

were on her two sides and a lot of men, women and children followed in her wake. Just then, the great Orb of the day rose and lit up the scene, with an effulgence, the splendour of which, was simply ravishing. Folding her hands, Roma bowed low to the Giver of life and light and the morning hymn was uttered in rythmical cadence in a voice which was as sweet as it was mellow. Suddenly, the stirring music played to the tune of—"See the conquering hero comes" was wafted by the wind from afar. The sound came near and nearer, until a cavalcade with banners floating, band playing and the insignia of royalty came to view, followed by an elephant in trappings and infantrymen in brand new uniform. They were marching with military array and precision, headed by an officer, riding a grey Arab charger. He was dressed in a costly robe and the *sirpanch* in his *puggri* was bedecked with a large diamond which twinkled and shone in the morning sun. They all came up to where Roma, her companions and the villagers were standing, bewildered with the sight and the purpose of the brave show. The horseman quickly alighted, made his respectful obeisance to Roma and kneeling on the ground, offered to her a golden *matuk* bedecked with jewels and a *Sirpanch*. Roma hesitated to accept the costly head-ornament, when the gentleman got up and respectfully placing the *matuk*, on her brow, sang out in a stentorian voice "jai, Dowlabad Rani Ki jai." The villagers, though not understanding the significance of the ceremony took up the cry and vociferated "Dwalabad Rani Kijai." Anon, the cry was taken up by every man and woman on the place and it echoed and re-echoed far and wide. Roma, bewildered and perturbed, trembling and looking with vacant eyes on the scene. The officer, again addressing Roma said—

"Raniji, take courage and be of good cheer, the mystery, enshrouding your birth, had been solved, you are not what you thought yourself to be. The stigma, attaching to your birth and parentage, had been wiped out. You are the veritable daughter, of a King and I am so fortunate as to have the proud privilege of addressing you first, as Raniji."

"I do not understand the drift of your words" quietly answered Roma.

"Come to your dwelling and I will explain everything" replied

the officer, whom Roma and her companions recognized as the Rajah of the place.

The Rajah dismissed his men and directed them to encamp on his own camping ground. Granting to the villagers largess in the shape of a heavy purse, he asked them, to make themselves merry on the auspicious day. He then followed the girls on their way to Jovia's house. Jovia had gone out early in the morning a-hunting in the *sal* jungles. He had just then returned home and on hearing the happy news of Roma's good luck from his wife, he was wild with excitement—Imbibing a heavy dose of *hauria*, he danced about the room, singing a sonthal song, the refrain of which was "I took her for a goodess and she is one, by my eye. Dima Dima, Didima, Di."

The singing and the dancing ceased on the arrival of the party to his house. With all his respect for the Rajah, Jovia could not help crying out "My little maye a Rani, blessed be Krishnaji, blessed be His name. blessed be my maye."

CHAPTER XV.

Dry your hot tears my lady fair.
You shall have to cherish and cheer.

Unfolding step by step, the circumstances, relating to Roma's early life and the means adopted to set her right in the eyes of the world, the Rajah produced a *Sanad* from Government, in which, Roma was recognised as the Rani of Dwalabad. Handing over the *Sanad* to Roma, the Rajah, with great gallantry and perfect *bonhomie*, knelt down and saluted Rama, as the Raniji of Dwalabad, in perfect oriental style. Getting their cue from the Rajah, the inmates of the household, saluted Roma and sincerely congratulated her, on the happy change that had taken place in her career. Roma was sitting listlessly, hardly noticing the words and deeds of her friends and admirers. Heaving a deep sigh, she suddenly burst into tears. She knelt down on the ground and with an uplifted face, tears trickling down both cheeks, heaving breast and clasped hands, she offered up a silent-prayer, which went straight to the footstool of the Almighty. Somewhat soothed by her prayers, she ejaculated in a frenzied tone "Oh Lord Krishna, why this trial? I did not covet for riches. I had taken the vow of renunciation,

I longed for peace and my soul yearned to unite with you. Amidst these innocent, artless people and these lovely, quiet, sylvan scenes, I had found a perfect haven of peace. Then why, Oh my Lord, tear me away from a congenial sphere to a discordant world, about which, I never cared."

Her emotional nature was roused and she again shed tears. The Rajah allowed her to cool down a bit and then said—"Raniji' you may not care for wealth, but it is nevertheless a power, the fortunate possessor of which, is enabled to do a world of good to suffering humanity. Is it not our duty to alleviate pain and misery and to do so effectually, wealth is a *Sine quanon*. A poor man can only offer his personal services for the good of another. He has not the wherewithal to do anything further. So wealth, after all, is not to be neglected. One may not hanker for it, but he may use and utilize it for the good of others. Janak Rajah is an ideal character, whom one may follow up for good. Moreover Lady, your mother is anxious to meet you. She had been mourning for you, these, long years, as one lost and is yearning to hold you on her breast. Your duty now is to soothe, support and sustain her." The words of the Rajah had a magical effect upon Roma and she consented to go with the Rajah to Dwalabad. It was arranged, that Jovia, his wife and his daughters—Lofa and Lora should accompany Roma, to her new sphere of action and on an auspicious day, the party started for Dwalabad.

CHAPTER XVI.

The dark mishap came true,
Like a bolt from the blue.

Roma had a hearty welcome from her subjects, who carried their rejoicings on a grand scale. The poor were sumptuously fed and *jattras*, *nautiches* and *tamashas* of sorts, were the order of the day. The festivities were conducted on a liberal scale. The meeting between mother and daughter was pathetic and the incidents in connection with it, are too sacred to be held up before other eyes. The authorities duly installed Roma on the *guddi* and she quietly fell in with her new life. Her sphere of action and usefulness was expanded and with the help of the Rajah and the inspiration obtained from her sainted mother, she carried on her duties to perfection. Jovia was always drunk and

moved about here, there and everywhere in great glee. Lofa and Lora, as was their wont, were always by the side of Roma and in the retreat of the palace garden, they sang and danced as usual. On a full moon night, Roma, Lofa and Lora were seated in their bower, in the garden, when several masked men, crept surreptitiously behind them and on a given signal, fell upon the girls, gagged them and took them away.

The consternation in the palace, when news of their absence from the garden spread, was paralyzing. There was wailing and weeping everywhere. The agonized shrieks of the Dowager Rani were heart-rending. Jovia ran about the palace and garden with a drawn sword, cutting away branches of trees and smashing other objects. The people in the streets stood aghast and talked in whispers. The sudden blow was stunning. The Rajah was only in his senses and he did, what was needful under the circumstances. The police, were on the alert and did their level best, but their exertions and ingenuity came to nothing. No trace of Roma and her companions was found out. The palace, so very lately the scene of joy and merriment was hushed up in complete silence. It was like a place, enveloped with the dark shadow of Death.

(To be continued.)

KHAGENDRANATH ROY.

CAN MAN KNOW GOD?

This is one of the most momentous questions which the Rishis have tried to answer in their sacred writings. All the Hindu Scriptural works beginning with the Upanishadas, the gnostic portion of the Vedas, have tried to prove conclusively that by going through a course of systematic, mental and spiritual discipline man can know God. The highest object of a man's existence is to know his Creator, to learn for himself the relation existing between him and God, for this is the panacea of all mental and physical evils. The Rishis have always held that man can know God, but spiritual discipline is a condition precedent for such a knowledge. In the *Prasnopanishada*, we find the Rishi Pipplada sending away six enquirers after God for another year of disciplinary exercises saying "Go ye, and spend another year more by leading the life of celibacy, by practising asceticism and cherishing *Shraddha* (reverential) faith."

Thus we see that it is possible for a man to know God but he must go through spiritual discipline before he is qualified for the task. The nature of this discipline is also indicated in the same Upanishada. The enquirer after God must lead the life of celibacy, that is, he must give his whole-minded attention to this great work—having no family attachments in the world to perturb his mind. Secondly, he must practise penances for that will still all mental disturbances and qualify him both mentally and physically for this work. And thirdly, he must have *Sraddha*, reverential faith. It is always seen that no one can accomplish a task, however insignificant it may be, unless he is earnest about it. Earnestness is the keynote of success. A man must have faith in God and it is then only that by dint of spiritual discipline he may know God.

In the last *Prasna*, the Rishi says that God resides in our inner self—and if one can know Him, he is saved from death, *i.e.*, he acquires immortality.

In the same manner we find in the *Chhandogya Upanishada* that Satyakama Javala is turned away to tend his teacher's cattle. He was put to such a hardship only for being qualified for receiving instructions in the knowledge of Brahma. This was intended as a period of apprenticeship when he would acquire all the qualifications, such as concentration, meditation, reverence, faith, etc., and afterwards with a little help of his master acquire the knowledge of Brahman. Thus we see that the Rishis felt the difficulty of knowing God but never felt that it was impossible to know Him. They only say that spiritual discipline and a competent teacher (Satguru) are required by an enquirer after God. Says the Rishi,—

“Arise, awake, seek competent teacher and try to know God. The wise say that, that way is as difficult to pass as the sharp edge of razor.”

Texts like these and a thousand others from the Hindu Scriptural works conclusively prove that it is possible for a man to know God. It is the highest end of a man's existence. The only one thing necessary for him for the purpose, is to qualify himself for the same by a sort of spiritual discipline. Impurity and restlessness of heart are considered by them as obstacles to the acquirement of divine knowledge. The Divine Lay “Bhagavad Gita” has also pointed out these obstacles of spiritual culture. Mind must be purged off all evil desires and be concentrated on the meditation of Supreme Self. This is the Yoga of the Hindu Rishis.

RAM CHARAN SARMA.

*REPENTENCE OF A MISER AND THE MEANS OF
PUTTING UP WITH ILL TREATMENT.*

The following extract from *Srimadbhagavatam* will give our readers some idea about the worthlessness of wealth in this world.

Vadrayani (Suka) said :—That foremost of Dasharhas, whose heroism is worth recording, being thus accosted by Uddhava, the best of the votaries of the Lord Mukunda, showing reverence to the words of his servants, said :—O disciple of Vrihashpati, such pious men as can pacify the mind agitated by the vile words of the wicked, are not to be seen in this world. A man, having his vitals pierced by shafts, does not suffer so much as he does when his mind is cut to the very quick by the shaft-like harsh words of the wicked. O Uddhava, I shall relate unto thee a story that is current about this, listen with proper attention. Being scolded by the wicked and remembering the hostile result of his own actions with patience, a certain Bhikshuka related it. In the days of yore, a certain rich Brahmana used to live in the country of Avanti. He was the foremost of misers, and amassed a large fortune by means of trade and other-wise; he was lustful, highly avaricious and of a wrathful nature. He was not wont to receive his kinsmen and guests even with kind words; even his God in the empty house was not worshipped with objects in proper time. His sons and friends were always inimical towards that vile and wicked (man); his wife, daughters and servants were always sorry and never used to do him good. Even the deities, partaking of five sacrifices, were angry with him, whose wealth was like that of a Yaksha, who was deprived of both the worlds and shorn of piety and worldly objects. Thus his entire fortune, acquired by great labour and toil, was all spoiled for his being thrown off from the path of virtue in consequence of his not performing the duties to kinsmen and dependants. O Uddhava, his kinsmen took a portion of the wealth of that Brahmin; the thieves another; men, king, destiny and time took away (the rest). His wealth being thus destroyed, he, disregarded by his

own men and shorn of piety and worldly objects, engaged in thoughts hard to be got rid of. Stricken with grief consequent upon the destruction of wealth, bewailing with a voice suppressed with sorrowful (tears) and thinking for a long time, he was assailed with great penitence. He said :—" Alas ! uselessly have I assailed my soul with penitence—it has been of use neither to virtue nor to enjoyment. So long have I suffered for useless wealth ; the riches of the vile are for the repentance of the soul in this world and the suffering of hell after death ; it seldom leads to happiness. As leprosy despoils the desired-for beauty ; so avarice, even if it be little, destroys the fame of the illustrious and accomplishment of the accomplished. The acquirement of wealth, the multiplication of the acquired wealth, its keeping, spending, distribution and enjoyment create the labour, fear, anxiety and mistake of mankind. Theft, envy, falsehood, dishonesty, desire, anger, pride, excessive attachment, distinction, enmity, distrust, vanity and disasters are considered as the sources of trouble to men. Therefore, a man, wishing well-being, should renounce, from distance, wealth, the source of trouble. For trifling wealth a man is separated from his brothers, wife, father, mother and friends and becomes even an enemy of a very dear one at one with him. Being worked up and fired with ire for mere trifling wealth, they, casting off all on a sudden brotherly feelings and vaunting, soon leave and destroy each other. Obtaining a human birth, desired even by the celestials and with the eminence of a Brahman, he, who does not look to his own well-being by disregarding it, takes to a cursed course. Attaining to this region, the road of heaven and liberation, what mortal shall be attached to wealth, the abode of troubles ? And having wealth, he, who does not portion out its proper shares to the deities, Rishis, Pitris, elements, kinsmen, friends and to his own self, and resorts to the conduct of a Yaksha, is doomed to hell. Engrossed by useless wealth one loses his riches, age and strength, by which the intelligent attain to liberation. Why knowing this, does a man repeatedly suffer by the attempt of acquiring riches ? Forsooth, he is greatly possessed by some illusive energy ? What has a person, about to be devoured by death, to do with riches, the givers of riches, the objects of desire, those who give them, and the actions which produce birth ? Forsooth, the Divine Hari, identical with all

deities, has been propitiated with me ; for he has placed me in this condition and has given me repentance, the bark of the soul. In the remaining portion of my life, I shall be satisfied with my soul, and being assiduously engaged in the performance of religious rites I shall dry up this body, if it exists. May the deities, the lord of the three worlds, favour me. He, having his body reduced to wood, attained to the region of Brahma within a moment.

The Lord said :—Having thus resolved in his mind, that foremost of the twice-born of the country of Avanti snapping the fetters of the heart, becoming a self-controlled mendicant ascetic and controlling his soul, senses and vital breaths, travelled over this world. Being thus dissociated, he, unnoticed, entered into cities and villages for alms. And beholding that aged mendicant, O gentle one, the wicked people used to assail him with various remonstrances. Some used to take away his three-headed bamboo staff; some his Kamandalu and eating vessel; some his seat and the garland of beads; and some his wretched head and bark; and then showing them and returning them to him, they used to take them away again from the ascetic. Some used to take away by force his food acquired by begging, while he ate it on the banks of the river. Some used to pass urine on his body; and others used to spit on his head. And they tried to make him speak, while he observed the vow of silence—and if he did not speak they used to strike him. And some calling him a thief used to bind him with a rope exclaiming “kill him, kill him!” And some wicked people, saying “this wicked man has assumed the marks of a religious man; being deprived of wealth and kinsmen he has taken to this mode of life,” used to vilify him. Saying “Oh! he is very strong and patient like the mountain chief; and being firm and observing the vow of silence he is accomplishing his object like a crane,” some used to ridicule him. Some passed wind at him and some bound and confined him like a toy bird. The more he suffered these ills, spiritual, superhuman and supernatural, brought in by destiny and worthy of being borne by him, the greater his knowledge became. Thus disregarded by vile men, the destroyers of their own religion, he, resorting to patience, the outcome of the quality of goodness, kept to his own religion.

MAN'S EXTREMITY IN GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

(A SKETCH FROM THE MAHABHARATA).

Maharaja Yudhisthir and his brothers were the victims of awful repression by their uncle and cousins. Their father having died at a comparatively early age, they were left orphans, and their cousins Duryadhan and others not being respectful and well-bred children of Maharaja Dhritarastra, a life-long blind and imbecile prince, had their own will in depriving Yudhisthir and his brothers of their legitimate share of the Kingdom. Nothing does spoil a child more than the connivance of an indulgent father. The case was the same here. The knavery of the spoilt princes rose to an Alpine height now. Spoilt children of rich folks do never lack of vicious associates. Duryodhan with his friends now began to concert measures how to remove the obstacles in the way to his ambition. For the residence of the unfortunate princes and Queen Kunti Debi—the mother, Duryadhan had constructed a house with combustibles at Baranavat—modern Allahabad. But fortunately while there, they were apprized of it by a friend of theirs who had a subterranean passage, leading a great way off to the Ganges, dug by an expert engineer. But the princes were being closely watched lest they made good their escape. One fine night, the unfortunate princes with their mother made a stealthy retreat through the passage, setting fire to the house themselves and reached at the bank of the sacred river, where fortunately they found a boat ready for them, which helped them to cross the river to proceed far away off from those of their kith and kin, who forgetful of the Mighty Father in heaven, did not scruple in attempting to take their lives. Now Duryadhan, with satisfaction of having overcome the formidable rivals, reigned as King at the Hastinapur with all the splendour of an oriental monarch. But along with the manifestation of joy and inward satisfaction of one party, there was another, which though fearful to give expression to their sorrows, sympathies and surging

temper, was sincerely wishing that the Pandavas were not dead. The act of suppression and injustice on the part of the imbecile monarch and his spoilt children, shortly assumed, as it were, the gigantic character of a thick and heavy cloud that only in few years later, swept away like April north-wester, more than half of the then Indian population. However the Pandavas who were fallen on the quagmire of misfortune, were travelling from place to place and kingdom to kingdom as homeless Sanyasis—devotees, living on the charities of people. The vicious ministers of the vicious king, were taking credit of how silently and effectively had they removed the obstacles off from their way to the throne. Man when fallen into the quagmire of extreme degradation, feels pleasure in the miseries of another, and such was the case with the poor Kurus. Good readers! let the vicious Kurus enjoy the pleasure of their small hearts, as long they may, and in the meantime let us proceed to accompany the good princes who accustomed to live in the lap of happiness, were, by the frown of Fortune, travelling, from day to day here and there, having no settled house to live in and having had scarcely any thing to subsist upon. They had put on bark of trees and had their hair made into thick strings. Often they changed their dress to elude detection. In course of their journeys, they betook themselves to the territories of Trigarta, Matsya and Panchal. However it so happened that the daughter of the Maharaja Drupad of Panchal—Droupadi, a most beautiful and talented of damsels, was to be given away in marriage, and Droupadi had to select her own husband herself from amongst a number of Rajas and Maharajas, assembled for the purpose. And the third Pandav—Arjun, exhibiting wonderful feat of arms, won her hands. Now in their homeless and troublesome lives which the Pandavas lived, was placed another a princess—their new wife—Droupadi, who with her fortitude, humility, intelligence, activity, kindness and other bridal virtues proved a chief helpmate to her lords.

The father and brother of Droupadi were plunged into excessive grief, as they thought that owing to their fault their darling Droupadi had been given away to helpless beggars. But there was no help for it, as it had passed remedy. They, however, as Hindus, consoled themselves with the belief that it was a matter pre-ordained by God over

which man had no control, and sent suitable equipages, to get Droupadi, her mother-in-law and husbands, who were at their own cottage at a great way off from their capital. When they had all come to Panchal—the kingdom of Maharaja Drupad, the latter asked Yudhisthir to know who they really were, for he did not doubt them to belong to any other caste than a Kshatriya, as the prowess they had exhibited, proved them to be quite different from the meek Brahmins. Here, after twelve long years, Yudhisthir, told the Maharaja who they really were, and what had made them adopt such lives as theirs. Maharaja Drupad, although greatly pained to know of the inhuman treatment accorded to them, by their uncle and cousins, was highly gratified to know that by the grace of the good God, his daughter had cast in her lot to those of the highly talented and conspicuous Kshatriya princes. And now there was profound joy. With due solemnities the final nuptials were over, and the news was flashed from month to month to the court of Hastinapur; and the wicked, vicious and envious Duryadhan gave way to hysteric feats arising from mental agony. Oh, how terribly does the great Dispenser of Justice punish an envious and mean fellow! The fondest dream, Duryadhan had been dreaming for the last twelve years—that he had been freed of his enemies, had at last proved a myth, and moreover, they had married a most talented wife, of whom he had been an unsuccessful suitor; and through her, they had got a powerful ally. Maharaja Dhritarastra, heard of all these, and was very much out of humour. But to show that he was above meanness, he invited his nephews to return to their kingdom, and furthermore informed them of his unfeigned pleasure in hearing that they were still alive, in suspicion of which he said, he used to profusely shed bitter tears; and moreover urged his messenger the pious Vidur to tell the Pandavas, in his own language, “what,” said he, “have I besides them—they are the only consolation of my old age. I live without them only because

“Life must be borne
Ere sorrows break its chain.”

While Vidur was at Panchal, the Pandavas and Maharaja Drupad held a hurried consultation, and their return to their native town was decided upon. The Pandavas returned to Hastinapur amidst the hurrahs of the sympathising people, and entered the

capital in company of their mother and wife. They rendered their due homage to their uncle and others who were worthy of it in return, all of them wished the Pandavas success in life. Dhritarastra as if to atone for the past wrongs done to them proposed that they should establish a second capital and there reign as king over half of the kingdom. The only friend and well-wisher of the Pandavas—the Divine Srikrishna came to their help, and had a most beautiful capital raised at Indra-Prostha, where they soon removed. After Yudhisthir had reigned a few years, he desired to observe Rajshuya Jagna which was soon performed in all the splendour worthy of the mighty king. At this ceremony, Srikrishna felt himself fortunate to wash the feet of the Brahmins. Amongst those that were present at Indraprastha to grace the occasion by their presence, the royal branch the Kurus reigning at Hastinapur also came as guests, and was most honourably received and hospitably entertained. The magnificence of the capital of Yudhisthir and his vast resources only made the envious Duryadhan conceive jealousy and hatred and made his heart ache. After the ceremony was over, Duryadhan left for his capital with a heart, as it were, burnt to ashes. While there Dhritarastra, Duryadhan and Sakuni, held a private consultation to determine upon, how to rob the Pandavas of their possessions. The old and blind prince whom I have told to have been an imbecile one had not the hardihood to object and much less to oppose to what his eldest boy liked. In support of his wicked design Duryadhan said to his blind father of his disgrace at the court of the Pandavas, and in doing so, he narrated, how thousands of mighty kings felt themselves honoured and fortunate in rendering homage and allegiance to the Pandavas, and had gladly accepted them as suzerain power. He said, "The spacious Durbar Hall at Indraprastha is one that may be equal in value to the whole of our kingdom. There is a spacious quadrangle made of solid glass, where believing it to be a reservoir of water, I drew up my dress that it might not get drenched. This provoked laughter in which even some of the Pandavas joined. In another portion of the same house, there was a real glass reservoir full of pure transparent water to which, my former experience having taught me to pass upon as upon solid glass, I fell down and was submerged and only recovered after some struggle. Besides the

walls of the Durbar Hall made of pure glass were so transparent that in attempting to obtain my exit, having forgotten the real gate to be out, I had severely hurt my forehead. All these provoked laughter and I was almost dead in shame." These were the causes that had made the proud and foolish Maharaja Duryadhan determine either to take revenge or to die in the attempt. And there was no help. The imbecile father, who was but a puppet in the hands of his eldest boy, hastened to a consultation to devise means as to how the Pandavas could be taught a lesson for their fault of being great and good. Sakuny a most worthless man leading a parasitic life at the court of Hastinapur, was a master at *Dice*, and challenge was offered to Maharaja Yudhisthir for play. *Dice* is a play which, to the martial race of the Epic Age, was as sacred and obligatory as was the call to war. But Maharaja Yudhisthir was no expert and hence he was very unwilling to go to try his luck; but there was no help, as challenge was offered. Sakuny was an expert or rather cunning who could use his stratagem to accomplish his own ends. A Kshatriya from his infancy was taught to hazard his life in any undertaking however difficult, but never to recede from it from fear. To meet the challenge was to add fresh laurels on his head. And Yudhisthir could not deny it; and the play began. As was anticipated, every time the ivory rattled, the Maharaja was worsted; and he lost in the bargain all he possessed even his kingdom. Now the good and virtuous Maharaja was reduced to a street beggar. Yet the vicious Sakuny called him again to *dice*, and there could be no denying. This time the poor Maharaja lost himself, his brothers and even his wife, in the game. The object of the enemy was now attained. There arose great flutter amongst the wicked Kouravas and the Maharaja and his brothers only thought in their troubles as tools in the hands of Providence. Now was reached the climax of the trial of the pious Pandavas. Both the princes and the queen now belonged to Sakuny, or rather to Duryadhan. The latter ordered a man to get Droupadi immediately to his presence at the Court. One Pratikami was ordered to do the revolting work, and as Duryadhan's will was law, who could withstand it? Pratikamy too, proceeded to Indraprastha—the capital of the Pandavas. There he entered the Zenana of the Pandavas and very

mildly informed the noble queen—Droupadi all about the affairs at Hastinapur, and asked her to accompany him to the court there. The great queen of the great Pandavas was shocked—a wave of indignation passed through her frame. She collected herself and asked Pratikamy to enlighten her whether the great Maharaja Yudhisthir had lost himself or his queen first in the bet. But Pratikamy did not know it, and in his inability he only hastened to Hastinapur; and asked the Maharaja the question of his queen. The Maharaja kept silence. But the autocrat got suddenly enraged with Pratikamy and ordered him to proceed at once again to get Droupadi at his court. Pratikamy hastened again, and told the queen what had happened at Hastinapur, and requested her to accompany him to the court there. The good queen again humbly asked Pratikamy to go once more to Hastinapur and obtain the permission of her lord whether or not he himself wished her presence there. Pratikamy knew how to behave a lady, and was not so bad a servant as his master was. He returned again to Hastinapur and asked of Yudhisthir to be informed in reply as to what Droupadi had asked to know. Yudhisthir said, "Fate must have its will; and as it is impossible for me to surmount the truth, I should therefore ask Droupadi to submit to her lot." But Duryadhan grew fiery in rage, and vomitted venom. He ordered one of his younger brothers Dushasan to proceed at once to Indraprastha to get Droupadi there by hook or by crook. This Dushashan was a spoilt child of a blind and doting father. He hastened to the capital of the Pandavas in hilarity, humming a tune, and soon reached it, and entering the sacred Zenana demanded of the queen most unceremoniously to accompany him to Hastinapur and there to enjoy her life with the Maharaja as her new lord. The naturally timid wife of the valiant generals, afraid of being disgraced by so rude and impetuous a youth, hid, herself, hid amongst the ladies of the Zenana. But nothing could avail. The most beautiful and talented queen of the great Pandavas, was rudely handled amidst her prayers to save her from further disgrace. She said, she was never accustomed to court. But the foolish and impetuous youth suddenly caught hold of her dishevelled hair and dragged her to Hastinapur at the Court of Duryadhan. She now found gathered there all that was

good and great in the realm; and her husbands with heads hung down in shame, sorrow and disgrace. Droupadi, bathed in tears, was repeatedly asking all present there why were they silent at her disgrace. She saw amongst the number, the great Bhishma, Drone and Vidur, and also others who were the pillars of the state, and were most pious. Why did not even they raise their fingers to protect her from further disgrace? Was she to conclude that the last days of the Kuru dynasty were reached? The Pandavas had hitherto suffered silently the loss of their kingdom even, but the sight of tears that their queen was shedding at the open court, and the piteous look she was casting at them testifying to her helplessness drew forth their ire and they were boiling in rage. Bhishma and Bikarna were the only two in that vast assembly who alone dared to protest against the cowardly treatment that was accorded to Droupadi, and said it was quite ignoble of the king. They concluded that Duryadhan, had no right to drag Droupadi at the open court at what Yudhishthir had sat. Degraded morality often makes boaster of a man, and so was the vicious Kourabs. Duryadhan, boiled in rage, said it to be impertinent of Bikarna, who was mere a lad, to sit upon judgment over his superiors. Bhishma, the great and good, was not noticed at all, because although he was the head of the family, he was yet humble and poor in spirit.

There in the open court in the presence of a vast assembly of elders and youngsters, Dushashan, at the sign made by his elder brother, Duryadhan began attempting to denude Droupadi, who was put on a simple *Sari*. It cannot, even now, be conceived how in days of chivalry such a revolting idea of dishonouring a princess could have been conceived by those that had the burthen of a huge empire rested upon their shoulders. From dawn of human society, it has been found that whenever vice, chaos, tyranny and other excesses affect a society, God in his infinite mercy devises a means that totally subverts the empire and society and establishes another in its stead. And there was no gainsaying that the society in which a female was thus outraged, had fallen into the mire of utmost social degradation. Lord Sri Krishna has told this in the immortal Gita in this way:—

“यदा हि धर्मश्च गानि र्भवति भारत ।

अधुर्थानम् धर्मश्च तदास्मानिं ऋक्षाम्यहम् ॥

পরিজ্ঞানায় সাধুনাং বিনাশায় চ দুষ্কৃতান্ ।

ধর্মসংস্থাপনার্থায় সম্ভবামি যুগে যুগে ॥”

(O Bharat! whenever evolution is checked, for facilitating the same I create myself. For helping evolution, for saving the good and destroying evil I create myself in every age.)

And thus the attempt at denuding Droupadi, proved to be the fruitful cause of the great war, that gave birth to the regeneration of the empire, and the establishment of order and virtue. Now to the thread of our narrative. Poor Droupadi was helpless. Her husbands although mightier generals, were then only bondsmen. Bhishma, Drone and Vidur, although burning in indignation, had no control and influence upon the tyrant prince. In this vast and wide world—though a princess and a queen—Droupadi, could point out none whom she could call to come to her help in her disgrace. Naturally now, she with her hands joint and uplifted, with eyes fixed towards heaven that was showering streams of tears, prayed, in the following words, to Sri Krishna—the almighty God in heaven, who is ever ready to help the distressed and needy:—“My Lord, Friend of the afflicted, the omnipresent and omniscient God, don't you know how have I fallen in the mighty and tempestuous ocean of misfortune? I find none besides you to get me to the rescue. My God, protect me from this disgrace. I know you befriend those that are friendless on earth. Did you not protect Prohlad from the poisonous fangs of serpent and the feet of an enraged elephant? Did you not lead the infant Dhruba to your bosom amidst forest full of growling tigers and roaring lions? I know there is nothing impossible for you to accomplish here on earth. You are the only friend of the Pandavas in their troubles; and will you not protect me from my disgrace?” Saying this, she closed her eyes. But there in the court of the great king, that was protected by fantastically clad hardy warriors with swords, and pikes of gold and silver, every one grew terribly restless—friends and foes alike—of something, although nothing visible and not even the hair of the head moving, that their end was near. They were perspiring and heaving heavily in terror. The Spacious Hall, they felt, suddenly became animated by the presence of something invisible but mightier and greater, to chastise them. But wicked people are ever dauntless and defiant. The knave Dushashan began to draw

out the cloth that was put on by Droupadi; who was almost dead of shame. But lo! What was that? The single piece of cloth that was put on had been removed and thrown aside, but the queen was still as much clad as before! There was raised a murmur of amazement! The Devil again drew out the piece that was then put on, and lo! She was clad as before! One by one a mountain of clothes was raised there and at last there was no space to put even a piece of rag! Now there arose a murmur of consternation, as to what the matter was. Bhishma, Drone and Vidur began to express their disgust. The blind Maharaja heard of this, and was dumb-founded. He brought Droupadi to his presence, and wished well of her, and asked her to accept boon, as he was mightily pleased with her. She too responded. But she only asked the deliverance of her husbands from bondage of Duryadhan, the blind Maharaja, pronounced his assent. All was now mended, except the great vice arising out of the knavery of the vicious Kourabs—the wrongs done to the Pandavas, that lay like a huge Himalayas in the way of the Kouravas, who shortly after had to pay heavy penalty for in the great war of Kurukshetra—that swept away more than half the people from the land of the Hindoos; and the Pandavas got the supreme possession over the whole of Bharatvarsa, and the reign of righteousness was again established.

BIJOY CHANDRA GANGOOLI.

*A SKETCH OF THE DURGAPUJA ALA THE STYLE
OF THE IMMORTAL HUTUM.*

The great Goddess Durga is neither worshipped in the North Western Provinces nor in any other province in India, in the form and with the *eclat*, with which she is worshipped by her devotees in Bengal. The impetus to the puja in Bengal, was given by the Moharajah Krishna Chunder Roy of Nuddea. Every well-to-do man in the country performed the ceremony, although a decrease in the worship is perceptible in modern times. Now a days Puta Yalis (insignificant men) do not scruple to bring in the Durga in their homesteads. There is a great difference in the puja, as performed in ancient times with the rituals observed now. The Durga Puja festival is now at hand. Artists from Krishnagore were fast pouring in to turn out to order the images in artistic and *recherche* style. For people whose resources were small, ready made images were to be had at a small outlay. The images vary in size and form—from the biggest to the smallest, to suit the convenience and pockets of all. In the vicinity of the places where the images are brought and sold, dyed clothes of various hues and sorts, *Tabluki* beads, flaxen false hair, brass shield and swords to decorate the goddess were piled up in huge quantities. As in the merry X'mas season, new clothes for children were being hawked about from door to door. Cloth dealers from Ducca and Santipur, scent—wallas from Gazipore and brokers for *jatras* were up and doing and had hardly time to take a hasty meal or a wink of sleep.

Hardware vendors were weighing and selling in heaps, brass made *Modhupurka batis* and *lotas*. Small mats of sacred grass, little baskets called *sindurchupris* and wax candles had been arranged, in the open air, for sale. Servants and villagers, hailing from Eastern and Western Bengal, were buying silver ornaments, small gilded mirrors and all sorts of knick-knacks as puja presents for their sweet-hearts at home. There was a great demand for rubber

s hoes, comforters, turbans, so-called chemical gold rings and crystal *chowris* (a sort of bracelet). Hitherto dust and cob-webs were the ornaments in shops. During the busy puja season, they were thoroughly overhauled, swept clean and adorned with bits of tinsel and coloured paper and looked spick and span like brides on the eve of their wedding day. A peep into these shops would shew the crowd of motely customers seated on pieces of carpets and chairs which have been handily placed on the floor. As the puja day drew near, buying and selling went on briskly—on a swinging scale. Brahmins and Pundits of all classes were pouring into Calcutta, to collect their annual *britis* from noblemen and gentlemen from all points of the compass, like greedy locusts in search of herbal food. Gentlemen of the light-fingered fraternity and other people of sorts were loitering in the streets of the town in search of prey. A murder had been committed here, a riot was going on there and burglaries were *evidence* every where. A pick-pocket with the help of a pair of scissors, had cut away clean, two tolas of silver bound in a knot in the *chadder* of a Bhattacharjee Brahmin, who was standing in the street-corner, vacantly looking, without knowing what to do and which way to turn. A *badmash*? was trying to snatch away a golden nose-ring from a woman, who was screaming vehemently and gallantly holding one of the hands of the adventurer. She lustily bawled out “Paharawalla” but unfortunately not the remotest trace of a Policeman could be found far or near the spot. When the thief had decamped, a posse of Policemen put in appearance and officiously did a lot of things which they should have left alone. Thieves and rogues are all up and doing, carrying on their nefarious practices on a large scale. Ruffians were desiring in their heart of hearts to lay a big haul. A precious lot of these were accounted for and sent to jail. The puja ceremonies and festivities on a grand scale were going on in a certain zemindar's house, situated in one of the biggest thoroughfares in Calcutta. After *kalpa*, Brahmin pundits were taking their annual *beday* in the court-yard, where the head of the family was seated on a thick mattress. He wore a coarse silk *dhooti* and sat with great solemnity. On his right side sat the manager, and on his left, Naychanchu the Pundit of the family. A purse full of silver coins lay before the *Katta Babu*. Naychanchu was off and on, taking a pinch of snuff and gravely wiping off the spot which issued

from his nostrils and fell on the place he sat. Lots of *umedars*, (place hunters) brokers of dancing girls, proprietors of jatra-parties, songster and beggars of sorts, profusely using soft sawder, for the purpose of gain, were assembled.

Story tellers were anxious to tell their romantic tales before the *Kurta Babu*, whilst hangers-on were loudly back-biting rival rich men, so that their words may reach the ears of the Babu. The Subha Pundit was bent on pointing out the insignificant faults of other Brahmins, with a view to with-hold their Briti, which he is anxious to secure for his own relatives. The Brahmins thus deprived of their just dues, were tearing away their holy threads in deep resentment and voceferating wild denunciations on the head of the Naychanchu. It is a rare sight to see Brahmins in rage. They were nodding their heads, the tufts of hair on the crown of which, were keeping time with the vehemence of their gestures. Many favour-seekers were being sent away with such curt replies as—"come to-morrow" "I will not give you anything this time" "the four anna bit is sufficient for you" and so on. Confectioners and sweet-meat-sellers were carrying on a roaring trade. Flayed goats were hanging in butcher-shops and the streets were so full, that it was exceedingly difficult to go through them.

Porters were reaping a golden harvest and dashing about in such haste, as to interfere with the progress of every pedestrian. Shops, with miscellaneous goods, were full and in great bustle. Thus the fifth day called *Panchumi* closed to make room for the sixth day of the moon. Shopping and other business transactions, must necessarily be finished on that date. The zemindar's house wore a gala appearance. Men and maid-servants putting on new clothes and badges, were parading round the house, two silver pots, full of water, with mango leaves on their top had been placed on both sides of the main door. *Nahabut* and *Rosunchowki* were playing at intervals. Nephews, sons-in-law and other boys of the household wearing new dress and shoes were moving about here, there and every where, making an effective show.

In the drawing-room, card and chess playing were going on with a vengeance and occasionally there was a bit of music to enliven the scene. Dhoolis, (Drum-beaters) flower sellers and ice-cream *wallas* were to be met with everywhere. A hum of distant voices was heard as the night deepened, under a pale flickering moon,

Aurora appeared apace and the 7th day, the first day of the puja—was ushered in, with the loud, piercing music of *dhols* and *dhaks*. *Kula bows* were being taken to the river side, with drums beating loudly. The zemindar, with an escort of Durwans and accompanied by the priests, walked slowly to the side of the *Ganga*. The *kula bows* were immersed in the river, hymns and slokes were chanted and the party returned home. The puja had commenced. Incenses were burnt and the Chandi was carefully recited. The goat sacrifice was performed and anon the morning service was over.

Nybedyas piled up in huge *thales* were sent to the houses of Brahmins. The feeding of the poor has just ceased, when evening sets in, *kurta* and his suite clasping their hands, bowed down reverentially before the Mahamayee and returned to the drawing room. People of sorts and lots of immoral women were pouring in from all sides, to the Babu's house, to bow down before the holy Pritima. There was a perfect flow of visitors and the Durwans were on the alert to see, that nothing was surreptitiously carried away. Invited guests were taken to the drawing room, where the Babu sprinkled scents on their dress. As the night advances, natches and jstras took place in turn. One Hari Dass who took the part of a clown, convulsed the audience with laughter by his humorous talk. Zennana ladies peeped behind the curtains. The dregs of society witnessing the jatra were passing odouriferous gas which vitiated the atmosphere of the puja house, so much so, that respectable men could not bear the ordeal. In this way, the 7th and 8th day of our great annual puja passed away. It was the 9th day of the moon and the last day of the puja festivities. Until now, joy and pleasure increased and filled the mind, just like the flow tide of the Ganges, now they decreased like the ebb-tide. A couple of buffaloes and half a dozen goats were to be sacrificed this day. Babus and their friends were feasting and drinking to their hearts content. Beggars, outsiders and others were filling the court-yard and there was hardly any space for one man to squeeze himself in. The sun was sinking towards the West and the annual puja rejoicings had come to an end. Ma (mother) Durga's face which appeared bright and laughing to the devotees, now looked sad and weeping. The Bejoya dasami had come, when the Goddess was to be immersed in the holy Ganges. Elaborate preparations for the event had been made.

It was now ten O'clock. An offering of Daikera (fried rice with curdled milk) had been given to the Goddess and the Neranjan (immersion) ceremony was over. After *arati*, tomtoms cymbals, and other musical instruments began to play the Bhasan air. The images were carried in great state through the streets which were full of men, women and children, all clad in their best and newest garments. Toys, playthings and eatables of sorts, were being hawked about. Babus, in their best turn-outs were thundering through the streets to the great risk of pedestrians. Women of the town adorned with ornaments were standing on the Verandas of their houses, with intent to catch game. Images of Durga were being carried away for the immersion, accompanied by European bands of music, tom-toms and other instruments. Red and blue lights were shown and acetyline gas was lit up for the procession.

People talked and criticized about the pomp and grandeur of every image which passed them. The river side was reached and the images were thrown into the water. The musicians struck up a sad air, the Durwans, flag bearers, *assa sota wallas* and people of the household returnsd home. The crowd in the streets broke up and people came back to their homes leisurely with a touch of sadness. This was the day for peace and good will, when the hatchet was buried. Strife ceased and every word and deed which caused pain was forgiven and forgotten. People fall down on the feet of their elders to gain their blessings. The day was one of joy, peace and tranquility. The customary diinking of *Siddhi* was not forgotten. Thus ended our great Puja, its festive scenes and the blessings it carried on its train.

SIVA NATH ROY.

KASHMIR ANTIQUITIES.

A short time ago, the Kashmir Durbar was held upon the proposal of Captain S. H. Godfrey, Assistant Resident, Kashmir. He has resolved to establish a museum at Srinagar. The new institution, for which a suitable building is already in course of construction, is to serve for the reception of Kashmir antiquities and of characteristic specimens of the arts and industries of the Valley. There is, perhaps, no part of India which could furnish richer or more interesting materials for a local museum. There is certainly none in which the establishment of such an institution is at present more needed or more significant as a mark of progress. The whole of Kashmir might have been described, until not so long ago, as one great museum of local antiquities. There were the ruins of ancient date which still cover many prominent sights in the valley. Great are the changes which Western influences have produced in Kashmir, particularly during the present Maharajah's reign. They reach deeper than any we can trace in the country's previous history. Much of what modern "reform" has swept away will not be regretted even by the most ardent lover of old Kashmir. But much of what is of high value and interest to the student of Indian history and art, is also now bound to disappear. It is time to collect these remains of antiquity, whether they are in stone and wood, in manuscripts, or in the traditions and thoughts of people.

The interest which these remains claim is closely connected with the old history of Kashmir. And the latter again is rendered curious and attractive by the exceptional advantages we enjoy for its study. Indian literature has often been blamed, and not without justice, for its want of historical works. Kashmir, however, has preserved for us a series of Sanskrit chronicles which in authenticity and value fully reach the mark of the chronicles of mediæval Europe. Adding to these, the Persian records from Akbar's time

onwards, Kashmir history presents itself to us in reliable accounts extending over more than 1,500 years. Traditions popular in origin, but yet of value, which are recorded in the oldest of these works, Kalhana's *Rajataranginī*, carry us back even further to the times of Asoka and the great Indo-Scythian kings. It is not alone this wealth of truly historical records which enables us to restore in detail the picture of ancient Kashmir. Small as the country is, its contribution to ancient Indian literature has been considerable. Sanskrit works by Kashmiri authors are plentifully preserved in the valley. Kashmiris seem always to have had an open eye for the realities of life and for the peculiarities of their country. It is not chance that these old writers give us many a curious glimpse of contemporary Kashmir, such as the scholars of India proper rarely vouchsafe to Englishmen in regard to their own homes. Nor are we entirely dependent on these indigenous sources. It is well-known how much valuable information on ancient India has reached us in the accounts of foreign travellers. These do not fail us in Kashmir. The favoured "land of *Sharada*" (Parvati) has always been famous for its sacred sites, its holy springs or Nagas, its mountain Tirthas. A land of such spiritual merits could not be missed by the pious Chinese pilgrims who wandered through the breadth and width of India during the centuries preceeding the Mahomedan conquest. The curious and detailed notices which they have left us of the valley and its inhabitants correspond to the long stay they used to make there. It seem in fact as if these pious men had not been wholly indifferent to the material attractions of the country. Kashmir has always had its charm for visitors from Northern climes. Now, too, the Hajjis of Yarkand and the regions beyond readily linger in the valley before resuming their long journey Hsien Tsiang did so before them, and so other less known Buddhist pilgrims who passed through the "Paradise Terrestrial" of India to the sacred places of the dusty hot plains.

In the light which we derive from this wealth of records, the tangible remains of old Kashmir resume fresh life. The coins of Kashmir rulers, which we possess in almost unbroken succession from Indo-Scythian times onwards, are more than a mere framework for dynastic lists. We know often a good deal of the reigns and persons of the kings who issued them. The coins and their legends more than once illustrate in a characteristic fashion incidents

of which the chronicles tell us. The ruined temples and sculptures which are far more numerous about the valley than the guidebooks would show, furnish ample materials for the study of the architecture and art of ancient Kashmir. They, too, are not mute records with date and origin doubtful, as is so often the case in India proper. From the chronicles we learn the deities to which these temples were dedicated, the names of their founders and of the sites which they were intended to adorn. We can often trace the varying fortunes which these structures underwent, and strange, indeed, they were sometimes. Many a famous shrine which we still see in its ruins served with the riches it once contained, unscrupulous Hindoo Kings in their financial troubles. The massive quadrangles of others were used at times as fortified places, just as in the middle ages did so many monuments of ancient Rome, and they stood more than one siege during the endless rebellions of the later Hindoo period. Frequently we find popular Muhammadan shrines built with the slabs and columns of ancient Hindoo temples, or the latter simply transformed into Ziarats. Muhammadan shrines in most cases can be shown to mark the sites of earlier Hindoo worship.

This fact strikingly illustrates that slow and gradual process of conversion which led the great mass of the Kashmir population from their old gods and beliefs into the fold of Islam. In more than one direction this conversion has remained superficial. The qualified student can still easily trace the old Hindoo in the customs and superstitions of the Kashmir villager. Islam did not enter Kashmir by forcible conquest. Not by the valour of its inhabitants—it seems to have been small indeed at all times,—but the great mountain barrier to the South had saved the Valley from Muhammadan invasion. The great Mahmud repeatedly endeavoured to reach Kashmir; the bravest of his Hindu opponents in the Punjab found there a refuge. But in the narrow defiles which lead to the passes over the Pir Pansal, even the resistance of a small strong-hold like the ancient *Lohara* was enough to stem the tide that in the plains of India had proved irresistible. Kashmir thus escaped that great break which the Mahomedan conquest marks in the historical development of other Indian territories. The subsequent gradual conversion to Islam did not affect materially the marked historical individuality of the country;

or the traditions and habits of its population. The ease and accuracy with which we can restore the ancient topography of Kashmir serves to illustrate this fact.

If we take for comparison the great Punjab plain we find there only a few ancient sites and local names standing out as landmarks of the pre-Muhammadan epoch. It is strikingly different in Kashmir. We can there trace the ancient towns, pilgrimage places, administrative divisions, etc., far back into Hindu times, with such thoroughness and accuracy as if we stood on the classic soil of Greece or Italy. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the ancient routes through the mountains have remained unchanged. Until the advent of the British engineer, man had little chance to work great changes here. But it still shows there remarkable tenacity of local tradition in Kashmir that we can even to the present day follow up the old tracks over the mountains mentioned in our historical records, and locate the watch-stations which guarded the passes. Thus, for example, the site of the stone-gate which closed "the western entrance of the kingdom" in Hiuen Tsiang's days, in the gorge below Baramula, still bears its ancient name. On the heights of the Pir Patsal Pass, popular tradition still shows the place where cruel King Mihirakula (of the 6th century), was believed to have amused himself by throwing elephants over a precipice. It is the same in other parts of that geographical microcosm, Kashmir. Hundreds of ancient localities mentioned by the Sanskrit chroniclers from great towns down to modest hamlets, can be identified with certainty. Srinagar has retained more than the name of the ancient capital *Srinagari* "the City of *Sri*, i.e., the goddess of fortune." (This is the name which the Kashmir capital has borne since the days of Asoka; though the guide-books, following a whimsical etymology of that worthy but in historical matters amusingly naive traveller Mr. Vigne will persist in turning it into "the City of the Sun.") The antiquarian can still identify in it the remains of many of the great buildings that once adorned it, the quarters into which it was divided, the canals and main thoroughfares which intersected it. Thus history guides us wherever we move in Kashmir, whether in the great flat of the river plain or high up in the Alpine side-valleys. Of the ancient irrigation canals we know the makers; even for the

artificial changes in the course of the Vitasta (the old Hydaspes, our "Jhelum") we can give the date. It is now necessary, however, for us to go back to the sculptures, coins, inscriptions and other antiquities which the old sites yield, in order to find objects worthy of preservation in a Museum. Kashmir since the time when Muhammadanism entered the valley from the North, has had its connection with Central Asia and Khorasan. Many interesting arts were imported from those quarters and developed by the Kashmir with that imitative talent which distinguishes him. Many excellent specimens of this Muhammadan art of Kashmir, Persian in its chief features, still survive, but they are rapidly leaving the country.

The Kashmiri, like other people, has the defects of his virtues. The same ability with which he reproduced the best elements of Persian art-design in his metal and textile work leads him to imitate only too readily European models, poor as the specimens of Western art mostly are that have hitherto reached him. Collectors know how to appreciate the worth of old Kashmir art. Most, perhaps, of what was of value, has already found its way into the public and private collections of Europe. Not much time remains to be lost if Kashmir is to retain any of the good products of its old art industries. It is evident that nothing could help more to guide back the modern workman to the former level of his art than select models of this type. It is equally certain that a museum is the best means for their preservation in the country. It is gratifying to find the Kashmir Durbar alive to the importance of its obligations in regard to the antiquities and the arts of the country. As far as the study of the former is concerned, it has already shown its interest by enabling Dr. Stein the archæology of Kashmir in detail, and to prepare an annotated English translation of the oldest of the above-named chronicles. This is in course of publication under the Darbar's auspices. The new museum which has been sanctioned, and the building of which is now rapidly advancing, will undoubtedly lead to a far more effective preservation of ancient remains than has hitherto been possible. It may also form the starting point for a new era in the development of modern Kashmir art. For many of the visitors from the plains who reach the Kashmir capital in

yearly increasing numbers it is sure to prove an attraction. From whichever point of view the institution is judged, it does credit alike to the enlightened policy of the Durbar and to Captain Godfrey's timely initiative. It is also satisfactory to think that the funds required for the museum have become available through the improvement in the State's finances which has been remarkably steady during the office of the present Resident, Sir Adelbett Talbot.

M. N. LUKSMANDAS.

SUICIDE AND SELF-IMMOLATION.

My discourse is on Suicide and Self-Immolation. I beg to invite your attention to it. It is a subject for meditation. It is closely connected with the great problem, that has ever agitated the minds of men, concerning what may be called the human destiny. Indeed its discussion helps us to comprehend the peculiarities and characteristics of the different stages in the advancement of society, under different circumstances, in the history of mankind. Ere I proceed to the narration and examination of "Suicide and Self-Immolation" as we find recorded in history, let me at the outset observe that pre-eminently these are the acts where the state of the mind and the general trend of opinion are the important points to be taken into account. It is difficult to say when the first case of suicide occurred. It is enshrouded in obscurity. It is striking that no case of suicide has ever been known to have occurred among the brutes,* although they, like us, are subject to death. Suicide implies a condition of things, a state of circumstances that we do not find among them. Indeed a development of the mind and a state of knowledge are here implied. Brutes have sensation and are guided by them. Positive laws they have none, because they are not connected by knowledge.

Eminent observers have deliberately affirmed that suicide is only the product of the general condition of society; the individual culprit only carries into effect a necessary consequence of preceding circumstances (Quetelet's *Statistique Morale* 1842). The learned have understood and interpreted the General law thus:—that in a given state of society a certain number of persons

* * Dogs are proverbially faithful and devotedly attached to their masters. There are recorded cases—in which dogs regardless of their lives, defended the interests of their masters and eventually met with death. Rattle snakes have been known to commit suicide through anger. A story is related of an old ram having committed suicide.

must put an end to their own life and as to who shall commit suicide, that is a question dependent upon the idiosyncracies and mental state of the felon; and again this particular circumstance is governed by the larger and more general law. The special or particular law must obey the general law. The causes of this remarkable sequence and regularity can be tested by the moral statistics which have been industriously collected from the returns of statistics from different countries. The act of suicide at first sight seems to suggest that it is an affair of sudden impulse, but the study of the mind shows that the mental state reached such a condition that—there are recorded cases in which it has become apparent—it becomes difficult to be controlled. The person, who is intent on killing himself, perhaps will not disclose his intention, rather he is likely to conceal it. And here the civil authorities are powerless to check him. Elliotson in his "Human Physiology" remarks in regard to the determination of the individual and the impossibility of baffling his intention that there are cases recorded of persons who being deprived of the ordinary means of destruction put an end to life by holding their breath, while others effected their purpose by turning back the tongue so as to exclude air from the larynx. It has also now come to be within the reach of the learned and the wise to speak with an amount of certainty and confidence the number of suicides in a particular season, or among a particular people, or among the male or female population thereof, or among persons of different ages. And also the fluctuations rendered by difference in the distribution of the population according to various occupations, learning and ignorance, townsmen and villagers, wealth and poverty, help us to diagnose the problem. Maudsley in his "Physiology of Mind" observes:—"Excessive mental occupations are peculiarly fitted to produce insanity" and this leads, I venture to think, to the committal of the act. The suicides among students can be included in this category. Sir Cornewall Lewis (on the "Credibility of the Early Roman History") writes that "Self-Immolation as that of Curtius or that of Dacius had been esteemed as 'religious,' and he considers it as 'a lingering remnant of human sacrifices.'" And it is not unlikely that in later days in the cases of Self-Immolation, some grand ideal such as country's good, sacredness of family relations, duty to society, personal virtues, &c., took

the place of the Gods of ancient times. The custom of human sacrifice and self-immolation seems to have prevailed among many races and tribes. It existed among the Hindus. Dashanion, the mighty Rakshasa monarch of Lanka, (tradition asserts that modern Ceylon was the ancient Lanka) is said to have offered his head to propitiate Brahma (In the Hindu Trinity, Brahma is described as the God of creation). The same custom comes in view in the story of the king Amboris and the custom is most prominently brought forward at a much later time in the case of Vikramaditya, the Great, the renowned king of Uzaine, in his dealings with "Tal" and "Betal."* In the Tantrick form of worship among the Hindus, in some instances human sacrifice is enjoined.

In ancient times another custom was in vogue, that of offering the captives as sacrifice before the Deity. The main object as I understand, was to convert the conquest into a sacred one. There are cases on record where the victor after his great victory, offered either his own neck or that of one of his dear ones to propitiate the Deity. It seems men had at first the notion or belief that in all things they are accountable to Gods. From this circumstance we can trace the origin of having a presiding deity for every human transaction. So it follows, there are as many Gods as nations. It was also usual then that far from men fighting for the Gods it was as in Homer or in Ramayan or Maha-Bharat the Gods who fought for men. The war was then generally regarded as sacred, and was not a war of religion: Its purpose was, as in the case of the Phocians, to punish sacrilege and not to subdue unbelievers.

Be that as it may, the first thing that strikes the mind is that in this creation of God all are subject to Death. In the Maha-bharat, we find that the All-Merciful Creator brought forth Death and placed the creation under her inexorable control. Smarting under the blows of death man questions if this all-important factor in life may be regarded as a blessing. Among Hindus the notion is too deep-rooted that our soul cannot be saved except through the passage of death. As an analogy they point out that

* It is said that by certain rites which required a human being to be sacrificed, a person wanted to become master of two mighty spirits "Tal" and "Betal" and for this purpose tried to decay King Vikramaditya as the intended sacrifice. He, however, turned the table and by sacrificing that person became master of "Tal" and "Betal."

all human institutions are governed by this law. You may check partial corruptions for a time but when once a thing is rotten no patch-work will do, you must sweep it away or pull it down altogether in order to rebuild it upon healthy principles and also to invigorate it into a new life and bracing energy to be of any further service. The revolutions, that occur in the lives of nations and institutions, illustrate this principle. Careful examination of the nature and principles of Government, the very elements of social constitutional ideas and sentiments touching religion bring home to our mind the same fact. Lord Sree Krishna interpreted death as merely the casting off by the soul of the rotten body and retaking of new one, just like the doings of a man in the case of a worn-out dress. Indeed death relieves from putrefaction and preserves the healthy. Thus the Hindus preach death as an immutable law. The same kind of sentiment pervades all the writings of writers among the Greeks and the Romans. Death they regarded as a natural law. Indeed if an examination of the philosophical systems of the east and the west is made, what a happy agreement of thought we find in their writings? Concerning maxims of human life, they bear a striking resemblance. According to Cicero (*Tusci* 30) the preparation for death was one of the chief ends of Philosophy. Similar sentiments we come across in the writings of the sages of India. But Indian sages lay great emphasis upon what Spinoza so beautifully expressed. It is, that the "proper study of a wise man is not how to die but how to live." With this view, the Indian sages prescribed a course of conduct which for its moral transcendence and deep insight into the nature and principles of the law that governs humanity can hardly be surpassed. In *Mahabharat* (Chapter 277, *Santi Parva*) there is a para concerning life and death and man's duty in the form of a dialogue between a Father and a Son. In Hindu moral aphorisms, we constantly meet with trite observations and excellent ideals of life like these:—"To concentrate the mind on the immediate present and on the nearest duty;" "To make the cultivation and wise use of all our powers is the supreme ideal and end of our life," "To see the individual in connection and co-operation with the whole;" again "character consists in a man steadily pursuing the things of which he feels himself capable," "Try to do your duty and you will know what

you are worth." "It is not permitted in us to solve the problem of the world but to find out where the problem begins and then to keep within limits of what we can grasp, &c., &c."

Mr. Baily Saunders in his little book on "The Maxims and Reflections of Goethe" has described Goethe's faithful picture of the current morals. They bear remarkable resemblance to the Hindu precepts. And Goethe's maxim is now reckoned to be "the Second table of the Law"—altogether to supersede or eclipse the first. I now turn to the conception of death among the ancients. Indeed a noble sentiment and pathos underlie what they say. I should make no apology in making a few selections here. Death, according to the ancients "is the only evil that does not afflict us when present; while we are, death is not, when death has come, we are not. It is a false belief that it only follows, but it also precedes life. It is to be as we had been before we were born. The candle which has been extinguished is in the same state as before it was lit and the dead man as the man unborn. Death is the end of all sorrow. It either secures happiness or ends suffering. It frees the slave from his cruel master, opens the prison door, calms the qualms of pain, closes the struggles of poverty. It is the last and best boon of nature, for it frees man from all his cares. It is at worst the close of a banquet we have enjoyed." Such were the trains of thought that found expression in the writings of Cicero, Plutarch and the Stoics. Seneca in consoling Polybius for the death of his brother exhorts his friend to think "if the dead have any sensation then your brother let loose, as it were, from a life-long prison and at last enjoining his liberty, looks down from a loftier height on the wonders of nature and sees more clearly those divine things which he had so long sought in vain to understand. But why should I be afflicted for one who is either happy or is nothing. To lament the fate of one who is happy is to envy; to lament the fate of a nonentity is madness." There was much difference of opinion between the east and the west concerning the future destinies of the soul, but I believe, I am safe in saying, that they are almost unanimous in regarding death as a natural rest, and in attributing the terrors, that were connected with it, to a diseased

* Consult Hitopadesha by Vishnu Sarma, Chanakya Sloka, Itanayana and Mahabharata.

imagination. For it would not be difficult to conjecture circumstances not widely varying from actual realities of life that would, if not altogether, at least very largely take from death the gloom that commonly surrounds it. If death be in all cases a swift and painless one, and if the man after attaining old age suffers few losses and not having to mourn for dear ones leaves behind him children to perpetuate his memory, he is reckoned as a virtuous man. Of all the events that befall us, it is that which owes most of its horror not to itself, but to its accessories, its associations and to the imagination that cluster around it. It is a remarkable circumstance to what a height not only of moral grandeur but also of devotional fervour the ancients have arisen. The "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius is perhaps the purest product that can be mentioned under this class of writing. And I presume, the psalms are only the faintest and the most dubious glimmer that can be traced from the meditations in which countless generations of christians have found the fullest expressions of their devotional feelings. Shakespeare and Garth in their attractive poems have but only represented the sublime sentiments of the ancients.

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

(The Tempest),

The best of rest is sleep
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fearst,
Thy death, which is no more.

(Measure for Measure),

To die is landing on some silent shore
Where billows never break, nor tempest roar.

(Garth).

Death by one's own hand or knowingly putting one's self in such a situation that death may be the consequence, and thereby losing one's own life is, termed suicide or self-immolation. Now the question arises whether man has any right to do away with himself without waiting patiently for the death to come. I give below the answer as expressed by the words and deeds. Pythagoras is said to have forbidden men to depart from their guard or station in life without the order of their commander, that is, of God, as it is a rebellion against our Makers to desert the appointed post of duty. Diogenes, Laertius, however, asserts that Pythagoras

committed suicide by starvation. Plato adopted language similar to Pythagoras, though he permitted suicide when the law required it, and also when men had been struck down by intolerable calamity, or had sunk to the lowest depths of poverty. *Aristotle condemned it on civic grounds, as being an injury to the state.* Suicide was prevalent in ancient Greece and Rome. Zeno and Cleanthes were among the illustrious suicides. Cicero strongly asserted the doctrine of Pythagoras, though he praised the suicide of Cato. A crowd of ecclesiastics have absurdly denounced the suicide of Cato as an act of cowardice while Madame de Stael has represented it as an act of martyrdom—a death like that of Curtius, accepted nobly for the benefit of Rome. Virgil painted in glooming colours the condition of suicides in the future world. Cæsar, Ovid and others urged that in extreme distress it is easy to despise life, and that true courage is shown in enduring it. It was though stoics that suicide acquired such prominence in Western Europe, while at the same time there never I believe appeared any other sect or body of men in whom the sense of duty was so strong. Indeed the stoics furnished the world with bright examples of men, who would gladly give up their life and all to gain their purposes. Among them the belief that no man may shrink from a duty co-existed with the belief that every man has a right to dispose of his own life. It by no means, is correct to theorise, that the stoics encouraged or tolerated criminal or reckless practice of suicide. Their action was the effect of education and high discipline, Montesquieu deliberately avers that there is hardly recorded in history any case where they killed themselves without a cause.

Even Seneca, who emphatically advocated suicide, attempted to moderate what he termed the passion for suicide. Seneca desires that men should not commit suicide with panic or trepidation. He says that those condemned to death should await their execution and recommends men to wait for old age as long as their faculties remain unimpaired. Epicurus exhorted men to weigh carefully whether they would prefer death to come to them, or would themselves go to death; and among his disciples, Lucretious, the illustrious poet of the sect, died by his own hand, as did also Cassius, Atticus, Petronius and Diodorus. Petronius was one of the most famous voluptuaries of the reign of Nero.

He was endowed with the most exquisite and refined taste; his graceful manners fascinated all about him, and made him in matters of pleasure the ruler of the court. Appointed Pro-consul of Bithynia, he displayed the energies and the abilities of a statesman. A court intrigue threw him out of favour; and believing that his death was resolved on, he determined to anticipate it by suicide. Calling his friends about him, he opened his veins, shut them, and opened them again, prolonged his lingering death till he has arranged his affairs, discoursed in his last moments, not about the immortality of the soul or the dogmas of philosophers, but about the gay songs and epigrams of the hour and partaking of a cheerful banquet, died as recklessly as he has lived.

Pliny described the fate of man as in this respect at least superior to that of God, that man has the power of flying to the tomb; and he represented it as one of the greatest proofs of the bounty of Providence, that He has filled the world with herbs, by which the weary may find a rapid and painless death.

Few things are more touching than the passionate joy with which, in the reign of Nero, Seneca clung to suicide as the one refuge of the oppressed, the last bulwork of the tottering mind. To death alone, it is due that life is not a punishment, that erect beneath the frowns of fortune, I can preserve my mind unshaken and master of itself. I have one to whom, I can appeal. Against all the injuries of life, I have the refuge of death. The eternal law has decreed nothing better than this, that life should have but one entrance and many exits. Why should I endure the agonies of disease, and the cruelties of human tyranny, when I can emancipate myself from all my torments and shake off every bond? For this reason, but for this alone, life is not an evil that no one is obliged to live. The lot of man is happy because no one continues wretched but by his own fault. Seneca declared that he, who waits the extremity of old age, is not far removed *from a coward*, as he is justly regarded as too much addicted to wine who drains the flask to the very dregs. Epictetus expressed himself to the same effect.

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SUICIDE AND SELF-IMMOLATION.

This conception of suicide as a euthanasia, an abridgement of the pangs of disease, and a guarantee against the dotage of age, was not confined to philosophical treatises. It was frequently put into practice. Among those who abridged their lives was Silius Italicus, one of the last of the Latin poets, who starved himself to death. The younger Pliny was an enthusiastic advocate of the doctrine. Greek and Roman ladies, being convinced that their husbands were afflicted with incurable diseases, sometimes exhorted them to shorten their sufferings and nerved and encouraged them to the effort and claimed it as their privilege to accompany them to the grave.

One of the most striking figures that a passing notice of Cicero brings before us is that of *Hegesias*, who was surnamed by the ancients, "The orator of death." As a conspicuous member of the cyrenaic school, which esteemed the pursuit of pleasure as the sole end of a rational being, he taught that life was so full of cares, and its pleasure so fleeting and so alloyed, that the happiest lot for man was death; and such was the power of his eloquence, so intense was the fascination he cast around the tomb, that his disciples embraced with rapture the consequences of his doctrine. Multitudes freed themselves by suicide from the troubles of the world; and the contagion was so great, that Ptolemy, it is said, was compelled to banish the philosopher from Alexandria.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus in his "Meditations" speaks of the duty of patiently waiting for death. But he clearly recognises the value of suicide in some cases, especially to prevent moral degeneracy. *All the stoics admitted it to be wrong to commit suicide in cases where the act would be an injury to society.* Antoninus, the uncle, predecessor, and model of Aurelius, had considered it his duty several times to prevent Hadrian from committing suicide. According to Capitolinus, Marcus Aurelius, in his last illness, purposely accelerated his death by abstinence.

Sappho committed suicide in despair about her lover.

It is quite true that the Christian fathers were, from the first, most vehement in proclaiming suicide as one of the most heinous crimes. It would not be fair to say that the Greeks and the Romans had not denounced it in severe terms. Elsewhere I have already given the views of some of the ancients, who held contrary views. In ancient time legislation to this end were only a few. We read that Emperor Hardian issued a decree that whosoever in his army would commit suicide, his dead body would suffer punishment. Sentionius says that a man was brought before a court of Justice for attempting to commit suicide. In some Greek laws, we find that punishment was awarded for the crime of suicide. Josephus mentions that among some races the right hand of the felon was cut off. In Judea, the dead body of the person committing suicide was not allowed to be interred before sunset. There is a chapter on suicide in Blackstone's commentary in which information regarding laws in vogue among the Romans can be obtained. In Europe attempts were made to suppress this crime by means of harsh and barbarous enactments. Not only insult was levelled against the guilty, but also their descendants were beggared by depriving them of inheritance. At the end of the 18th century the severity of the laws relaxed. At present in France no punishment is prescribed. During the reign of George IV the barbarous practice of showing disrespect to the body of a person committing suicide was discontinued. In 1870, in England, the sections about escheating the property of the Suicide to the crown were removed from the English statute book.

A sect, called the Circumcelliones, in the 4th century, constituted themselves the apostles of death. They not only carried to the extreme point the custom of provoking martyrdom, by challenging

and insulting the assemblies of the pagans, but even killed themselves in great numbers, with the false belief, that this was a form of martyrdom, which would secure to them eternal salvation. Assembling in hundreds, St. Augustine says, even in thousands, they leaped with paroxysms of frantic joy from the brows of overhanging cliffs, till the rocks below were reddened with their blood. At a much later period, we find among the Albigenses a practice, known by the name of *Endura*, of accelerating death, in the case of dangerous illness, by fasting, and sometimes by bleeding. The wretched Jews, stung to madness by the persecution of the Catholics, furnished numerous examples of suicide during the middle ages. A multitude perished by their own hands, to avoid torture, in France, in 1095, five hundred, it is said, on a single occasion—at York, five hundred, in 1320, when besieged by the Shepherds.

In Spain it was also prevalent during the last and most corrupt period of the Gothic kings. In England, in the 14th century, when Black-death raged in epidemic, hundreds killed themselves. In antiquity, the girls of Miletus killed themselves in large numbers. There is a record of suicide in Catholicism by the monks in their monasteries. We read that sometimes through despair, sometimes to escape from the world, sometimes for insanity produced by their mode of life, they in large numbers destroyed their lives.*

The revival of the Classical language and literature in Europe is fraught with unspeakable blessings. There was a perceptible change in the ideas that clustered round the conception of death. Even the Christians, the Catholic casuists, and at a later period the philosophers of the school of Grotius and Puffendorff began to distinguish certain cases of legitimate suicide, such as that of a man who committed suicide to avoid dishonour or probable sin, or that of a soldier going to war who knowing death to be certain fires himself down, or that of a condemned person who saves himself from torture by anticipating an irretrievable fate, or that of a man who offers his life for the sake of his friend. In his "Utopia," Sir Thomas More represented priests and magistrates

* Hase, *St. Francois d'Assise*, 'Todd's Life of St. Patrick. M. Bourquelot, *Bibliothèque de l'écule des chartes* vid also Lisle Pinné, Esquired Winslow's work.

of his ideal Republic tolerating and sometimes encouraging those afflicted with incurable diseases to kill themselves. The pious and erudite Dr. Donne, the Dean of St. Paul, wrote a treatise defending suicide, which his son published in 1644. There was a great stir and uproar among a certain section of the ecclesiastics. Thomas DeQuincey in his "Confession of an Opium Eater" has defended Donne and has devoted a special chapter on suicide. In the writings of the French, it found its fullest vent. Montaigne, without discussing its abstract lawfulness, recounts, with much admiration, many of the instances of antiquity. Rousseau devoted to this subject two letters of a burning and passionate eloquence in the first of which he presented with matchless power the arguments in its favour. Esquival gives a curious illustration of the way the influence of Rousseau penetrated through all classes—a little child of thirteen committed suicide. In the second letter, Rousseau denounced these arguments as sophistical, and dilated upon the impiety of abandoning the post of duty and upon the cowardice of despair, and with a deep knowledge of the human heart, revealed the selfishness, that lies at the root of suicide, exhorting all, who felt impelled to it, to set about some work for the good of others, in which they would assuredly find relief. Voltaire, in his article, "Caton" and on "suicide," has defended the act on occasion of extreme necessity. Among the atheistical party it was warmly eulogised and Holbach and Deslandes were prominent as its defenders. A Swede, named Robeck, who drowned himself in 1735, wrote a treatise, which at one time acquired wide popularity.

There is a beautiful dissertation by Madame De Staël upon "Passions" in which the celebrated Parisian lady commended suicide.

It is a little treatise and a model of calm, candid and philosophical piety. There is indeed a ring of sincerity in the discussion of the theological aspect of the question—namely that it is a kind of murder and the worst of crimes; also that it always proceeds from cowardice. In pages of unsurpassed pathos, the talented writer beautifully delineates the influence of "suffering in softening, purifying and deepening the character" and shows how a frame of habitual and submissive resignation was not only the highest duty, but also the source of unalloyed consolation, and at the same time the appointed condition of moral amelioration. In this she

successfully endeavoured to shew how the true measure of the dignity of man is his unselfishness. She has differentiated suicide with martyrdom—the one proceeds from rebellion to circumstances while the other springs from devotion to duty. In this she has emphasised that the strivings of the good and the honest are for ever fixed upon promoting the interests of others. For the sake of others, he must be prepared to sacrifice life, in spite of all its charms and attractions. And for them, he must drag on his miserable existence and put up with thousand and one discomforts. I have elsewhere made only passing allusion to the countless benefits of the revival of the classical learning. Indeed, it has fostered the spirit of patriotism, and self-sacrifice, and has taught one to resign completely and to consecrate his life for the sacred cause of his country. The old Roman type of excellence again began to appear. The rise and progress of Mahomedanism is also co-eval with the development of the arts and sciences. Altogether a new impulse has been communicated to Europe, and, I believe, I am not exaggerating that under the Mahomedan influence suicide has, to a very large extent, been checked among the progressive and civilised parts of mankind. In modern times, for the sake and in pursuit of science, art and literature, and in making discoveries etc., great men do not scruple to sacrifice even their life. Pre-eminently this has become the modern ideal. To readers of history it is well known what a violent persecution and harsh tyranny these men had to pass through simply for the sake of propagating new truths. Even the penalty of death fell to their lot. It is impossible, at this distance of time when many facts have completely disappeared, to judge fairly of the past events. But at the same time it is unquestionable that the ignorant man, with every good intention and every power to do good, has perpetrated more mischief. After all, although his acts exhibit ignorance and folly, his sincerity and good intentions cannot be doubted. It is an undoubted fact that an overwhelming majority of persecutions has been initiated by the men of the most admirable and unsullied character.

At the end of the eighteenth century, during the full blaze of the French Revolution, suicide, not only in France, but in some parts of Europe, multiplied. The instance of Madame de Charlottee Corday is only a faint and imperfect picture of what

then transpired. And it was a boast of St. Just, the colleague and disciple of Robespierre, who thus exclaimed, "The world has been empty since the Romans ... men seemed to be transported again into the ancient times, and suicide now became prevalent."

I have here briefly discussed the change that has taken place in men's mind by the revival of learning. I will now briefly deal with its other aspects, before I conclude. Truly speaking, the old ideal has gone out. To institute any comparison with the dead past is here hardly called for. There has been, so to speak, a mighty change in human affairs. Our aspirations have so much multiplied that it is hopeless to reconcile them with the old ideals. Were I only to allude to the revolutions the Physical sciences and Political Economy have done, volumes might be written under these heads. Altogether our conception of duty, our conduct, the diet, the marriage question, the theory of population have brought into prominence, problems of far-reaching consequences. And they are governed upon principles, different from and opposed to the lines of the past ideals. That rigid type of spiritual life, the hard and cruel infliction of self-torture and incessant fasting to attain holiness and ultimately to end life by devotion and prayers to God now-a-days are hardly to be met with. They are now regarded as a result of the derangement of mind. The charm of life has become, so to speak, exceedingly fascinating. To enjoy it has become the standard of our ideal. It has now become our endeavour to secure the object of our ambition. Look to the educational system; there you will discover how small a place is assigned to attain that kind of excellence in which firm discipline and training are enforced. What a pitiful attention is paid to reform our character, to ennoble our life, and to purify our conduct! Indeed, the surrounding environments and attractions lead us to different courses. I do not maintain that the old ideals were altogether to discard all enjoyments and happiness of life. At the same time, I believe, I am not exaggerating when I say that the pre-eminent qualities of the older virtue were heroism and hankering for attaining perfection. And they implanted and enforced among themselves that method of education and discipline by which these can be obtained. If we now look to the hues of the roses it is so refreshing to observe that the modern types of excellence are unquestionably—amiability and sweetness. It is doubtful whether in ancient time the

spirit of toleration and the empire of cosmopolitanism spread to such wide extent. Neither the growth nor spread of trade was universal. The older type represented good and virtuous conduct. We feel transported when we reflect upon the lives of the ancients. Our imagination is carried away by meditating upon their virtues. And, at times, we feel ourselves proud to think ourselves the descendants of such mighty heroes. In modern times wars and conquests are made on different grounds. Contact and free interchange of thoughts and ideas are among the salutary symptoms of modern times. Thus, what an unprecedented revolution has been effected in human mind! Religion has been dissociated from Morals, and Moral ethics are now founded upon secular principles. An enlightened man no longer feels himself obliged to govern his conduct by the principles of a creed. Many of its principles have been exploded by the fierce light of scientific truth and discoveries. The rules of conduct, nay the maps of life, have been so enlarged and developed that sympathy and fellow-feeling for conflicting sects and opposing creeds are happily contributing much towards peace and welfare. There is another aspect which we should note. Do not be assured that the modern tendencies are always exerting healthy influences upon us. Excess of everything is to be avoided. This excessiveness of amiability and sweetness have also brought in their train many sad results. I allude here to the growth of hypocrisy amongst us. Thus, the very wickedness by its false and external appearance of honesty and goodness captivates us. We are thus led into pitfalls by external show and glitter. However a villain one may be, if he be sweet-tongued and pleasant-mouthed, and knows how to become agreeable, he will gain esteem and confidence everywhere and, in his case, rest assured, success in life is certain. Hypocrisy is really a moral canker of modern civilisation. Goldsmith, in one of his pleasant essays, I believe in his essay on "The citizen of the World," has eloquently described such a character.

Aryan Hindus condemned suicide as a heinous crime. The learned pundits say that the sin of a suicide cannot be expiated. By this act, the culprit becomes an outcast, is deprived of the last rites for the body, and no observance of mourning is required on his account. The phenomenon of life is explained as the taking, by the soul, of a body adapted to feel the consequences of a group of

acts done in the past lives, as well as, for storing up new acts in the present life. By suicide or sudden death, the connection between the soul and the body is violently cut off, before he could have felt all the consequences or worked out his destiny ; and the disembodied soul being obliged to dwell in the plane of worst spirits, called ghosts, has to endure indescribable pain. Further, through association of this bad act, a taste for like bad acts is created in him, and thus a prolific source of sin is attached to the soul.

Although the sages of India condemned suicide, yet taking into accounts the frailties of human nature, they considered it under certain circumstances as permissible. According to Manu and Brîdhya Gorga, a man, who has become decrepit with age and bereft of his faculties, as also, who has been afflicted with an incurable disease, may end his wretched existence by committing suicide. This option of escape seems however to have been hedged round by condition, which abridges the practice to a narrow limit. Thus modes of self-destruction such as entering the funeral pyre, jumping from a high place, abstaining from food, drowning, going to the eternal snowy region, incessant walking without rest, or holding of breath, have been prescribed for different cases. (Vishnu Dharmothor.) Thus this privilege has been limited to be exercised within certain localities, such as Prayaga—the modern Aillahabad (Aditya Puran), and finally it has been attempted to limit it to certain classes, namely, those who have renounced family and society and entered the forest (Vignaneswar). Nirnaya Sindhu, however, extends the privilege to ordinary members of society.

Hindu Aryans, however, did not condemn Self-Immolation. The ancient epics are replete with touching illustrations of examples of such self-sacrifice. I shall only cite a few instances.

LEGENDS FROM THE MAHABHARAT.

The Mahabharat describes how Indra, King of the Gods, and Yama, the Great Dispenser of Justice, once intended to test the power of virtue in King Sibi, son of Usinar. Indra appeared in the shape of a hawk, and Yama that of a pigeon. Chased by the hawk the pigeon threw itself on the lap of Sibi for protection. The hawk appealed to Sibi to give up the pigeon on the ground that it was dying of hunger, and under dispensation of Heaven, the pigeon has been made a food for the hawk. The King admitted

the reasonableness of the hawk's demand but said it would be an act of heinous sin to give up one, who had sought his protection. Ultimately it was settled that King Sibi would give from his own body flesh equal in weight to that of the pigeon. Hindus, in ancient times, used to risk their lives for the sake of those, who sought their protection, and it seems the Shastras also enjoined it.

On hearing the murder of his son, Abhimanyu, in an unfair fight, Arjuna vowed that he would kill the chief perpetrator of the crime, Joyadratha, and he further vowed that if he failed to do this before the sun would set the next day, he would destroy his life by entering the pyre. Death was then considered preferable to the life of a vain boaster, who failed to keep his promise. Dhananjay had, on one occasion, rebuked his elder brother, Yudhisthir, the virtuous. Stung with remorse at the enormity of his crime for insulting his superior, he wanted to take away his own life as an expiation of his sin. From the *Hitopadesha* we learn that Bodhisatwa Jimut Bahan, out of compassion for the widowed mother of her only son, Sunka Chura Nag, offered himself for Sunkha Chura's place as a food for Garura.

RAJPUT LEGENDS.

Birabara gave up his life for the sake of his master, King Sudraka. Nurse Panna, in order to save Udaya Sing, the infant Maharana of Mewar, threw her son in the jaws of death. To obtain an expiation of his sin for having been the cause of a Brahmin's death, the great Nyaiyaik philosopher, Udayanacherjya, burnt himself by slow fire. Rajput ladies used to escape imprisonment at the hands of the Musalmans by ending their lives on the blazing pyre. It was considered a highly meritorious act on the part of Kshatriyas to die when engaged in a fair fight.

In ancient times Hindu ladies preferred to end their lives on the funeral pyre of their husbands. I will cite here the case of the Saint Dadhichi, who gave up his life not for the acquirement of personal virtue, but for the benefit of the universe. Vritra, the leader of the giants, conquered the Devas, and expelled them from Swarga. Indra, King of the Devas, ascertained that Vritra could only be conquered by a weapon, which could be manufactured from the bones of Dadhichi. At the prayer of Indra in order to restore the Government of the Devas, the upholders of virtue, the Saint Dadhichi, gave up his life.

We are blessed in this world with examples of voluntary termination of the period of life which are holy and consoling. It is the voluntary abandonment of the body after the complete realisation of the purposes for which the soul reared it. Such a grand exit is possible only for the Incarnations of God, his chosen servants or the emancipated souls, over whom death has no control. Having freed themselves from the shackles of "Karma," their birth and death follow their will. It is beyond the reach of ordinary mortals. Having performed all his work in life, Lakshmi, after his banishment from the court of his brother, Sree Ram Chundra, put an end to his life. The going away of Sita Devi, the Incarnation of Lakshmi, into the bowels of the earth, and Sree Ram Chundra's voluntary closing of life by drowning himself in the Saraju after having been reminded by God Brahma of the close of his earthly career, were exits of this class. Bhishma was blessed with control over his own death. The dragging on of his existence on the bed of arrows till the completion of his grand and immortal preaching is one of the brightest examples of such a grand exit. Sreekrishna ended his life by a process of Yoga. Sukadeb Goswami, having emancipated his soul, was merged in God. The departure of Jesus, the founder of Christianity, from this world, may be classed under this head. Sree Chaitanya Deb also made such an exit. The abandonment of Yudhisthira's sovereignty and his journey to heaven, and the termination of his life, may also be mentioned here. These grand and noble examples, though they guide and solace us, are beyond the reach of mortal beings. The law of the coming and going of these pure souls is enshrouded in mystery. We can only hope to know as much as is purposely revealed to us. Ordinary men cannot hope to acquire control over their own death, and therefore such voluntary terminations of life do not form the subject of my paper.

From the examples and sayings of the wise, it is clear that man has the liberty to destroy himself. He has the right over his life. There is some force in the argument, which has been advanced in this connection, that if any one has the liberty of emigration, then why he has not the power of renunciation of his own life. Be that as it may, society helps individuals, in a variety of ways, to secure wealth and happiness, to acquire virtue, and to form their character and it also protects them in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labour.

In return society expects individuals to do their duty—to make sacrifices, if required. Death completely cuts off a person from the enjoyment of every earthly blessing. It is desirable to know when and under what circumstances society requires its individual members to make the greatest and toughest of all sacrifices, the giving up of their lives. It is closely connected with civilisation. I have tried to discuss this problem in my paper. In modern times, men are actuated by an inordinate desire for happiness, his sensuousness is overbearing, and his hankering after wealth is unconquerable. He has therefore to face many keen disappointments, and suicide from this cause is now very prevalent.

In modern times there are cases of persons committing suicide even in the bosom of happiness. From a slight disturbance, it is said, this rash act may spring, and Montesquieu says, "It is, in all probability, due to the defect of the filtration of the nervous juice." The felon feels his life full of burdens and tries to remove them by making an end of himself.

BENOY KRISHNA.

*ECONOMIC CONDITION OF INDIA,
PAST AND PRESENT.*

In the middle ages, Europe entertained the idea, that agriculture and handiwork are the only legitimate modes of earning food and clothing; whereas trade was looked down as leading to fraud. India is pre-eminently an agricultural land, but the Empire in the latter part of the Hindu, and during the whole of the Mahomedan rule, grew into a manufacturing country. The kings and the Emperors of those ages being resident governors of Hindustan, the country spontaneously changed into an industrial mart. The Government could not but encourage manufacture and commerce to preserve the industry of the people; there being not a separate Home Government far beyond the seas. Hence industry in Swais, Muslins, Galichas, Mosais, Stone-masonry etc. etc. what were in requisition in the land, did rise up,—Dame necessity nursing old industries, and bringing forth new ones. With the advent of the British administration, and a Home Government different from the local one, the necessity for Indian manufactures began to wane, and eventually the industries failed one by one. Even those that survived the blow, could hardly cope with the scientific machinery that fostered foreign manufactures. The Indians fell back to agriculture with the support of the local or foreign capital. Indigo, tea, jute, poppy, etc. have been grown in abundance, which imported money from remote manufacturing countries by barter or exchange. The peasantry saw better days, and a fortunate few formed themselves into middlemen. Wealth composed of the gift of nature added to the labour of the people began to dawn. The value of the land increased, and the rate of wages went up simultaneously, but not by mere socialistic push. Still the average rate of Indian cooly was at 12 annas per diem, the number being so multitudinous. Thirty thousand miles of railways facilitated transport and commerce. But still famine and pestilence prowled in the land. It is,

I fear, owing to a mistake with our administrators to imagine that India must grow in the same line as England did; that they with their natural prejudice could not perceive the distinct situations of the two countries,—one a continent, and the other a small Island tied up no doubt by the chain of British Rule. It may be that England flourished with the help of Free Trade, but did not United States rise by Protection? India may be impoverished by Free Trade for aught we know, at least the fact is patent that the Indians are in a state of semi-starvation! Who knows that retaliation or protection would not relieve this continental country,—the epitome of the world itself. Export of rice from Bengal should always be under proper control, for it is the staple food of the people, the cultivation of that grain depending more upon the mercies of the elements. It is desirable that the rice cultivation may be improved by scientific methods; but it is only a distant speculation. It is not always prudent to introduce scientific implements and machines which work out a surplus population to be employed in undeveloped industries.

The paucity of cultivators with indifferent knowledge of scientific tillage may be a cause of famine growing chronic. It is peremptory that the art of cultivation should be modified and improved to suit the changes of seasons, which now a days appear later in time generally. The agricultural community must cope with draught and flood by scrutinizing observation of the elemental changes. A complete system of irrigation is also needed to control famine and pestilence. Now here the agriculture may be improved by suitable and simple mechanism of small value. The superfluous population is so great in Northern India, that we find men labour instead of cattle in a richer country. In the very capital and cities of India we see people pull loaded carts to displace cattle. Indian labour though abundant is not scientifically educated. The multiplication of mills may not for the present be beneficial to the land, for it will throw out many hands from such industries as are carried on by mere rudimentary implements, who shall be an increased burden upon the remaining rate-payers in order to meet the stress. Labour misguided or encouraged by socialistic strikes and combinations become ruinous to every poor industry. Before we can rise, the cost of labour should be adequate to enable export raw materials or manufactured articles to compete with other countries, and pro-

cure money from foreign lands, otherwise our manufactures must of needs die out. Retaliation or protection without Government help is absurd and impracticable. Hence the mistake of boycotting by a subject nation. Boycotting being politics pure and simple, do not besit Indians. For can a conquered nation expect Fair Trade by taxing foreign goods with a view to induce foreign Government to untax our home-made (Swadeshi) manufactures. Without fair trade it is impossible to carry on an industry with profit, without which condition it is bound to end miserably. Now again Free Trade is only possible when every other country agrees to it by tacit consent or open convention. But when the convention is broken retaliation and prevention confer great benefit, specially in poverty—stricken lands alike India. Cobden would not dare insist upon Free Trade under such a situation. Even England upto 1840 carried on the policy of protection. Chamberlain preaches even now for retaliation against foreign bounty-fed articles. The platitudes of anti-partition reformers trumpetting swadeshi goods as unconditionally beneficial, would not be so under the present economical state of Bengal and Bihar. In such questions sentiments should yield place to actual calculations. Jargon of natural liberty and indefeasible rights must be wiped off. The way to wealth depends upon industry and frugality—i. e. the best use of labour and capital. In India, the old agricultural population is now divided in the preservation of forestry and the industry in mines, taking away a good number of hands from the field. Here the population does not grow at the rate as in Europe. The Indian mass is proverbially conservative. Hence cumberous implements of agriculture, or different kinds of mills would not suit them. A monopoly of machine industry would in all likelihood impoverish than improve India. Native capitalists who are for mills, would do well to open county houses in foreign lands to sell Indian production to advantage, in order to export foreign goods at a lower price. To insist upon poor natives of India to purchase inferior quality goods at higher rate is not only a financial mistake, but also cruel. Such forced proceedings do goad the tradesmen to practise fraud, thus clearing a good profit, by deceit. The manufacturing of Indian swals upon German *alwans*, and of swadeshi sugar from foreign sugar etc. are illustrations of the aforesaid debasement.

Allowing for argument that boycotting is not seditious even when

carried on by a subject race, the latter would be fools to attempt to reject such articles which they do not and cannot produce at equal price. Hence finer fabricks of Lancashire and Germany should not be deprecated now. It is no good education to curb the taste of the people for the beautiful or the useful articles of household. Asceticism is not civilization. Civilization multiplies wants, and endeavours to fulfil and meet them by tact and skill. No Extremist would suggest that the Indian gentlemen should be clothed like the rude hill tribes of the Eastern or Central provinces. To provide for the people in general, the question of technical education, different from that of the learned professions arises. If the *Reformer's* desire to change the people into wholesale weavers, what would be the state of the market of piecegoods? There shall be fewer purchasers, for the money would be wanting in the land. Indians therefore should be so educated that they may be in a position to support their home-made industry with adequate money obtained from foreigners by exchange or barter. We cannot therefore afford to lose the learned professions. For mechanical industry, we can draw people from the clerkdom. Well then, who are to maintain them during their apprenticeship, and afterday employments. How shall they find factories or workshops here until we can find, some foreign mart for our goods,—otherwise we indirectly exhaust our wealth. Calculate the *pros* and *cons*; and take to such industries as would be remunerating. We had foreign market for our swals and muslins; and the industry thrived to the wonderment of the enlightened world. It is now prudent to follow in those industries only which the Indian Government would be bound to encourage. The council of Education should always be in touch with the Imperial Government, and must be ever and anon friendly to it. For what Government would be pleased to be mortified to find his own territories grow rich without being disloyal. For the last quarter of a century our country-made articles have found favour with our rulers. Even Lord Curzon would not hesitate to encourage native industry. But India should never confound her position with Japan or Russia, not even with Ireland, which forms a part and parcel of the British isles. Such a mistake cannot but create confusion of political situations, a veritable Babel of commerce and industry; and the pantomimic crowning of Banerjee's would be the fruit of such confusion worse

confounded ! The selfish Anglo-Indian pullers of these exhibitions should be gracious to feel that " what is play to them is death to new India." The anti-partition gentlemen should by this time unmask themselves to perceive the wicked design. The saying that luxury breeds industry, and idleness begets science may be true or false. But men cannot thwart civilization to move in a circle, to attempt it would be disastrous.

Now then, what is the agitation for? It is said, the partition of Bengal has wrought so much mischief to the people that they cry in distress and smarting pain. But how do they formulate their grievances?

The break in the solidarity of language and race, they know is chimerical, and a myth as Congress has proved. The fear of change of permanent settlement is worse than visionary. Division among the Hindus and Moslems is not a new thing. It is no creation of the administration. Their respective religions and social situations have brought forth the result. That the Division of the Province will raise the position of the Eastern Bengal without materially affecting the zemindars of the old, is known to all sensible men. There being no change up to this time in legal administration, the agitation was kicked up only to assail the Viceroy grown unpopular by his energy, assiduity and foresightedness far beyond the popular vision. When shall young India perceive her true welfare? When shall the patriots learn to be unselfish friends to their poor countrymen. Culture of religion alone can bring forth unselfishness, and sympathy for the fellow brethern.

A. K. GHOSE.

HINDU PHYSIOGNOMY.

Physiognomy is a science whereby the conditions of men and their temperaments are fully known by the lineaments and conjectures of their faces. It consists in two things, the complexion and the composition of the body of man ; both declare and shew the things that exist within the man by the external signs, as by the colour, the stature, the composition and shape of the members. These two sciences are so mixed up together that one never goes without the other and to make profession of the one without the other is a vain thing.

By Physiognomy the humours and the inward part of the soul are so truly interpreted that we have got ample proof in the life of renowned men. It is an ingenious science and knowledge of nature by which the inclinations and dispositions of every creature are understood, and because some of the members are uncompounded and entire in themselves as the tongue, the heart &c., and some are of a mixed nature, as the eyes, the nose and others ; we therefore conclude that there are signs which agree and live together, which inform a wise man how to make his judgment before he is too rash to deliver it to the world. Nor is it to be esteemed a foolish or idle art, seeing that it is derived from superior bodies, for there is no part of the face of man which is not under the peculiar influence not only of the seven planets, but of the twelve signs of zodiac and the dispositions ; vices, virtues and fatality either of a man or a woman can be plainly foretold. I shall set these things in a clear light. It is to be noted that forehead is governed by Mars, the right eye is under the dominion of Sol, the left is ruled by the moon, the right ear is under Jupiter, the left Saturn, the rule of the nose is claimed by Venus and the nimble Mercury, the signicator of eloquence, claims the dominion of the mouth. Thus have the seven planets divided the face among themselves ; the twelve signs of zodiac do also come in contact with a part,

and therefore the Cancer presides in the upper part of the forehead, Leo attends upon the right eye-brow as Sagittarius does upon the right eye and Libra upon the right ear; upon the left eye-brow you will find Aquarius and Gemini and Aries taking care of the left ear, Taurus rules in the middle of the forehead and Capricorn the chin; Scorpio takes upon it the protection of the nose; Virgo claims the precedence of the right cheek, Pisces the left. And thus the face of man is portioned out among the signs and planets, which, being carefully attended to will sufficiently inform a man how to pass a judgment. Modern science teaches that physical man and nature are one in substance, the solid, liquid and gaseous elements in both are identical. Eastern science agrees in this, but goes deeper; it says that besides the physical part of man there is an astral part. This is composed of a finer kind of matter, and is directly related to the souls of the stars and the soul of our earth. Their changes affect its growth, development and these changes react upon the human body, altering its proportions, condition and appearance. From about the age of seven years, all human beings exhibit in their physical nature signs which enable us to discover their character, capabilities, suitable career, health and all that appertains to disease and accident, the leading events of life, occurrences which affect position, influence, wealth and indeed nearly all that concerns their past, present and future. The value of Physiognomy is inestimable, it has the power of warning us of troubles, misfortunes, evil and illness, it also enables us to check any vice or bad qualities we may possess. The communication between the outer world and the brain is by means of distinct systems of nerves which convey intelligence to the great nerve-centres and these nerves are directly connected with the brain; it is not unreasonable therefore to believe that impressions are marked on the body by means of the nerve fluid, which comes directly from the brain. It is an axiomatic truth that without Physiognomy we cannot make any idea of a being as to his character and inherent qualities that he may be possessed of. Nativity may be found by Physiognomy, for by the face the temperament and complexion is known, as also the planet that was lord of the nativity. Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Moon and Venus respectively rub the forehead, and they regularly change the colours, face, dispositions under the influence of their respective

dominion. I am now going to say a few words upon the formation of head and its judgment.

A little head is never without vice, and most commonly is guilty of little wisdom, but rather full of folly which is naught and malicious. A great head does not signify good manners, though there may be sometimes, but not often, goodness of natures, the most perfect is the round head which is sometimes depressed on both sides after the fashion of a Sphere. The best form of head is moderate in greatness and thickness and of a decent and convenient roundness, which before and behind is tempered with a little depression. The reason why some have little heads and so consequently no great plenty of sense is, as the physicians say, want of matter or the straitness of the place where the child is formed, and the great head is caused through the abundance and superfluity of seed in the formation or haply something artificial which the mother might use, or her imagination; but if there be a little water with the force of the first formative power, the head will be of a decent form and not much malicious, for malice is represented in a man by some deformity or monstrosity. The head of man has proportionally more brains than all other living creatures, and men have more brains than women, and the head of man has more joints than any other creature. So the well-formed head is like a sphere, there being some eminence before and behind; the form of the middle ventricle should be a little compressed, the cogitative faculty is the more notable. If the forepart be depressed, the man is of judgment, if the hinder, he has no memory, having a great weakness in the motion of the nerves and consequently of all the parts of the body. The strength of the brain is demonstrated by the strength of the body and nerves, as also by the breadth of the shoulder, the breast, and the lateral parts which are the junctures of the liver to the spleen. The head which is of a handsome and decent form, augments the sense and virtue and denotes in the man magnificence and honor, but if deformed, the contrary. A head not beyond measure great, denotes person fair, wise, well-conditioned and studious, having a strong and great memory, given to the reading of good books. Those that have the head beyond measure are commonly foolish, indocile. When a man or woman has the head long and sharp

like a pyramid it denotes a man shameless who in his youth had a vivacity of spirit enough, which at the advanced years vanish away; many such heads may be seen among us; such persons are gluttons and great eaters, rash and bold, which proceeds from the dryness of the brain. A head that is altogether spherical signifies mobility, inconstancy, forgetfulness, little discretion and wisdom. The head when very little, is necessarily an evil sign, and the less it is, the more folly there is; the person is subject to sickness because of the small quantity of brains, the ventricle being narrow, wherein the spirits being pressed, cannot exercise their functions, as being shuffled together and smothered whence it comes that his imagination is neither free nor good and his memory is slippery; such persons are very choleric and hasty in all their actions. A head that is low and flat denotes impudence and dissoluteness; a head high denotes folly and stupidity of spirit. A big head with a broad forehead, having a long face like a giant denotes a man slow, gentle, yet laborious and extremely indocile. When the head is straight and almost flat in the middle, of a middle size, it denotes that man has a good strong understanding; that he is courageous and fears nothing as to the affairs of the world; that he is indefatigable in the vicissitude of fortune and that all the afflictions that can happen to him, cannot make him quit his constancy and conduct, but is firm amidst the most outrageous accidents; if he has a high forehead he is perfectly martial. When the head is big, proportionable to the body the sinews of the neck big, and the neck itself strong it is a sign of strength, magnanimity and a martial humour. A head that proves like a ditch behind and is depressed and hollow, denotes a man subject to watchfulness, being of a melancholic humour, this head has some likeness to that of a camel. Now, I will write a few lines on *forehead*. It has its dimensions, *i. e.*, latitude, longitude, roundness and fulness. The latitude begins at the root of the nose where the eye-brows discontinue and ends with the first hairs near a branch of the hollow vein. The longitude is from one temple to the other. The longitude and latitude make the roundness when all things are well-joined together and the plain foreheads are such, because they are depressed and without elevation. The diversities of foreheads are the great, the little, the round, the oval, the lean, the fat, the broad, and the narrow. As

regards the forehead we place the seven planets upon the lines. On the 1st line near hair is Saturn, on the 2nd, Jupiter, on the 3rd, Mars, on the 4th, Sun, on the 5th and sixth, Venus, and Mercury upon the nose. A great and spacious forehead signifies a sluggish and fearful person, most of those that have such forehead are people of good consciences, not given to do any harm; they are fit to become lawyers. The little forehead denotes the person indocile, wicked and given to mischief, believing nothing but his own foolish opinions. The broad forehead represents a person gluttonous and unclean especially in the act of generation; such persons are given to flattery, professing all manner of friendship, but behind a man's back, they are his enemies speaking evil and offensive words and scandalous to those whom they pretend an affection for. A forehead great and bald on all sides, without any hair, as it were, bald, signifies an audacious and understanding person, but sometimes malicious and very wrathful and not legal and at times a great liar. A forehead pointed at the temples of the head so as the bones do almost appear without the flesh signifies vanity, inconstancy, little capacity and not much resolution in business, but changeableness every moment. He that has the forehead somewhat swollen by reason of the thickness of the flesh, at the temples, as if he had jaws or cheeks full of flesh, it denotes the person very courageous and martial. Those, that have such foreheads, are proud, easily angry and forward to engage themselves in combats. A square forehead denotes magnanimity. Those that have such a forehead are courageous as lions and are compared to them, because of their strength, courage and prudence.

He that is bald or has little hair on the forepart of the head, having the forehead plain, is inconstant, watchful and ill-conditioned. He that has the forehead gathered together and wrinkled is a flatterer. The concave forehead which has pits and mounts is a sign of fearfulness, deceit, cheating and ambition. A clear forehead without wrinkles signifies a fairness of mind as well as of body, but a malicious disposition given to debates, suits and contentions. A forehead neither straight nor lean, nor smooth nor rough, but between all signifies a round dealing friendship without deceit. The cloudy forehead and having black marks, signifies boldness. A forehead that upon the first sight appears

sad, severe, and austere shows a strange and barbarous humour, prone to all casualties. A depressed and low forehead denotes an effeminate person; this kind of forehead suits well with a woman; because a man that is so, possesses a low and abject soul, is fearful, servile, effeminate, cowardly and carried away with the many words of a great talker, for there is not much assurance in their words yet he is subdued by the speech of the most simple man that he stands in fear of. Now I am going to treat of the lines of the forehead and their signification and of the characters of the planets, and also of the planets themselves. In these lines we must observe the characters which are given to them as marks of the planets and are the infallible signs of the temperaments and the duration and length of man's life. These marks are crosses, circles, and such like things which are commonly found in men's foreheads. The significations of the planetary lines are either general when they are accommodated to all the lines of the planets or special. The general significations of the lines of the planets afford us these canons and aphorisms. Among the lines of the planets either all in general or each in particular, some are fortunate, others unfortunate; those which are fortunate, are those which are straight or bent a little towards the nose, if they be equal, continued, and not dissected, not distracted. Simple and straight lines denote a simple, good and honest soul without malice. The oblique and distorted lines denote variety, craft, cheating, to be short, all mischief and deceit. If the right line of the forehead be oblique on the side attributed to the sun, it signifies malice. Many lines signify nothing else, but a multitude of changeable affairs. The fewness and simplicity of the lines, denote a certain simplicity in affairs. When the lines increase and decrease, they represent some great affair, according to the character of the planets. Jupiter's line being mean and reflected, shews some great and happy gain with honour and good report. The general significations of the planets most commonly include the special, *i. e.*, some planets are referred to certain lines; if they are great and not winding long and very apparent, they denote most exorbitant and mischievous actions. If the line of Jupiter be longer than that of Saturn, it denotes riches and all other things that are obtained by Jupiter.

ALPHA.

ROMA
OR
A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.
(II.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Her mystic art revealed,
Events always kept sealed.

The Police were non-plussed and foiled in their attempts to unravel the dark mystery of the disappearance. Wild rumours floated about and the people were panic struck and distracted. The Rajah moved about in disguise to find out, if he could, a clue to this diabolical outrage. He was out, at all hours of the day and night and like a troubled spirit was here, there and everywhere, taking mental notes of events transpiring, under his purview. One day, he had gone some distance out of the town and was retracing his steps home, when he noticed a man in a dilapidated building in the out-skirts of Dowlabad, hitherto supposed to be uninhabited. The curiosity of the Rajah was roused and he entered the tumbled down edifice. Hurrying over the compound which was overgrown with weed and rank vegetation, he entered a hall and the scene he saw, transfixed him to the spot, in mute amazement. A naked Sunniasî, with matted hair and beard, his body besmeared with ashes, his eyes rivetted on the tip of his nostrils, was seated on a tiger-skin before a blazing fire. A young unmarried girl (a Kumari) dressed in a red-bordered *sari* (cloth) and wearing garlands of perfumed flowers was seated by his side. A dwarf, with a hideous appearance, was burning incense and gliding about the room, with noiseless steps and slow. This horrid monster—this misshapen type of humanity, had the agility of the monkey, the keenness of the tiger and the ferocity of the bear. The Sunniasî was in an ecstatic state and always

addressed the unmarried girl, as my divine mother. The man was on the point of asking some questions to the girl, when he chanced to see the Rajah. He at once said "who are you and what do you want?"

"I'm your humble servant" the Rajah replied—"and I seek information in a matter of life and death."

Without expressing any annoyance at this unwarrantable intrusion, he politely asked the Rajah to sit down on a mat, which had been just spread for him. Addressing the girl in a whisper, he asked "mother, who is this man and what has brought him here." The girl appeared to be in a comatose state, but answered readily enough. She said "he is a Rajah and is trying to find out the Rani of this place, who has been spirited away sometime ago."

"Can you tell, where she is?" asked the Sunnyasi.

"Yes, I can" replied the girl.

She stopped short for a few minutes, and then said "I see her, with two other girls, confined in a dark *gupha* (cave) on the top of the Rupla hills. Armed men guard the door and are always on the alert. The girls are crying and should be rescued at once, or else, they will fall sick. To-day is auspicious for the enterprise. The girls should be liberated without the least delay, as there is every chance of their being carried away to a distant place. They were captured and are kept in confinement, by the orders and at the instigation—of the senior Dowager Rani. Sincerely thanking the Sadhu for the information obtained through the girl, the Rajah hied home. Sending for the *Subadar* of the household guard, he gave his directions for the immediate arrest of the senior Rani and the rescue of the girls.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The insurgents duly subdued,
The fair captives were then rescued.

The *gupha* (cave) on the top of the Rupla Hills, was a dark and dismal place, ill-suited for the dwelling of young ladies. Roma and her companions, were, however, quite at home there, on account of the deep feeling of love and trust which Roma had, for Lord Srikrishna. Whenever Lofa and Lora were dis-spirited, she would comfort and console them in voice and language, which went straight to their hearts. The girls had just finished their

pūjā (worship) and were about to eat some fruits which had been given to them, when volleys of musketry fire, were heard.

There was an uproar and a clanking and clashing of arms, when somebody dashed into the *gupha* (cave) and said "Raniji, the Lord Krishna be praised. The machinations of your enemies have been set at nought. You are now free and conveyances are handy to take you and your companions home. In the meagre and uncertain light of the place, Roma could not make out the identity of the speaker, although his voice, seemed familiar to her. Her doubts were removed speedily and the speaker introduced himself as the Rajah.

Roma sincerely thanked the Rajah for the trouble and worry he had undergone to effect the deliverance of herself and her companions. Sending the girls home, the Rajah made proper arrangements for the disposal of the dead, the medical treatment of the wounded and the safe custody of the prisoners of war. He then got up on his Arab charger and retraced his steps to the palace.

CHAPTER XIX.

The ideal of woman's life,
Is to be a good and true wife.

The Senior Rani was placed under arrest, as she was the prime mover of this cowardly *coup*. The Rajah took steps to report her to government and to prevent her and her partizans from embarking into further and fresh acts of mischief and molestation. Rani Silosi was overjoyed and laid open her heart to the Lord Krishna in sincere thanks. Alms were freely distributed and the poor sumptuously fed.

As soon as the bustle and excitement of current events were over and things had assumed their wonted placid aspect, Rani Silosi sent for Roma in her own private chamber. After the usual salutations, the dowager Rani gravely said—"Roma, our debt of gratitude to the Rajah is immense. We could never repay it, but it is high time, that we should try to shew our gratitude to the best of our power. So far as I had been able to gather from the conversation we have had yesterday, I'm clearly of opinion, that he would like nothing better than to be allowed the proup

privilege of being united to you in holy wedlock. I have not seen a better or more deserving man and if you at all care for the wishes of your mother, I would ask you to marry the Rajah, than whom, no handsomer or braver man exists." Roma heard the words of her mother to the end and then, as was her wont, quietly said—

"Mother, I have not known my father. You fill the position of a father and mother as well. The least wish you express, comes to me as a word of command which I have neither the capacity nor the inclination to resist in any way. I will gladly sacrifice my life, for your sake. But at the same time I must be true to Lord Krishna. I have consecrated my life to Him and I do not wish to have any other temporal lord."

"I do not wish that you should" the mother said, "bow down to a spiritual lord or throw off your allegiance to Lord Krishna. I would only like to secure for you a mate, who would be able to pull you through the ups and downs of this terrestrial life and be a living partner to you in weal or woe.

"But the Lord Krishna" intervened Roma, is such a partner. He is our support; consolation, loving ideal, in fact, our all in all and I could never think of marrying anybody. I will be untrue to Him, if I do so and I hope, mother, you would support me to uphold my resolution."

"You are mistaken" the mother retorted "my dear child, in your estimate of the relation of the human soul with the over-soul. Until all the *Sunskaras* (rituals appertaining to one's life) which are nothing, but means to an end, are fully gone through and the sum total of experience is gained, it would be difficult, if not useless, to be at one with the Paramatma. The route to the final union is full of pitfalls which must be guarded against, to prevent a disaster. Man or woman without a partner in life, is not a complete being, who can understand or try to reach the highest ideal. You have not advanced in the path of knowledge. So, like a good girl, obey your mother and all happiness would be yours."

Roma reluctantly assented to her mother's wishes. Like a dutiful child, she had not the heart to afflict pain to her.

CHAPTER XX.

In dream she saw a scene,
Making her all serene.

Retiring to her chamber, Roma prayed devoutly for grace and strength and then laid herself down on her couch. She speedily fell under the influence of "tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep" and had a bright, realistic vision. She saw the Lord Krishna, wearing a crown of effulgent light, standing in a beautiful garden, redolent with the perfume of lovely flowers and bathed with the shine of the resplendent moon. Beckoning her to come to him, He said in a musical, mellow voice—"my dear girl, your good mother means well but she is mistaken in thinking, that a wedded life is an educative necessity for a human soul to be united with the over-soul, in each and every case. For a new comer to this nether world, the educative influence, known as marriage, is a *sine qua non*. For pilgrims, who had taken their birth before, gone through the nuptial life, departed to their homes and taken re-birth, the ceremony of marriage may be dispensed with. You have gone through that experience in a previous birth and the *sanskara* need not be repeated in your present existence. You have your path cut out for you. Your duty to your mother and to the people under your care, is sufficiently onerous, to tax the strength of a giant. So, carry on your work, without being led away by *kamam* (desire). You have my blessings. Adieu, for the present."

The dream strengthened Roma's resolution to lead a life of single-blessedness.

Her mother got a bit annoyed, but was soon won over to Roma's side. The Rajah was sadly disappointed and refused, to be consoled in any way. He had set his heart on the prospect of carrying Roma to the altar and his soreness may be better imagined than described. He abruptly left for his own *raj*, and for some time moved about, like a troubled spirit, moping and despairing. Time alone cured his ruffled, perturbed spirit and he was soon as jolly as ever, going through the multifarious duties of his position, with great keenness and zeal. One thing riled the Rajah much. If anybody would ask him to be married, he would lose his equanimity and *bon homie* and rate the proposer

in language, which no one desired to hear more than once. He too, remained bachelor and never thought of marriage.

CHAPTER XXI.

The grand renunciation made,
The tiny flower was to fade.

The dowager Rani of Dowlabad was dead, and Roma was alone in this wide world, carrying on the heavy burden of administering her *raj*, single-handed, with hardly anybody to look up to, for help or advice. With the spiritual strength in her, she worked on with a will, buffetting the stormy waves of life, but at times, she felt weary and sore and longed for peace and deliverance. Lofa and Lora had long been married and gone to their respective homes. Jovia and his wife were still with Roma, but the sturdy, Sonthal Headman, had grown too old to be of any use. His end and object in life was to get drunk and to harangue anybody, he could lay hold of, on the beauty and virtues of Roma. That vile, wicked woman Ramani had, under Roma's tutelage, turned over a new leaf, and become contrite and religious. She draws a pension from Roma and devotes herself to do good to others. One day the Rajah received a letter from Roma to the following effect—

"You have always been kind and considerate to me. I have had the benefit of your helping hand many times. I am deeply grateful to you for what you have done. Depending upon your kindly feeling, I have ventured to make an arrangement, without consulting your wishes. The arrangement has the sanction of Government and may be given effect, without further loss of time. My position, as the Rani of Dowlabad, has always been irksome to me and I had, in my heart of hearts, ardently wished to relinquish it. So long as my physical health lasted, I had, *volens nolens* gone through my duties. I can bear the strain no longer and wish for freedom and *santi* (peace). I have a notion, that my time on earth is almost over. The short-time, that may be vouchsafed to me, for sojourning in this world, should be utilized in the service of my Maker only. I must cease to be the Rani of Dowlabad and relinquish my position. I have done so, with the sanction of Government and the relinquishment is in your favor. For the great services unhesitatingly rendered to me, I venture to make

over the Dowlabad Raj to you. Please come and take charge of your new possession.

With great respect

Yours gratefully

ROMA.

The perusal of the letter, had a stunning effect on the Rajah. He was perfectly bewildered and lost in his admiration of the angelic character of Roma. He never dreamt that one of flesh and blood, could make such a sacrifice, which was unique in character. He ran down to Dowlabad and tried his best to dissuade Roma from her resolution. He could unfortunately do nothing. Roma stood as firm as a rock and the relinquishment of the Raj, was carried out in open Durbar, in the presence of Government officials and the people of the country, who were thunder-struck with the arrangement and wept sincerely and bitterly for losing such a good and gracious lady, who was more a mother to them than a reigning princess. A day or two after the Rajah was installed in the *guddi*, Roma quietly and secretly left Dowlabad for good.

Remote from man, in the sweet seclusion of the hills and primeval forest, surrounded and sustained by the beauties of Nature, Roma was peacefully and serenely passing her days, in expectation of the final deliverance. The deliverance came soon and she left this world of woe for a better and brighter land, where she would always be in the full presence of Lord Srikrishna.

KHAGENDRA NATH ROY.

RAM-LILA AND DURGA PUJA.

The great day of rejoicing of the Hindus—the Vijaya—has passed away. It is the last day of the festivities connected with the worship of the Supreme Being—the *Adya Shakti*. In Bengal, this worship goes by the name of Durga Puja, and in other parts of India is called *Nao Ratri*. The essential part of this worship is *Chandi Path*, containing the prayer of the *Devas* or celestial beings to Durga Devi, to save them from the *Asuras*, typifying ungodliness and sin, as also an account of the manner in which that Supreme Being crushed the *Asuras*, thereby restoring to the *Devas* the spiritual bliss they lost.

In Upper India, *Ram-Lila* is performed with *eclat*, which shows to the people a mimicry of the stirring events in the life of Shri Ram Chundra, who incarnated himself to show to mankind the proper course they should adopt to gain the favour of the Supreme Being by removing the obstacles that lie in the path of progress, through self-abnegation and self-sacrifice. I will give a brief description of the noble examples set by Shri Ram Chandra and his brothers who identified themselves in this great work of the education of mankind.

Human beings in their first stage of life, when they are quite helpless, get their nourishment and support from their parents, and it becomes their paramount duty to show reverence to them as well as to obey their mandates. The Ramayana delineates that, after the performance of the Upabit ceremony, Shri Ram Chandra and his brothers were sent to a Reshi-preceptor in the forest to undergo a training in spiritual and secular knowledge. It is necessary to mention here that in ancient India, the Dwija boys (*i. e.*, the Brahmanas, the Kshetrias and the Vyashyas) used to be sent to the Rishis in the forest to pass the first stage of their lives called the *Brahmocharya Ashrama*. In fact, Arya-life was founded in *Brahmocharya*.

In addition to the instructions these Brahmochari students received in the Vedas and other Shastras, they received lessons in the secular concerns of life. Moreover, they had some duties to perform which formed their character, so as to enable them to pass their lives profitably during the remaining stages of their lives. They had to rise very early in the morning when they were required to utter the names of the Almighty Being and of pious persons, and to think of their duties for the day, after leaving their beds they had to walk a certain distance to ease themselves and to wash their hands, feet and face. After this they, after plucking flowers and *Tulsi* and *Bel* leaves, had to go with their preceptors to rivers or tanks with flowers and clothes. After bathing and performing *Sundhya* and *Puja* they had to return to the hermitage. They then had to procure *Samedh* wood and other thing necessary for the *Homa* ceremony to be performed by the Rishi-preceptor. After this, they had to go to the neighbouring places to fetch alms, which they were required to make over to their *Gurupatni* (preceptor's wife). Moreover, it was their duty to graze the cows of the hermitage.

The preceptor and his wife took the place of the parents of these students, and the children of their preceptor were considered by them as their brothers and sisters. So that, they enjoyed fully the blessings of domestic life.

The students had to lead ascetic lives, They put on coarse cloth or even barks of trees and subsisted on simple food. Meat, honey and other edibles that tended to excite the passions were strictly excluded from their diet. They avoided the use of all luxurious things. They were not allowed to wear shoes or to use umbrellas. The enjoyment of pleasures, such as, dancing and singing which tended to incite the lower propensities of the heart, was denied them.

In order to show their reverence to their preceptor and his wife, the students bowed down to them every morning. In case of the preceptor's wife being young, they had to say from a distance, "I bow down to thee." The students had to stand before their preceptors, until they were ordered to take their seats, and they could not go to bed at night before their preceptors had done so. The life thus led by the students trained them intellectually, spiritually, materially and physically. Walk to the fields as well as to rivers and tanks in the morning served as exercise to them, scent of

flowers and *Bel* and *Tulsi* leaves which the physicians pronounce to possess medicinal properties, conduced to their health and the services they rendered to their preceptor made them hardy, patient and humble. The instructions they received from their preceptors, on religion and morality filled their minds with altruistic ideas. It should be noted that, in the cottage of the *Rishis*, a prince of the Royal family as well as a poor *Dwijā* received lessons sitting on an ordinary mat or perhaps on bundles of straw, and the prince or a rich *Vayshya* without the least scruple whatever served his preceptor in the manner delineated above. This training humbled the students brought up in luxury, and induced them to work in unison with other students of low circumstances. This should be a lesson to the Rajahs and Zemindars of the present day, who, considering it derogatory to their honor to see their sons studying with the sons of men in the lower stages of society, are eager to establish colleges for the education of their children. Moreover, the noble lives led by the *Rishis*, who were occupied sometimes in prayer and meditation, sometimes in writing books on religion, sometimes in giving lessons to students and sometimes in joining large assemblies to give lectures on edifying subjects to the people edified them greatly. It should be borne in mind that some of the *Rishis* worked in the Councils of the kings whose advice proved beneficial in the administration of the affairs of the kingdom.

Ram Chandra and his brothers returned from the hermitage after receiving education in the manner described above. It is narrated in the Ramayana that, after rising from their beds, their first duty was to bow down to their parents. Their next duty was to carry out the orders of their parents implicitly. It is specially mentioned of Ram Chandra that it was his inmost desire to make the inmates of the house happy and to do all that was pleasing to their parents. He used to recite the Shastras daily and to explain them to his brothers.

It was a duty of the kings of ancient India to protect the *Rishis* from the *Rakshashes*, who molested them, whilst occupied in performing *Yagna* and other religious practices. It so happened that the demons Morich and Subahu began to obstruct Vishvamitra Rishi in the performance of his religious work. It came to the knowledge of this Rishi that Ram Chandra had returned to the palace from the hermitage of his Rishi preceptor, having been

well-versed in the *Shastras*, specially in *Dhanurveda*, and he considered Ramchandra fully able to free his *Topabona* from these Rakhshashes. Accordingly he came to king Dasharatha and asked the favour of his ordering his eldest son to check the demons. In consideration of the tender age of Ram Chandra, the king at first hesitated to give his assent to the proposal of the Rishi, but on the advice of Vashishta Deva, his family priest, he ordered Ram Chandra to comply with the request of the *Rishi*. Ram Chandra was of tender age, and the work he was ordered to perform was not an easy one. But the mandate of his father must be obeyed, and he cheerfully went with Vishvamitra Rishi, after bowing down to his parents and receiving their blessings. His poignant shafts succeeded in driving Marich into the sea and killing Subahu with his army. This was a great achievement on the part of a dutiful son, but he had yet to show to mankind what sacrifices a son should make for his father. This was on the eve of Ram Chandra's Coronation.

The infirmities of old age having told seriously on his constitution, King Dasaratha found it impossible to rule his kingdom any longer. Seeing Ram Chandra accomplished in every respect, he thought of placing him in the throne of Ayodhya. He called an assembly of the people including Rishis and influential men, and placed his proposal before it. The proposal was unanimously accepted by the assembly. An auspicious date was fixed for Ram Chandra's Coronation, and steps were taken to celebrate the occasion in a befitting manner. But fate ordained otherwise. On a certain occasion, when the king was suffering very much from a wound he had received in a battle, Kaykayi, his second wife ministered to his wants with great devotion. The king, after his recovery, spoke of the Queen's service with great pleasure, and requested her to ask what she wanted. The Queen replied that she was not in want of anything at that time, but that on a subsequent occasion, she would ask for two favours which, she hoped, the king will be pleased to grant. The king promised to do so.

The time had now come for Kaykayi to ask the two favours from the king. These were (1) Placing of Bharat in the throne in place of Ram Chandra and (2) the sojourn of that prince in the forest as an anchorite for fourteen years. The King was thunder-struck to hear these heart-rending words. Ram Chandra was the idol of his heart and the cynosure of the people of Ayodhya. The poignant

words of Kaykayi hurt the king so much that he stood motionless for a while and then fainted.

Kaykayi seeing this state of the king, sent for Ram Chandra, and spoke to him about the circumstances that had made the king disconsolate. Ram Chandra soothed the king. He said that fortune had become favourable to him. For, whilst he will have the satisfaction of rendering some service to his revered father in being instrumental in the redemption of his promise, it will afford him much pleasure to see his beloved Bharat on the throne of Ayodhya. At the same time, Ram Chandra bowed down to his step-mother Kaykayi and thanked her cordially for giving him this opportunity of serving his parents although to a very small extent. After this, Ram Chandra prepared himself for the noble work he had undertaken. Sita Devi, his beloved wife, and Lakshmana, his affectionate brother accompanied him. In the midst of sobs and sighs of the members of the Royal family and lamentations of the people, they left Ayodhya for the forest.

It should be noted here that, in connection with the self-sacrificing spirit shown by Ram Chandra, the love of Sita Devi for her husband and the affection of Lakshmana for his brother must be given a prominent place. The relinquishment of the pleasures of the palace and the adoption of the troubles attendant on residence in forests infested with ferocious animals and cannibals, in order to make Ram Chandra comfortable, must be considered as noble examples of virtues of a Hindu household.

DEENANATH GANGULI.

AN IDEAL MOTHER.

England's greatness is chiefly owing to the splendid training the mothers give to their children. It is the absence of education amongst women that has helped a good deal in bringing about the degeneration of India. This was not however the case in ancient India. Many of the women were highly cultured and discoursed ably on many important problems of life. This fact is clearly borne out by the Upanishadas and our ancient history teems with the lives of many learned women. Even in the Pauranik period which may be called the golden age of India, literature, history teems with some ladies who were immensely learned and cultured. There was a king by name Ritadwaja in the Pauranik age. His wife was Madalasa, the daughter of a Gandharva king. The education of the king's sons was mainly entrusted to the care of his learned consort. The following sketch from the Markandeya Purana containing an account of her instruction to her royal son will give an idea of her rich mind and head to our reader.

Grow, my son and gratify my lord with acts. Be you for the advancement of friends and destruction of enemies (34). Blessed are you, O my son, who, freed from your enemies, will govern the earth for a long time. May all enjoy happiness by your rule, and may you, by acquiring religious merit be immortal (35). You should attentively gratify the Brahmanas at every Parva, satisfy the desires of your friends, should think of doing good to others and abstain from violating others' wives (36). By celebrating various sacrifices you should gratify the celestials, with profuse wealth you should please the twice-born; you should satisfy the females with numberless articles of enjoyment and your enemies with fight, O hero (37). In boy-hood satisfy your friends, in youth your worshipped relatives by obeying their commands, in manhood the females of noble ancestry and in old age, O my son, to repair the forest and satisfy the rangers thereof (38). While ruling you should gratify your friends, protect

the pious, celebrate sacrifices, destroy the wicked and enemies in battle on behalf of kine and Brahmanas and then meet with death (39).

JARA (INERT) said :—Thus comforted by his mother every day the one named Alarka grew up in years and intelligence (1). On his attaining to youth and being invested with sacred thread the wise son of Ritadhwaja, bowing to his mother, said (2):—"Speak to me all who am bowing to you as to what I should do leading to happiness both here and hereafter" (3). Madalasa said :—O my child, being installed on the throne, a king, without infringing the duties of his own order, should endeavour to please his subjects (4). Abandoning evils* which strike at the seven roots† a king, by keeping his counsels, should protect himself from his enemies (5). As from a car of strong wheels one meets with death in eight ways, so does, forsooth, a king, by giving out counsels (6). He should ascertain whether his enemies have corrupted his courtiers or not; and through careful spies he should make himself acquainted with the ways of his enemies (7). A king should not confide in his friends, adherents and kinsmen; and when the necessity comes he should confide even in his enemies (8). Not influenced by lust a king should acquire the knowledge of place, increase and decrease and possess the six attributes (9). First controlling his self, next the ministers, next the servants, next the citizens he should enter into hostilities with his enemies (11). The king of uncontrolled self, who, without first subjugating all these, desires to defeat his enemies on being defeated by his courtiers, is brought under the control of his enemies (11). Therefore, my child, desires should be conquered first by a king; on them being brought under control success surely attends a king; but if he is conquered by them he meets with destruction (12). The enemies are lust, anger, covetousness, pride, idea of self and joy, and they bring on the ruin of kings (13). Thinking that Pandu was deprived of his life through lust, that Aniruddha was deprived of his son through anger, that Alia was deprived of his life through covetousness, that Vena was killed by the twice-born through his arrogance, that Anusua's son Vali was destroyed through his over-weening self-conceit and that Puranjaya was killed

* Hunting, gambling, sleep during the day, calumny, concupiscence, dancing, singing, sporting, useless walking, drinking, violence, creating malice, ill-will, deceit, cruelty and vilifying others.

† Lordship, councillors, friends, treasury, punishment, kingdom and capital.

through excess, of joy one should throw off this passions (14—15). Conquering those the high-souled Maruta subdued the entire earth. Remembering this a king should cast off all these short-comings (16). A king should take his lessons from the crows, Kokilas, the black-bees, the serpents, the peacocks, the swans, the cocks and the iron.* A king should act like worms by his enemies and in season, O king, should show the diligence of ants (18). He should spread like the scintillations of fire or like the seeds of the cotton tree. And governing the earth like the sun and the moon a king should learn wisdom from the prostitute, the lotus, the *Sarawa* the *Sutika*, the breast of a woman big with child and the milk-woman. (19—20)† For governing (his subjects) a king should act like Indra the king of gods, the sun, Yama, the Moon and the wind-god (21). As Indra pleases the creatures of the earth with showers for four months so the king should satisfy his subjects with self-sacrifice (22). As the sun with his rays draw up the water for eight months so the king, with minute means, should collect his revenue (23). As Yama metes out punishment both to those whom he hates when the proper time comes, so the king should impartially deal with those whom he loves and whom he dislikes—the good and the wicked (24). That king truly behaves like the Moon (25). As the air secretly goes through all creatures, so the king, with spies, should read his citizens, courtiers and friends (26). The king, whose mind is not possessed by lust, the desire for wealth or any other thing, repairs to the celestial region, O my son (27). The king, who brings back to the pale of their own religion those foolish who stray away from right paths and fall off from their duties, goes to the celestial region (28). The king in whose kingdom, O my child, the duties of the various orders and *Asramas* do not suffer deterioration, attains eternal happiness both in this world

* As charity from a crow, perfection from a Kokila, the habit of accumulation from a bee, the habit of not easily going to the clutches of an enemy from the hart; how to bring down a big enemy with a small expedient from a serpent. He should take the good thing and leave off the bad thing as a swan drinks the milk out of water mixed with it. He should learn how to rise early from a cock and should be hard and useful like iron.

† He should learn from the prostitute how to please many; like lotus he should not only be beautiful of person but be accomplished also. The *Sarawa* is a strong animal. Like *Sutika* he should entirely kill enemy. As milk is created in the breast of a woman for the future child so the king should make preparations for the future. As a milk woman can make many things out of milk so the king should do many things.

and in the next (29). To induce persons to believe in their own religion which is being disturbed by wicked people constitutes the paramount duty of a king and leads to his success (30). By governing his subjects a king accomplishes his end—and by governing them well and assiduously he is entitled to a portion of their piety (31). A king, who protects the four orders, attains to happiness and ranges with Sakra in his own region (32).

DATTATREYA VENCATTA.

THE HINDU COLLEGE AT BENARES.

The movement in the Hindu community in favour of religious education, now so rapidly taking shape and gathering impulse, is one which cannot be regarded with indifference by any one interested in the future of India. A similar movement among the Musulmans, leading to the establishment of the Moslem College at Aligarh, has long received the warmest patronage from the highest members of the Government of India; a Viceroy laid the foundation stone of the College, large gifts have been made to it in money by Government, and it received visit from the Lieutenant-Governor of the Provinces in which it is situated. So many marks of official favour showered on one section of the community in its efforts to secure the religious education of its sons assure to every other section—having in view the attitude of Government in religious matters—the same favourable consideration and official encouragement. It is doubtless in response to this well-founded expectation of the Hindus that the Governor of Madras and the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal have already shown such warm and kindly sympathy with the Hindu College, endearing themselves by this to millions of the people over whom they rule; for nothing so moves the Hindu heart to gratitude as any kindness extended in aid of the religion he cherishes as his dearest possession.

The movement of which the Central Hindu College, established last July in Benares, is the symbol, is one of national importance. The College—which, it is loudly hoped, will hereafter blossom into a University—aims at placing within the reach of Hindus, at a very low price, the best Western education; its peculiarity is that it gives this education combined with religious and moral teaching according to the Hindu Shastras (Scriptures). It thus seeks to build up character as well as to train the intellectual faculties, to turn out religious and moral as well as instructed

men. It definitely aims at reproducing the ancient type of Hindu—the Aryan gentleman, pious, dutiful, loyal, strong, brave and industrious, with healthy body and well-balanced mind. The establishment of boarding-houses in connexion with the College is intended to keep round the youths educated there a healthy and pure and stimulating atmosphere; while the stress laid on the gymnasium, and the encouragement of games show that the promoters seek to check the physical degeneration seen in some districts of the country, and to send out many a Runjitsinghji to vindicate the proficiency of Indian youth in manly games.

The significance of the movement would, however, be much under-estimated, if it were held to aim only at the establishment of a single college. While much stress is laid on the necessity of fully equipping the Central College ere anything else is undertaken, the importance of founding similar institutions in the Presidency towns and in other large centres should be steadily kept in view. Further, the Board of Trustees is empowered to promote the introduction of religious and moral education into establishments over which they do not exercise direct control, and they are already being consulted as to the finding of suitably qualified Englishmen, sympathetic with Hinduism, to serve as Principals. The Board will affiliate schools and colleges that fulfil the condition of giving daily religious teaching, and will support and encourage all efforts in this direction. Constituted, as it is, of leading Hindus—including High-Court Judges—from all parts of the country, it can gradually build up a truly national Hindu education, supervising its growth in different districts through the trustees belonging severally to each.

A very cursory glance at the nature of the teachings which are to be given under this scheme will secure the cordial approval of every right-thinking and public spirited man. Let me take as example the old-fashioned virtue of loyalty. I say "old-fashioned," because so little of it is now found in the West, in consequence of the triumph of democratic ideals, and even when found it is spoken of contemptuously. These democratic views entered India in the wake of Western education, and—alien as they are from the traditions and thought-moulds of Hindus—they none the less influence a certain number of the Western-educated youths. They begin to talk of liberty and equality, of the value

of agitation to obtain reforms, of the rights of man, of self-government, and so on. And although these modern ideas will never turn from its natural channel the deep, strongly-flowing river of Hindu thought as a whole, they may divert sufficient water down an artificially dug canal to overflow and lay waste a few fields and towns. But a Hindu educated according to his Shastras can never be a rebel, nor even an agitator; and it is this well-known, well-recognised fact which causes the organs of these Westernized Hindu to attack the religious revival. They know that, as the revival of Hindooism spreads, agitation must diminish, and that loyal co-operation with all efforts to govern India well will take the place of harsh criticism, suspicion and fault-finding. For Hinduism teaches very definitely that the ruler stands to the nation as the representative of God, and that obedience and loyalty are religious duties of the most imperative kind. The doctrine so flouted in the West, of "the divine right of kings," is an integral portion of Hinduism, and to the Hindu the phrase "Empress by the Grace God," represents no empty compliment, but a fact in nature. To him it is the duty of the King, not of the subjects, to rule the land; if he does it badly, so much the worse for him, since he will surely be smitten by God Himself; but matters will not be moulded by introducing the further disorder of agitation, discontent, and mob rule. Let the subjects do their duty, no matter what others may do, and all will come right; to try to assume "the duty of another is full of dangers," teaches the divine Lord Krishna, and it is the duty of the king to rule, of the subjects to obey loyally and dutifully. A bad king is a divine award to a nation, the result of its own ill doing. He is not to be improved or got rid of by further ill-doing now, but to be patiently endured till the results of the original ill-doing are worked out. Strange as this may sound to Western ears, it is none the less, the teaching of Hinduism, and its practical working is patent in history. The Hindus have fought against invasion many a time, and have fought well; but, when the war has pronounced sentence, they have become loyal subjects of the conqueror, "docile and easy to govern." Nothing can make the now Westernized Hindu rise against his rulers save outrage, or fear of outrage, to his religion. That maddens him beyond his self-control, is sufficiently serious. The youth in the Hindu-

College will learn this loyalty—cannot help learning it— from the books from which their religious and moral lessons are drawn. Let anyone turn to the *Mahabharata* if they need proof of what I say, and judge whether men trained in its ideals will not be the most loyal citizens in the world. As this religious movement spreads, the benefits of Western education will be enjoyed without its ill-effects being experienced, and India will enter on a fairer future as a peaceable and well-governed State.

M. N. D.

